

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

TENSION has eased among the Big Four on the question of Germany. Russia's contribution is a drastic reduction of armed forces in her zone in Germany, with parallel cuts in her military establishments in the Balkans. This move is an event of larger significance than at first appears. It means, for one thing, that Russia is winding up the program instituted when her armies drove westward, of exacting recompense on the spot, in equipment and other forms of movable wealth, for the ravages visited upon Western Russia.

Reparations, in forms determined by political agreements with her wartime Allies, Russia still demands. Still other kinds of reparations, represented in the formation of joint commercial companies in Germany and the Balkan enemy states, may be expected to continue.

The repatriation of hundreds of thousands of Russian troops demonstrates that Moscow is confident that the food position at home will permit smooth absorption of these repatriates. It provides strong evidence that the Russians' fear of having to fight a preventive war has diminished. Finally, it suggests that Russia's new five-year plan requires this manpower in domestic production.

The cut of Soviet forces in Europe is accompanied by steps toward the creation of five provincial subdivisions of the Russian-supervised German zone. The setting up of five subordinate political units does not signify, however, the abandonment of Russia's basic contention: that the new Germany must be strongly centralized.

In Britain there has been a noticeable strengthening of support for the German Social Democratic Party. Witness the fanfare attending the pilgrimage to London, late in November, of the German Social

Democratic leader, Dr. Kurt Schumacher, at the head of an impressive delegation from the British zone.

Disabled giant

The great void left in the economy of Europe by the continued prostration of the Reich is now evident. Efforts on the part of some of Germany's neighbors to get going again have been heroic. In Norway and the Netherlands, in Belgium and Czechoslovakia, the measure of success attained is arresting. But the negative role played by the disabled economic giant frustrates progress. It is heading Europe toward a crisis. It is also inducing a realignment of Europe's commercial relationships.

In Holland, the ban imposed by British zonal authorities on cross-frontier traffic and business activity is producing a serious wave of anti-British feeling. The Dutch have been angered by the refusal of the authorities in the British zone of Germany to purchase the large surpluses raised by Dutch farmers, who expected that shortages in the British zone would guarantee them a market. With food shortages general throughout Western Germany and verging upon calamity in the British zone, the British have husbanded their foreign exchange and looked to the Americans for financial assistance. Many Dutch farmers face a serious loss.

A significant illustration of the role which the wrecked economy of the Reich plays in determining policies among neighboring states is found in the Swedish-Russian trade pact. American criticism of that agreement and of the huge credit involved — more than a quarter of a billion dollars — misses the main point. For years, Germany was Sweden's most lucrative market and source of imports. Under pressure of necessity, the Swedes have moved with realism to find a comparable substitute. The re-



What's for dinner, Duchess?

Prediction: The wives of 1947 will have more fun in the kitchen.

Previous cooking experience is desirable, perhaps, but not essential. There are so many new easy-to-use foods, so many new ways to prepare foods, cooking will be a novel and exciting adventure.

Further prediction: Cheese dishes will be featured more often on their menus. They'll know that cheese gives tastiness and variety to meals. And cheese, like milk (nature's most nearly perfect food), is rich in protein, calcium, phosphorus, in vitamins A and G.

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sources and needs of the Soviet Union have offered the answer. Similar considerations underlie the endeavors of the British to negotiate a broad trade pact with the Soviet Union.

Efforts among the nations of Europe to offset the economic ruin of Germany are dramatized by a remarkable expansion of imports from Britain in the year past. Finland's imports from England in iron, steel, and manufactures have ballooned nearly 500 per cent as compared with 1938, according to trade figures published in London. Norway's have risen about 350 per cent, Denmark's 500 per cent, Poland's nearly 900 per cent, Holland's about 550 per cent, Belgium's close to 480 per cent.

France has boosted her British imports nearly 1000 per cent, and Portugal by about 900 per cent. Even impoverished Greece added 10 per cent to previous purchases in these categories. In non-ferrous metals, the story is equally startling. Russia has jumped her imports by a third over 1938. Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, Portugal, and Czechoslovakia have recorded increases all the way from 400 per cent to nearly 1500 per cent. Imports of electrical goods and machinery tell the same story.

Europe's drive for industrial rehabilitation, hampered by lack of German exports, strains the ability of Britain to produce. It involves also severe financial distortion for every other country affected. The problem of paying for huge imports from depleted reserves, inflation-riddled credits, and restricted industrial production is a nightmare to European governments.

Do we back out?

These difficulties are increased by the gyrations of the American economy. Since the elections in November, evidence of a tighter American attitude toward loans, and uncertainty with regard to the future course of American foreign policy, add to Europe's perplexities. Foresighted governments like that of Norway are setting aside reserves for the admitted purpose of cushioning the shock of an American economic crash. Nearly every European government shares Norway's forebodings. All know that serious difficulties in the United States would threaten Europe's makeshift economic structure. Consequences to their political and social systems might prove unmanageable.

Since the United States pronounced the death sentence upon UNRRA's continuance, rejected the La Guardia plan for a carry-over arrangement in relief administration, and reneged on the International Relief Organization's program, problems of hunger have suddenly become greater. These policy de-

cisions, and hints from spokesmen for the new majority in Congress that further curtailments of American responsibilities abroad impend, darken the prospects of the new year.

The London *Daily Express* recently blazoned across its front page a telephonic interview with Senator Robert Taft of Ohio. That influential Republican leader was quoted as flatly repudiating commitments on reciprocal reduction of trade restrictions given by the spokesman for the State Department, Mr. William Clayton. The interview attracted wide attention in European capitals. European expectations from liberal American leadership are definitely ended.

Doubts about American intentions are accentuated on the Continent by a change in Europe's mood. Resolute hopes are tempered by unsolved difficulties, by weariness, and by a revival of political quarreling and class strife. Millions of Europeans are still looking at silent factories, living in cold homes, facing intermittent unemployment or total idleness, or undergoing the moral and spiritual rot of displaced persons.

Only enough pay for food

The ordinary French workman with a family of four earns barely enough wages to pay for the family's food, according to studies made by the Statistical Institute at Paris. He has "nothing left over for clothing, shoes, rent, school expenses for his children," or anything else. For such people, irregularity of employment is a catastrophe.

The inflation in Spain is illustrated by the price of olive oil, traditionally a basic food item for millions of the wretched Spanish peasantry. It sells for \$10 a quart today in Castile, and is peddled at a peseta a spoonful in Madrid. In December, eggs were selling in Spain for \$2.50 a dozen.

In Greece, where the drachma was rehabilitated last summer by foreign loans, and pegged at a value of 150 to the dollar, the inflationary process is at work again. The rate had risen to 10,000 to the dollar as the year ended. Civil servants in Athens, who were receiving the equivalent of about \$2.60 a month, improved their lot only a little through a general strike.

Meantime, the squandering of funds on armaments continues. About 57 per cent of the total Spanish budget is being diverted by Franco to the army and the police. Approximately 63 per cent of the government's revenues in strife-wracked Greece is being spent for military purposes. Greece has received nearly \$500,000,000 in assistance from the United States, and an additional \$83,000,000 from Great Britain. Yet in terms of the necessities

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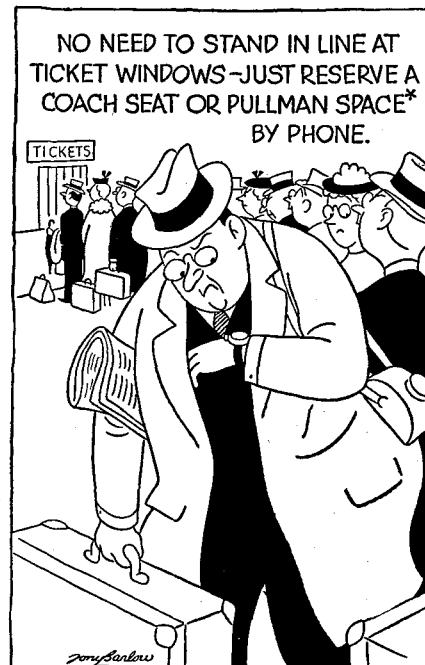
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of life the present condition of millions of her people is little better than it was a year ago. Their political and social plight is infinitely worse as the result of civil war.

Austria faces her worst winter since 1919. Even on the black market, coal is a rarity. The dearth of winter clothing and medical supplies fosters epidemics of typhoid, diphtheria, and infantile paralysis. The food ration late in November was fixed officially at 1200 calories in some cities, though it was much lower in the rural areas. Minimum human subsistence calls for at least 1800 calories. General Mark Clark's plan to utilize \$35,000,000 of War Department funds to raise the food allowance may help. It will not suffice to carry Austria through the winter.

In Italy, pressure of destitution and hunger among the swarming poor finds expression in a series of peasant risings, which began late in the summer and spread during the autumn to the environs of Naples. The peasants are seizing the land and apportioning it among themselves. Their aim is to acquire land which will enable them to survive.

The attempt of the government to forestall this movement by ordering distribution of 150,000 acres has failed utterly in a nation where 1 per cent of the farm owners hold title to 42 per cent of the best land, on which dwell 46 per cent of the country's population. Italy's domestic food troubles, like Spain's, are worsened by a policy of exporting food sorely needed for domestic consumption, in order to build up foreign credits for industrial imports.

Poland heads for trouble

Restoration of the rail lines has eased distribution problems for Poland, as compared with last winter. A fairly good harvest promises most of the country modest rations. Yet the political and social situation is growing more explosive.

In the general elections now scheduled for some time during January, the Communist-dominated Warsaw Government possesses all the advantages of compact organization, sharply defined aims, and complete control of the apparatus of power — including the police.

Parallels have been drawn between Poland and Rumania. Nevertheless, an important difference between the electoral status of Poland and that of Rumania is that Poland possesses a genuine Opposition with a real program, supported by a substantial portion of the people. In Rumania, the Opposition lacked any program save that of flat hostility to everything represented by the Groza regime. This weakness and the ruthless tactics pursued by the

Rumanian government guaranteed the triumph of the official slate beforehand.

Moreover, government-sponsored elections in Rumania have meant governmental victory almost uniformly, throughout the past generation. Terror, fraud, coercion, and arrest were familiar political instruments in that country's elections long before the Red Army rolled across the land and Russian-sponsored political leaders emerged to take over.

The difficulties besetting the present Warsaw regime in the present campaign arise from the fact that the Opposition is widespread and broadly representative of Polish traditions. Its formidable rallying point is Vice-Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk's Peasant Party. Its program appeals strongly to millions of Poles who, despite the fact that the Russians crushed the German invader and drove him out, cherish deep and enduring hostility to domination of their country from the East.

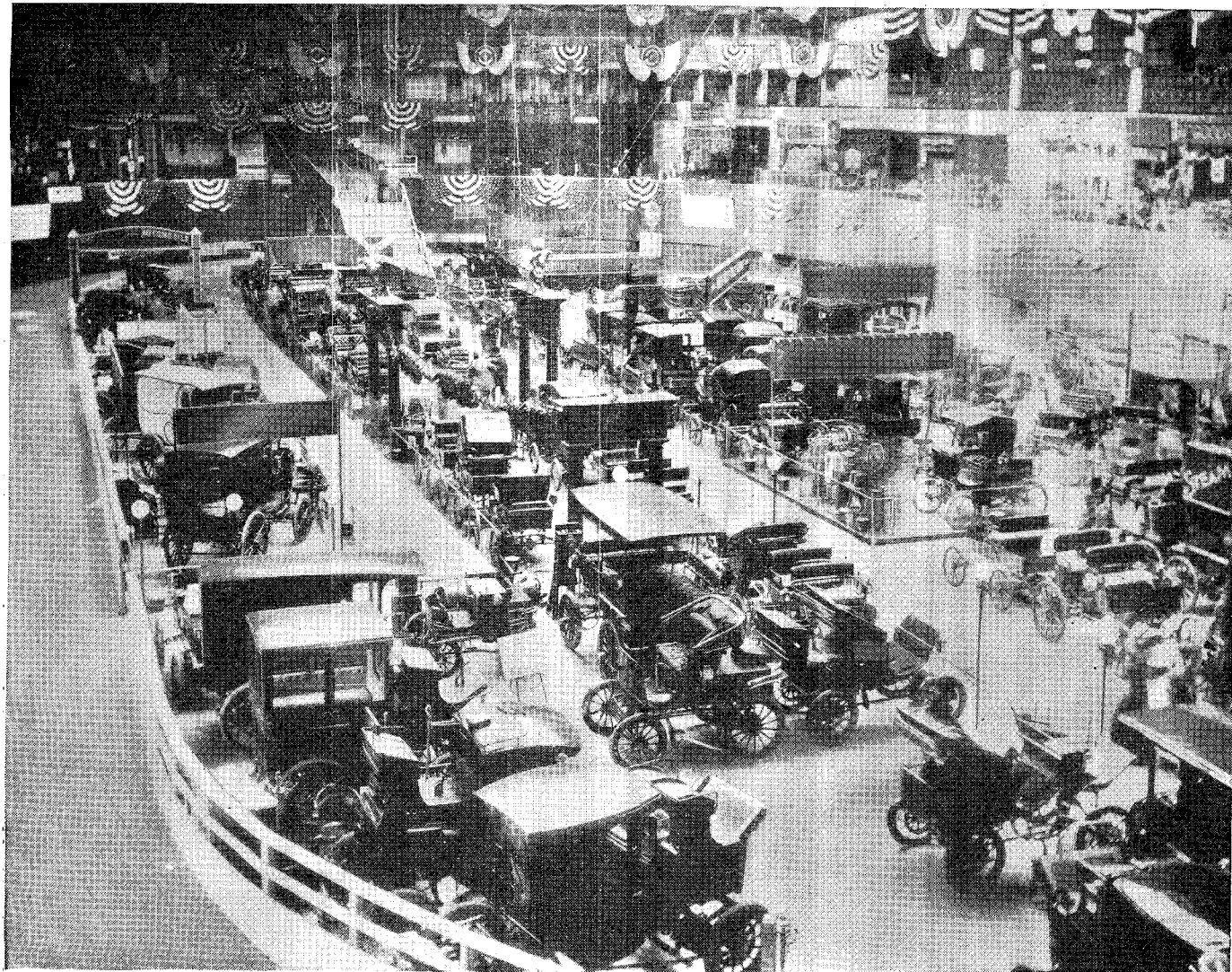
Polish uncertainties

There is little question that Premier Osobka-Morawski's regime is sustained by force rather than by majority consent. The Premier himself has hinted at Russian reoccupation in the event that the government's party is defeated. That is not the utterance of a confident leader. The uncertainty of the regime is underlined by the merging of the Polish Communist and Socialist Parties to strengthen government prospects at the polls.

Discontent with the Polish government is noteworthy because a large part of the regime's domestic program is acceptable to the peasantry. The redistribution of land assures Poland a strongly based peasant economy. Yet even the restraint exercised by the government in exempting church lands from expropriation, and reforms of undoubted ultimate benefit to the whole nation, cannot cancel out enmity in the population toward what they regard as a minority regime of usurpers, bossed from Moscow.

Destruction of the old social system has mobilized the remnants of the Polish intelligentsia in opposition. Government intervention in favor of civil marriages has strengthened the hostility of the Church.

Mikolajczyk, the moderate Peasant Party leader, retains his popularity even though the land reforms so often promised in the past have been carried through to completion by the Russian-dominated government he opposes. The tactical warfare that marks the election campaign, the arrests, the suppressions of the press, and muffled fighting suggest that Poland is moving toward a new crisis, rather than away from an old one.



Brown Bros. photo of first National Automobile Show, 1900

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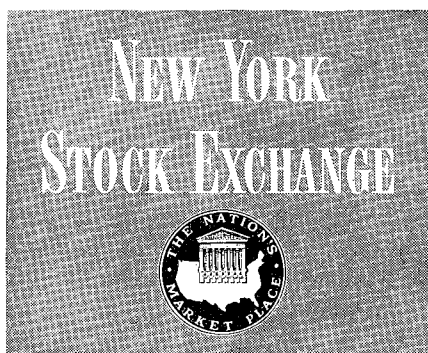
At Auto Show time in 1900, there were only a few thousand gasoline-driven automobiles in all America. The most powerful of these had a 9-horsepower motor...and cost \$1,800.

By 1941, the most recent year of full-scale production, the automobile had become a daily necessity to *twenty million* American families! In forty years, it had reshaped our national life, because — while its power had multiplied ten times, its comfort and reliability even more — *its cost had been cut approximately in half!*

The ability of this nation to produce and buy goods on such a scale stems from two great contributions America has made to the industrial age—*mass production* and *mass investment*. Mass

production — the industrial art of producing in great quantity, at low cost but at high wages. Mass investment — the democratic method of obtaining capital for industry, by putting the savings of millions of the

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

TEMPORARILY the politics of bases is more important in the Far East than the politics of people. It is true that, for the long future, China and India have become big-time countries. There is bound to be a time lag, however, before they can become great powers. The certificate of graduation of a great power, unhappily, is its possession of an independent industrial system which can be turned to the purposes of war.

Britain and America are exploiting the time lag to carry out their own programs of security, protected by bases, independent of any security to be obtained within the United Nations. The Russians have also acquired a Pacific base, at Port Arthur.

The British program has been carried out with remarkable immunity from public comment. The first step was to allow the Burma Road and the Burma pipeline for oil and gasoline, which might have served to open up Southwest China, to go out of use, through lack of maintenance. The jungle, assisted by the heaviest monsoon rains in the world, swallowed them up. The second step was to make Singapore more secure from the land side by destroying the railway which the Japanese built across the Kra Isthmus.

World opinion equates imperialism with expansion. If the British had had the financial resources and the economic energy to exploit the approaches from Burma to Yunnan and from Malaya to Siam, world opinion would have concluded that British imperialism was alive and kicking.

Yet Britain's policy of circumscribing the limits of imperial responsibility also has its significance. By sealing off Burma from Yunnan, intimate contact between Chinese nationalism and the colonial nationalism of Burma and India has been curtailed.

And Singapore, though its inadequacy as a base in a world war was demonstrated by Japan, has been restored to domination in colonial Asia.

Both as a base and as an entrepôt of trade by sea and air, to the exclusion of land routes, Singapore radiates its influence into Dutch Indonesia and over the approaches to Burma, Siam, and French Indo-China. Despite the political progress they have made, all these countries have been pushed back to a colonial footing in trade and the exploitation of raw-material resources. Any attempt to win freedom of economic development, if it leads to disturbances on a large scale, will be exposed to repression based on Singapore.

Our bases are immune

The American security program, unlike the British, has already aroused lively comment and will arouse more. American claims to trusteeship over Pacific islands formerly mandated to Japan, and to bases in purely Japanese territory such as Okinawa, involve an expansion of the American realm. We propose that we alone are to designate the security areas, which are then to be excluded from the trusteeship provisions. The bases would be made over to us by the United Nations, and with them we would undertake to defend world security as well as American security, but with immunity from control or even inspection by the United Nations.

If we safeguard ourselves by this method, we cannot avoid casting over the Philippines, and toward Siberia, Korea, China, and French Indo-China, a shadow which merges into the shadow cast by Singapore and forms a somber ring around the nationalisms of Asia.

No American will admit to any possibility of aggressive intent in American foreign policy. We want



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no territory out of lust of possession. We want no subject peoples; in fact, we rather regret that the Pacific islands are inhabited at all.

We find it hard to realize that the defensive positions we want could be regarded by other peoples as even potentially offensive. Yet the truth is that the Chinese and the other peoples in Asia, as well as the Russians, think that American bases in the far western Pacific are too far from America to be significant as defense bases, and so near Asia that an American war of offensive defense would be fought over their lands and among their peoples.

The peoples of Asia think of the bases which threaten to ring them around as capable of radiating an uncomfortable imperial influence into their homelands. In mathematical proportion to their over-all industrial growth, India and China will each want to develop an independent air industry. And in mathematical proportion to the growth of independent air power, India will resent British control of the airways of empire approaching India, and China will fret over the presence of American air power on the doorstep of the Asiatic continent.

Moreover, since both countries are open to air approach from Russia, they will eventually want a system of world air security which includes Russia, not one which fronts against Russia and by so doing makes them the field of conflict.

The end of the Pax Britannica

American power politics in Asia dovetail with British power politics, but they should not be considered identical, in spite of staff talks and a possible agreement on uniformity of arms and equipment. Both countries are accused of trying to restore the status quo ante. But neither Britain nor America has in fact the faintest intention of trying to restore, in Asia, the status which existed before the war. More important still is the fact that the present similarity between British and American policies arises out of interests which are not identical and which in the course of time are bound to diverge more and more.

Britain has accepted, as the verdict of history, the end of the Pax Britannica. Churchill, when England's back was to the wall, swore roundly that he had not become the King's first minister in order to liquidate the British Empire. Now the wall has moved, and that is why Churchill is no longer Prime Minister.

The British, in all sobriety, had to elect a Government which, though not liquidating the Empire, would drastically write down the value of the stock. Being British, they prefer to do what has to be done in as orderly a way as possible; but there is no

doubt that they are retreating. They will go on retreating until their backs are once more against a firm wall. The great doubt — and this is one of the most important doubts troubling the balance of the world — is whether the wall will eventually prove to be American capitalism, as Ernest Bevin thinks, or a socialist planned and controlled economy, as the Labor Party "rebels" think.

We cautiously advance

America is like Britain in wanting a slow rate of change, but for different reasons. In Asia and throughout the colonial world Britain is conducting a cautious retreat. We are engaged in a cautious advance, because the nation, the government, and the armed services are not yet agreed whether we are advancing toward what will ultimately be an American-led league against Russia, or toward a world coöperation including Russia.

Hence our attempt to set up a double-duty system of island trusteeships and bases which will, we hope, contribute to world security, but will in any case reinsure national security if world security fails.

For example, the American use of the Kuomintang is twofold. We recognize that as a result of the war, the rise of Russia, and the eclipse of Japan, wide adjustments must be made in China. We therefore put pressure on the Kuomintang to recognize the realities, one of which is the almost universal demand among the Chinese people for some degree of democratization of the government, through recognition of more than one party and the principle of direct election of representatives.

At the same time, in mediating the demand for an end to the Kuomintang's authoritarian monopoly of power, we seek to weight the scales so that the "representativeness" of any coalition government will still favor not only the Kuomintang as a whole, but those military and economic interests which are regarded as most reliably anti-Russian, most likely to continue to lean on American support, and most likely therefore to yield a protected position to American investment and trade.

Britain, not missing the hint, has applied with no little success our Kuomintang technique, by utilizing the right-wing groups of both the All-India Congress and the Moslem League. Competing for British influence, both Hindu and Moslem conservatives are crowding the radical nationalists to one side and shielding the British from their pressure.

Dutch compromise in Indonesia

The Dutch, in turn, with more than a little British coaching, have been applying a version of the same technique in Indonesia. Governor General Van Mook, without whose great skill in being concilia-

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tory and tenacious at the same time the Dutch might have lost Indonesia altogether, could never have patched up a compromise without the understanding support of the British.

It is noteworthy that the most vituperative criticism of Van Mook has come not from Indonesians but from those unyielding conservatives in Holland who still believe that the whole art of statesmanship is to put your thumb in the hole in the dike and wait until rescued.

The settlement in Indonesia goes farther than anything yet attained in China, India, or any other Asiatic country. A compromise was possible because both the Dutch and the Indonesians think that they can improve their positions in the long run.

The agreement provides for three phases. In the first phase Java, Sumatra, and Madura become the Indonesian Republic, while the less developed islands to the east remain under Dutch administration. The Republic has some 80 per cent of the total population and some enterprises in the extraction of raw materials which are already going concerns. The raw-material resources of the outer islands are greater, but less developed.

In the second phase, the Republic and the Dutch-governed areas are to be federated as the United States of Indonesia. Ultimately, in the third phase, it will be determined whether these United States are to remain indefinitely within the Dutch Empire, or to become independent as well as self-governing.

The nationalist leaders hope that they will be able to consolidate popular support for eventual independence. The Dutch hope that vested interests will develop, with native Indonesians participating in them, which will have more to lose by breaking away from the Dutch Empire than by staying within it. They hope that a united front will develop between the Dutch and the conservative Indonesians against radical Indonesians.

The changing radical leadership of colonial nationalism is to an important extent independent of changing fashions in ideology, such as the tendency to use Marxist terms instead of the terms of libertarian democracy. The real change is morphological. It is rooted in the combination of economic growth, political growth, and the growth in the number of competent government administrators, which bring about eventually a change in the kind of freedom wanted by the people as a whole.

Early colonial nationalism does not think far beyond "freedom from" — freedom from political subjection. Maturing colonial nationalism thinks more and more in terms of "freedom to" — freedom to

develop economic independence, as even more fundamental than a political independence.

It is over differences in attitude toward this change in the nature of colonial nationalism — including Chinese nationalism, which after all has a quasi-colonial background, especially in economic subordination — that British policy may part company with American policy.

American enterprise in China

America is going through a strong resurgence of private-enterprise thinking, which began even before the elections and is confirmed by the Republican ascendancy in House and Senate. Our thinking is crudely expressed in the treaties which give Americans equal economic rights in the Philippines and China. The economic high command in Washington, unfortunately, is erratically coordinated with the political high command, and nobody has stopped to think that equality of rights means inequality of opportunity to peoples whose banking, manufacturing, and trading structure is weaker than ours.

Tensions are building up at a time when our whole policy in China needs overhauling. The logic of our original enterprise in China has betrayed us. We set out to forestall a Russian attempt to take over China through the Chinese Communists; but the Russians are not competing. They are not sending in arms, money, or political or military experts, as Washington is somewhat wryly aware.

Only American supplies and American training personnel are keeping the civil war going — and the Communists, while unable to overthrow the government, seem capable of indefinite resistance. A revision of American policy would be easier if it could be made on the basis of a bargain, with the Russians also revising their policy, thus saving face all round.

But what has Washington on the hip is the fact that China is the one place in the world where we do not want the Russians to change their policy. We want them to keep right on doing exactly what they are doing: not intervening and not interfering.

In Japan, we are in much better shape. MacArthur, in spite of charges that his land reforms and his measures for dissolution of the Zaibatsu are not drastic enough, still has enough freedom of maneuver to get tough with the reactionary government through which he works. Premier Yoshida has failed in his aim, which was first to salvage the old reactionary political machinery of Japan and then to convince MacArthur that he had to work with it, through thick and thin. MacArthur has retorted with a demand for a new purge, down through the ranks, which may destroy Yoshida's control.

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Paris

THE Fourth French Republic has been born with apologies. No congratulations or cigars were passed around on this occasion, nor even any of the more typically French *dragées* — candy-covered almonds — which proud parents usually send to future friends of their newborn child.

The regime will not be complete until well into the new year. Under the highly complicated procedure devised for the creation of the Republic, the direct election of the National Assembly was followed by the indirect choice of a second, almost impotent, legislative chamber, the Council of the Republic. The two houses meet in January to elect jointly, for a seven-year term, the President of the Republic, who will appoint the Prime Minister, subject to approval by the Assembly.

This is the first permanent new regime to emerge in Western Europe from the Second World War. While others shirked or shied away from the responsibility of creating new states, the French at least lived up to their traditions of political leadership on the Continent by trying to reach some sort of decision.

A multi-party system, with a coalition of inimical groups necessary for a controlling majority, remained the political basis of government. By substituting the Popular Republican Movement for the Radical Socialists, one could easily suppose this was still the 1936-1939 period of the *Front Populaire*. The division of the world between East and West was reflected in French indecision between the left and the right.

Black-market politics

The week of the vote accepting the new Constitution was also the last week of the Paris Peace Conference and the week of the execution of the Nu-

remberg war criminals. But the French public was more concerned with black-market scandals than with these events.

On Monday the scandal concerned wine. At the instigation of the Supply Ministry, judicial investigation was opened against "X" on charges of traffic in rationed commodities, illegal price-raising, and corruption of civil servants. Big names were whispered about and finally spoken aloud, when Socialist former President Félix Gouin saw fit to announce that the affair was "inflated." Independent Yves Farge, Supply Minister, asked in reply, "What does he know about it?" An armed guard was placed around Farge's modest home in the suburb of Sèvres.

Successive days produced further scandals. Four Paris department stores were charged with wholesale acquisition of textiles without ration tickets. The wine scandal having been exploited at the expense of the Socialist Party, a textile scandal was turned against the Ministry of Industrial Production under Communist management. Then came affairs of forged automobile licenses, and of flour, dried vegetables, and condensed milk, all being diverted from official to black-market channels.

Paris censorship

Theatrical talk centered on the impending production of a version of *Hamlet* by André Gide, which the celebrated author promised would not be an adaption but as literal a translation as possible, and on two new plays by Jean-Paul Sartre: *Morts sans Sepulture* and *La Putain Respectueuse*. Both Sartre plays were sadistic but technically brilliant examples of existentialism. They caused lively controversy — the first because it portrays the torturing of members of the Resistance during the war, and the second because it gives a bitter picture of

the anti-Negro sentiment that prevails in our Southern states.

The title of Sartre's second play caused trouble for Paris authorities, who permitted it to be advertised publicly only as *La P*** Respectueuse*. That week also prostitution ceased to be a legal profession in Paris and all houses of tolerance were closed by the police, who finally enforced the law adopted last April by the Municipal Council.

Who wants a Constitution?

All during this time debate continued over the Constitution. From his place of retirement at Colombey, de Gaulle issued to the Paris press through his former Chef de Cabinet, Gaston Palewski, a statement asking the country to vote No on the Constitution and warning that its political system would lead to "impotence, then to anarchy, and finally to dictatorship." President Georges Bidault, expressing "complete tranquillity of conscience," broadcast an appeal for a Yes vote so that the country could obtain a permanent foundation. All three major parties, having contributed to the writing of the document, urged approval of the Constitution.

On Sunday, October 13, about nine million citizens voted in favor of the new Constitution against eight million opposed. Another eight million registered voters abstained from the referendum. The 31 per cent abstention was obviously a sign of disapproval. In southern departments, where 47 and 48 per cent absence assumed proportions of an electoral strike, the Republic was brought into being against the will of a majority of citizens.

This was a depressing, anticlimactic conclusion to the effort to create a heroic new institution. Nevertheless the French wrapped up the Constitution, sealed it with red wax, and promulgated it as the new law of the land.

The Constitution delegated the dominating power to the National Assembly, with the express provision that the "National Assembly alone votes the law." In contrast to the bicameral system of the Third Republic and to the checks and balances of the United States, the Council of the Republic was given only an advisory role, and the President of the Republic was relegated to a minor position.

On November 10 the electorate was called upon to select the members of the National Assembly. This campaign was conducted on more conventional lines. Black-market scandals were left in judicial pigeon-holes and the parties appealed for votes on a political basis. The principal rivalry developed between the MRP, calling for government without Thorez, and the Communists, calling for govern-

ment without Bidault. De Gaulle spurned the MRP as he did all political parties.

The electoral marathon

Election results could be and were interpreted to suit the interests of various interpreters. The Communists took first place in the Assembly with 164 seats, compared to 157 for the MRP, 90 for the Socialists, 77 for a collection of conservative parties, and 56 for the *Rassemblement des Gauches* including the old Radical Socialist Party. But the Communists had only 30 per cent of the votes, and even with Socialists as dubious partners they commanded only 45 per cent of the Assembly, well short of an operative majority.

It remained for the people to finish their electoral marathon by trudging to the polls one more Sunday — November 24 — for the final popular consultation in the creation of the Fourth Republic. This time the electoral process was carried to the ultimate in complication and confusion. The people were called upon to choose *grands électeurs* who would join with deputies of the National Assembly and regional councilors to select 200 of the 315 members of the Council of the Republic, the others to be designated by the colonies.

The results, so far as they could be deciphered from the puzzling procedure and twisted combinations, confirmed what had gone before. The Communists led the MRP by a slight margin but failed to win control even in problematical coöperation with slipping Socialists, and the scattered conservative vote showed an appreciable increase.

Repeated trips to the polls provided a good opportunity for an analysis of post-war opinion in France. The analysis showed there were about five million confirmed, disciplined Communists in France, who would go to the polls whenever called.

Paradoxically, while the Communist vote mounted slightly at the expense of the Socialists, the anti-Marxist vote also increased to the point where the anti-Communists, if they could ever get together, would control the government. Reduced to the simplest terms, the dominant legislative chamber of the new Republic contained 45 per cent Marxists, 55 per cent anti-Marxists.

There remained the problem of how to translate the will of the people as expressed at the polls into a working system. The Communists of course claimed the right to head the government. Had they been a party like any other, no doubt they would have been granted that right, particularly since it involved unenviable duties. But ever present in the minds of the other parties was the example of other countries in Europe, where Communists, once in-

KEEP FAITH

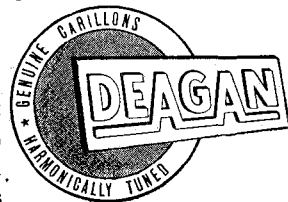
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PARIS (continued)

stalled in the Prime Ministry and in a few other ministries like those of Interior, Justice, Education, and Information, could never be dislodged except by force. So in France the Communists were strongly challenged.

The Socialists, first to be approached for membership in a Communist-led cabinet, dodged the issue by asking who else would be invited and what the program would be. The MRP ruled flatly against participating in such a government. The only possible solution of the governmental problem for the initial period of the new Republic seemed to be the continuation of the clumsy coalition cabinets which France has known for so many years.

Will France balance her budget?

While the problem of political reform was being solved at least temporarily, work on the economic problem had barely begun. Through all the electoral period, prices went up. The franc and what it could buy went down. On the black market the dollar reached three times its official value. For a country of people famous for stowing small savings away in their socks this situation was disastrous. Persons and parties that urged immediate revision of the Constitution encountered the hard reality that much more urgent and critical was the need to revise and improve daily life.

After months of hush-hush deliberations, the General Planning Commission, headed by the wealthy banker Jean Monnet and including representatives of all levels of society, produced something which the French in their customary reckless way with figures called a five-year plan for 1947 to 1950 to modernize the national economy. This was not the drastic Soviet type of plan. It consisted essentially in charting production goals and asking private enterprise to cooperate with the state to achieve them, rather than in imposing the state on private enterprise.

The most important single proposal was that the legal work week be expanded from forty to forty-eight hours, and the over-all purpose was to obtain by 1950 a 25 per cent increase in production over the best pre-war year, 1929.

Much more immediate was the need to bring the national budget closer toward balance and to curb constant inflation. But all economic and financial questions had to await the first government of the Fourth Republic, and there was no guarantee that when the Cabinet was constituted, political compromise would prove secure and the atmosphere of doubt would be dispelled.

Although the new National Assembly presumably would last five years, it was entirely possible that the country might be called upon to start voting again in a year or two. Two successive Cabinet crises would lead, under the new Constitution, to dissolution of the Assembly and to new elections.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

JOE MARTIN once said that under his speakership each meeting of the House would be "opened with a prayer and closed with a probe." A spate of investigations is promised by the 80th Congress. They will add up to an inquest into fourteen years of Democratic rule. The prospect is greeted "with shining eyes" by such debunkers as John O'Donnell of the *New York Daily News*.

So eager were the Republicans to start witch-hunting that immediately on the heels of victory they sought to empower the old Truman Committee — the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program — to look into our military government in Germany. Since Mead's defeat, Kilgore of West Virginia has moved into the chairmanship, with Brewster of Maine likely to get the honor when the Republicans organize Congress.

Senator Brewster is a man of parliamentary ability with more than a touch of demagoguery. He is moved by a consuming ambition and doubtless sees an opportunity ahead of making the chairmanship a springboard to higher things. His present Republican colleagues on the Committee are Ball, Knowland, and Ferguson; two more will be added. Ferguson, who headed the Republican side of the Pearl Harbor inquiry, is as adept at probing as Brewster. Brewster, however, is the leading spirit of the German inquiry.

King Coal

Coal is the lifeblood not only of our domestic economy but of reconstruction abroad. Never before have we exported our soft coal to Europe. But with the total stoppage of British exports and the lag in coal output in the Ruhr, Europe has become dependent upon coal from America.

President Truman inherited labor problems which were left unsolved during the war by President Roose-

velt. Harold Ickes once or twice was tempted to settle accounts with John L. "Do you want me to get Lewis or coal?" he asked Roosevelt. "Coal" was the invariable answer of the war-harassed President. And so the miners came to think, by demonstration, that Lewis was stronger than the government.

His highhandedness infuriated Secretary Krug and President Truman. Both, it is said, wanted to see Lewis jailed. Their attitude did not help matters; and the use of the injunction rallied the miners to Lewis's side and brought him support from organized labor generally. The public was confused by the initial tactics of limiting action to court proceedings for contempt. During the hearings the President's silence was explicable by his feeling that he should not interfere with the judicial process. And he gained in prestige when Lewis abruptly capitulated.

What Lewis wants for his miners should be scrutinized apart from the litigious discussion. He thinks that the tonnage rate should be calculated on unwashed coal — the raw coal the miners bring to the surface — and that the miners should be paid as much for a 40-hour week as they receive for a "brutal 54-hour work week." (The agreement with the government provides that "work performed on the sixth day is optional." A Bureau of Labor Statistics report showed that the miners worked 42 hours for an average wage of \$62.37.)

New labor legislation

Lewis has lashed the country into a fury against labor. Perhaps the lashing was superfluous. If there was any mandate from the people, it was to take action on the labor crisis. How will Congress respond? The prospect is for a bill that may be extreme. The Wagner Act is due for wide revision to make the provisions apply to both employers and em-

ployees. Senator Ball already has announced his determination to introduce a bill outlawing the closed shop. Think what this would mean to the building trades.

Senator Ball's move was heralded by anti-closed-shop amendments which were tacked on to three state constitutions at the last elections. He was one of the authors of the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill, which required regulation of closed-shop agreements, not the banning of them. It provided that in order to obtain a closed-shop agreement a union must represent 75 per cent of the workers employed in the plant, and 60 per cent of them must vote for the closed shop.

A lot of water, however, has gone under the bridge since the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill was discussed. Stiffer medicine is now the order of the day. Lewis made sure that Truman will hesitate to veto any labor bill that Congress sees fit to pass.

Compulsory arbitration of disputes in public utilities is being talked up. But the next question is: What is a public utility? All the mass production industries, stoppage of any of which has nation-wide consequences, have become public utilities. Congress may not go so far as to make compulsory arbitration apply in these industries, though an effort may be made to endow the President with power to declare any strike a national emergency. Moderates see little hope of avoiding repression.

Tax cuts and economy

Another significant task before the 80th Congress is the redemption of the Republican pledge to reduce taxes 20 per cent. Republicans take the pledge very seriously. The air is full of plans, among them Senator Taft's. Taft is not, as so many of his fellows are, an advocate of economy at any price. Tax cuts, in his opinion, would be justified by reductions of expenditures.

He has a point. Nobody wants to imperil the national defense. But there are many non-recurring items: outlays for terminal leave, for war shipping, and for UNRRA. The dropping of these items and the reduction of wartime personnel will result in a sizeable cut in the budget.

Efficiency could be promoted by the reform of all the executive departments. Many thoughtful suggestions have been made. One, sponsored by Secretary Forrestal, is the appointment of a permanent Under Secretary or Assistant Secretary to each Cabinet member. The proposal would take a few plums away from the spoilsmen, but the benefit to new Cabinet officers would be enormous. Mr. Forrestal has confessed his own difficulty when he and Frank Knox found no high-ranking civilian official available when they came to the Navy Department. But resistance

against any change is powerful. Aside from the spoilsmen, there are many people who oppose strengthening bureaucracy.

The thing to watch is the reorganization of Congress. This reform was the work of Senator La Follette, who failed of re-election, and Representative Mike Monroney, who was returned from Oklahoma. Monroney's opponent tried to pin on him the onus of fathering a pension grab. The tactic failed to work, and no Congressman will be more welcome than Monroney. The Oklahoman is one of the most constructive figures to appear on Capitol Hill for some time.

Joe Martin has gone so far as to say reorganization would be attempted on a "trial and error" basis. Monroney will probably follow it up. In this divided government the need is for more reform, not the abandonment of it.

What is needed is a bipartisan legislative council on the model of the committees set up for the State of New York by the Ives Committee. One such committee dealt with industrial and labor conditions. It was remarkably successful in getting executive and legislative groups in New York to shape policy on labor and industrial relations without partisan bias.

Mr. Ives, the new Senator from New York, may do something to work out plans for a bipartisan approach to our national labor problems. This approach is much preferable to the more radical ideas propounded by such men as Senator Fulbright, which would deal with the "constitutional crisis" of a divided government by providing for the simultaneous election of the President and both houses of Congress, for equal terms.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is more than a little concerned over means of avoiding deadlocks in our government during the world crisis. There is no sign at present that America will desert Europe, but the will to stay in Europe can be constructive only so long as the task of rebuilding Western Europe is shouldered boldly and ambitiously.

Here the task runs into the economy campaign of a Republican Congress. Reconstruction costs money, and, although men like Vandenberg and Taft are far from obstructionist, there are many purblind members of Congress, such as Representative Knutson, enlisted in this economy campaign. The men now in the saddle, with the tacit acquiescence of the White House, may swing the country into a reaction — political and economic, international and domestic — hardly in keeping with its world responsibilities.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

How We Did Vote

Sir:

I am curious to know how you came to select such an asinine article, filled with such obvious misinformation, as "How We Will Vote," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in the October *Atlantic*.

For example, in spite of the large registration beforehand, he states on the first page that the American people were apathetic.

Later he makes the ridiculous assertion that "the Republicans do not want an interesting campaign; for if the contest becomes too lively, too many people will vote and that would help the Democrats." The trouble from the Democratic point of view is that too many people did vote.

And then, in spite of all the polls, "A heavy vote will mean that the Democrats will hold their own."

Or is the explanation to be found in the fact that you are in the same category as the *Daily Worker* and *P.M.* and must follow the party line as directed from Moscow?

KARL B. SMITH
Wyncote, Pa.

Sir:

You deemed Mr. Schlesinger's article worthy of the leading spot in your October issue even though in truth it is little more than a campaign advertisement for pink, left-wing, CIO New Dealism.

GRANVILLE S. BORDEN
Piedmont, Cal.

• In spite of the title (not my choice), my article was not primarily intended as a venture in prediction. It was rather a job of reporting, based on extensive interviews with politicians of both parties and with political observers in several Eastern and Midwestern states. It was written in mid-August, published in September, and represents, I think accurately, the views then current among the professionals. I suggest that my critics look up the dispatches

of reporters like Bert Andrews in the New York *Herald Tribune* or Felix Belair, Jr., and C. P. Trussell in the New York *Times*, neither of which papers precisely qualifies as a PAC organ. At that time no responsible Republican claimed the Senate in private (at least in my hearing) and very few the House. The Wallace episode and the meat shortage changed all that; but these factors came into the picture some weeks after the October *Atlantic* had gone to press. As for my own predispositions, I voted Republican for senator and Democratic for governor. I sympathize with my critics, however, for error is the occupational hazard of forecasting, and they are quite right to crow about it! — ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

"What's Wrong with the Family?"

Sir:

I am positive that the *Atlantic* is receiving mail pouches full of Repartee in seething response to "What's Wrong with the Family?" by Della D. Cyrus in your November issue.

In the first place, the premise that a family in the modern world is an isolated unit seems a false one. The boundaries of our homes were long ago invaded from without and penetrated from within by the news, the radio, the eagerness of children, and the family vision of a coöperative and unified world. Real love is not a "small, tight circle" but an ever spreading and all-inclusive one.

If the self-centered, self-pitying creature Mrs. Cyrus portrays as the American mother is the rule, we may as well call it a day, but I do not believe it is a true picture. Are there really many mothers who would say to their children, "All right, now, you may return to me at 5.15 this afternoon for love and understanding. I shall be free at that time to give it to you"? If there are, those mothers need not be at all surprised or hurt to find their offspring rather cold. Love does not run on schedule like that. Human nature has in it a perverse streak

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that will not fit into the assembly-line method for its development. It may be that the community "sitter" who binds up the cut finger or wipes the runny nose will be the recipient of the child's quick, tight hug and affectionate trust.

If the American woman has sunk into such doldrums of defeat and boo-hooing over annoyances, she had better get her chin up and snap out of it, fast. If she misses the opportunities and privileges of her own home, she will most surely and tragically miss them elsewhere. There might even possibly be no home left to moan over.

MRS. MARY PRISCILLA HOWES
Ashfield, Mass.

Sir:

"What's Wrong with the Family?" struck such a responsive chord in me that I am writing to tell you how valuable I am sure it will be to every mother who has struggled through the physical and mental conditions she describes so succinctly. She has stated an iron-clad case, in my opinion.

MRS. STANNARD DUNN
Concord, N.H.

Sir:

Something may be wrong with the family, but it seems probable that there would be quite a bit more wrong with it under the ideal conditions prescribed by Mrs. Cyrus. In this jolly world of the future it will be immaterial as to whose children are whose, and not too material as to whose husband and wife are whose. Away with antiquated personal relations! Behold our communally carpet-swept model community of the future, in which no one will be guilty of the "criminal waste of devoting a lifetime to the cleanliness of a single family"! There would, in short, be no family left, with the women "free and obliged to make some choices about their own lives," and the children "heckling them into eating with other children as often as possible," and with everyone dipping into a communal kitchen for his midnight snack.

MRS. SAMUEL R. DORRANCE
Woodbridge, Conn.

Sir:

The trouble with today's family is not the institution but modern women themselves. They have this in common with Labor: both have recently won well-deserved freedoms after centuries of repression and are so elated over their privileges that they have not yet taken sober thought of their responsibilities. History proves that such adjustments take time.

MRS. RALPH M. HILL
East St. Louis, Ill.

The wonder of Mrs. Cyrus's article is that she approves of having children at all. What would be the point if they're to be relegated to community nurseries during the day and seen only when they won't get on their mothers' nerves?

For an intelligent woman, it is a challenging job to direct both young minds and a household

at the same time. There are never two days exactly the same — unlike business, where a strict routine must be adhered to. Under Mrs. Cyrus's plan, marriage would not long survive. Men often marry for a home. They are tired of tasteless restaurant food and hope to find in marriage the affection and response which they need. What value would be received from a marriage where food was prepared in communal kitchens with no regard for the man's own tastes, and seasoned as poorly as that found in a restaurant? Can he find love, affection, and interest in his own problems from a working wife busy with her outside pursuits?

I asked my baby's doctor why he decided to specialize in pediatrics. His reply was: "Children are so rewarding." This should be the attitude of every mother.

MRS. IVAN C. BELKNAP
Dallas, Tex.

Sir:

Della Cyrus has indeed told us what is wrong with the family. It is all true, at one time or another, too, but she has not told us what is right with the family. There is a credit side as well as a debit. In fact, if the right side does not outweigh the wrong side, the family will become obsolete.

The coöperative community center proposed in her article should be an excellent substitute for the individual help the family used to get through older relatives or hired help, no longer available because of the industrialization of labor. This would give overburdened young folks enough help and rest to supply them strength and vision to improve their families.

HELEN M. F. PRICE
Sellersville, Pa.

Sir:

I must refer to one attitude evinced by Mrs. Cyrus: namely, the placing of practically all the responsibility of the home and children upon the mother; the father seems to be quite unthought of as equally responsible, and no suggestion is made that he should find his greatest satisfaction and happiness in the home he shares in building. On the contrary, she complacently has him go off to bowl or to find physical satisfaction elsewhere — "to make love to someone who is available and gay and will take him the way he is" — and hints that couples could be saved if they could only get away for a drink! This from a minister's wife!

ALICE MACFARLAND
Ridgeville, Ind.

Sir:

I have twice read Mrs. Cyrus's article. The trouble is that there are not enough real adults in American homes. Why should children be "fun"? They are as necessary to the development and purpose of our lives as they were to our grandfathers. What — or whom — do we live and work for, if not for our children? And how can a woman's intellect and real gifts deteriorate just because she scrubs floors?

I believe that pooling our problems in small com-

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Atlantic Repartee

munities would bring us more dependence on one another within the group, with less privacy and quiet leisure than we now have. Children and their parents are not alone enough as it is.

A young couple with intelligence, fortitude, and a real education for picking out essentials will not be defeated, but only enriched, by the cares of a family — today as always.

MRS. R. P. WALTHER
Lakewood, Ohio

Atlantic Stories

Sir:

I strenuously suggest that Mrs. Milbank Johnson (November *Atlantic Repartee*) read Alan R. Marcus's lucid and informative short story, "The Girl Without a Name," in the November *Atlantic*. No amount of impersonal and factual editorials could drive home so vigorously, to the thinking person of today, the appalling, hopeless plight of the displaced youth of Europe. Can this be the "pointless fiction cluttering up the *Atlantic*"?

I could not help contrasting the protagonists of Mr. Marcus's story with myself. The conclusions were disturbing. What I share with them is merely youth, in the physical sense of the word, stripped of all its other essential peculiarities. My heritage is freedom, in its purest form; love of fellow men, and faith in God. Theirs is ruthless subjugation; racial and nationalistic hatreds, and a Godless creed, devoid of spiritual ideals.

This past June I was awarded my Bachelor of Arts degree, symbolizing a positive step along the path of further knowledge and culture. In return, I assumed a tremendous responsibility, not to myself particularly, but to society in general. The fate of the future lies in the youth of today. Can we succeed in our infinitely vital task?

MARY JEAN REGAN
New London, Conn.

Sir:

I have just received my copy of the August *Atlantic*, and reading *Atlantic Repartee* I am prompted to tell you how greatly I enjoy the wonderful fare you provide month by month. I echo the words of one of your correspondents: "without doubt the very best magazine I have ever read."

While I agree with other correspondents in my appreciation of the stories of Thomas Heggen, I agree with another that some of the short stories are not up to the standard of the *Atlantic*. "My Hotels" and "The Unspoiled Reaction" in the March issue are typical of a number which have appeared in recent years. These stories don't flow. They are discordant and without rhythm.

Your articles on international affairs, politics, science, and literature are splendid.

I look forward with pleasurable anticipation to

the arrival of each new number and read it from cover to cover.

JOHN A. G. ROBERTSON
Melbourne, Australia

Sir:

In a footnote to "Uncle Deck" by John Watson in the November number, you wrote, "It sounds like more." But what have we done to deserve it?

If we are so dull we cannot see for ourselves how the peasants are just too, too quaint, do we merit John Watson's magnanimous attempts to enlighten us?

WILLIAM NEWBERRY
Alton, Ill.

Accent on Living

Sir:

I most heartily and longingly enjoyed "Cold Buffet," by Crosby Gaige, which appeared in the August *Accent on Living*. Way off here in lovely Hawaii, where one seldom if ever meets up with an edible ham, — much less a Smithfield, — the recipe was one for the gods.

THERESE I. BUNSMAN
Oahu, T.H.

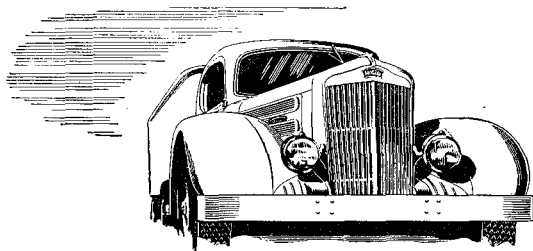
Sir:

In "Horse Sense" by Clyde Brion Davis, in the November *Accent on Living*, the horse is made out to be, more or less, a stupid, obsolete, four-legged hay-burner. I noticed in a footnote that the author lives in upper New York State, much as I suspected after reading his discussion of equine intelligence.

Mr. Davis may be absolutely right in everything he said as far as riding-stable plugs are concerned. Without a doubt, however, he should never have included the Western horse in that category.

Probably the most highly trained Western horse is the "cutting horse" (one used to separate cattle from the main herd of the roundup to various other small herds held a short distance away). Almost immediately upon entering the herd the horse finds the steer or cow the cowboy wishes to cut out and proceeds to maneuver it out of the herd. Once a steer is out of the main herd, a good cowhorse never lets it re-enter, no matter how wild the bovine. That takes fast thinking on the part of the horse, let me tell you. With the steer running full tilt and wheeling on a dime to one side or the other, it keeps a horse busy outguessing it. For that is exactly what must be done: outguessing. Some horses actually reach out and bite the rump of the steer to turn it. I have known of horses that, when the saddle slipped and the rider fell, kept on, riderless, after a cow until it was run into the proper herd, then patiently waited for the cowboy to come and remount. Some of the best of these cutting horses do all this work without a bridle, thereby giving the cowboy no control whatsoever over their actions. Stupid, these horses!

JOE G. RUSSELL
Austin, Tex.



HOW EVERY TRUCK-USING BUSINESS CAN INCREASE ITS DISTRIBUTION EFFICIENCY

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 179  NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1947

90th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

DIPLOMACY OF THE DOLLAR—1947

by HERBERT FEIS

IT is unpleasant to have a rejected expedient turn into a necessity. This is now happening in the conduct of American lending abroad. Early in the century the American government fell into ways that attracted the name of "dollar diplomacy." Their purpose was to secure favorable opportunity and safety for American investments abroad. Their consequence was to produce a conviction that we were seeking to control the lives of the smaller American republics. This we denied and disavowed—presently signaling our sincerity by withdrawing not only our Marines, but our financial advisers from their comfortable berths.

The reform in our practices was meant as proof of our wish fully to respect the independence of all other countries, even the smallest among them. We adopted the opinion that foreign lending and investment was a private business activity; that decision as to whether or not any particular transaction was undertaken was a matter of concern only to the borrower and lender; and that American financial ventures abroad should not become tangled up with our political relationships. These attitudes marked the end of the American impulse to expand our territories in this hemisphere or elsewhere. They reflected our sense of security, identified with our geographic isolation. They expressed a belief that

we were more likely to have genuine political friendships by abstaining from the use of our financial power as an instrument of diplomacy than by using it. We maintained these opinions during the great financial expansion that followed during the bond-selling twenties, attempting little political guidance, purpose, or support. Clearance with the State Department was a routine formality—enough to give assurance to the vendors of the bonds but not enough to compel them to take thought.

The outcome was in part good and in part much to be regretted later. There was a marked growth of trust and friendship between ourselves and the other American republics. The countries of the Orient, particularly China, and of the Middle East became more friendly in their invitations to American than to other foreign capital and enterprise. Fear faded that the dollar might be in reality an emblem on the flag of imperialism; it was accepted as a useful and unscheming messenger of economic coöperation. American capital was flung out of the oil fields of a few foreign countries, particularly Mexico and Bolivia, and banned from various other activities. But by and large it was welcomed. Its acceptance was evidenced by the spread of American branch plants throughout the world—by new oil and mining enterprises in South America and Saudi Arabia and the Pacific Southwest, and by the extension of American aviation and communications companies. And the democratic countries of Western Europe and the British Commonwealth were drawn toward us by the opportunity to sell bonds to our private investors without being required to pay a political commission.

But then there was the portion for regret. We

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financed the recovery of Germany. The loans were made before Germany had made clear its will to try again to dominate the Western world. Great Britain made the same mistake, contributed to the same calamity. Our finance also greatly helped Mussolini to acquire his reputation as a constructive dictator; it provided him with the means for strengthening his grasp upon the Italian people. Of Japan we were always afraid; and the American government intervened to make sure that private bond buyers did not become its partner in expansion. Still, branches of American private industry contributed to the development of their Japanese affiliates.

In short, the well-intentioned nations of the world responded to our policy of financial neutrality decently. The aggressive nations used it to strengthen themselves for attack. In their spasms of antagonism, how completely did they turn into vile accusers!

The U.S.S.R. was a sardonic witness of these ingratiitudes. It seemed discreetly to doubt the sincerity of our idealism. It is written in the Communist book that the foreign financial activities of the capitalist states are a desperate device entered into to avoid internal collapse, and inevitably followed by a demand for political control. The U.S.S.R., immediately after the Revolution, had expropriated all foreign property, American included, within its territories and repudiated all foreign obligations. Its later discussions of financial relationships with the American government in 1933, in connection with our recognition, were unreal. We were trying to get compensation for previous investments while the Soviet government was trying to get new funds. The outcome was an obscurely phrased document that was soon ignored. Thereafter the U.S.S.R. quietly arranged to obtain short-term credits from American industrial enterprises, while it continued in the press to blame our selfishness and predict the disintegration of our system.

After the advent of the depression new private foreign ventures were few; and these were by American corporations already well established abroad. The foreign loans that were made came out of the government's purse. They were on a small scale and were arranged through the Export-Import Bank for the purpose of sustaining American commerce. The government generally tried to maintain the same attitude towards the activities of that institution that it had toward private ventures. It was permitted to operate with only occasional instruction in political purpose.

True, the Bank was spurred on in its loans to the other American republics by the judgment that these would contribute to the creation of the inter-American peace system that was being organized. True, it sometimes postponed loans until debtors settled their earlier obligations to private lenders. True, also, the Bank evaded or pared down loan requests from Germany, Italy, and Japan for credits to pay for American products; and in the disposal of these requests

it was guided by the State Department. The imperatives of policy had occasionally to be invoked in order to deal with the pressure of those who had cotton and pork to sell. In the record will be found instances in which the American government flirted with the notion that if it responded to the demands of the Axis countries for raw materials they might adopt more peaceful ways. But these flirtations were short-lived and experimental. In summary, before the war, the small foreign financial activity of the American government was kept roughly in accord with our broad political sympathies. But it was not constantly animated by political design or manipulated to serve particular diplomatic negotiations. A group of officials who were primarily interested in the growth of American commerce directed the use of small sums to that end, taking into account general radiations of friendship or hostility. Such was the diplomacy of the dollar during the thirties.

2

To Americans the misbegotten results of certain past foreign financial activities were saddening. But they would, it was thought, be wiped out by the defeat of the Axis. Thereafter, it was anticipated that we would be able to resume the path of financial aloofness; that we would be able, without worrisome concern over political strategy, to direct our lending power to the congenial opportunity of world-wide economic improvement. In the peaceful and orderly world of which we dreamed, there would be no need to weigh closely the ounces or tons of benefit that our loans transferred between nations.

But we are moving along the opposite course. Our loan policy has become a working element in our political battles and a means of winning adherents to a program of international trade — which does not entirely lack political significance. The real centers of decision have not been the Export-Import Bank or the Treasury or the Department of Commerce, but the State Department.

Our present tendency is not, however, a relapse into the renounced American pattern of the past. The purpose and conditions governing our present behavior are greatly different. Now our loan operations are conducted by the government itself, out of public funds. Counter to our desires, yet deeply, we are engaged in a vast struggle against other nations — a struggle in which power seems more persuasive than reason; or in which, at least, pleas not supported by some form of inducement or threat go unheeded. Our resources, our ability to aid or refuse aid to other countries, are being used by the government in this struggle.

This sense of compulsion to do so is a measure of our immersion in the world's affairs. We are no longer merely the world's banker. We are enmeshed in its disorders and difficulties. We have decided that we cannot escape by a new withdrawal into

isolation — political or economic. We have reluctantly accepted the necessity for participating in, and seeking a basis of order for, the confused struggle among the nations of the world. We are engaged in four interwoven lines of effort simultaneously. First, to create effective arrangements for the maintenance of peace; second, to strengthen our strategic position and political understandings; third, to prevent the spread of Communism over Europe and Asia; and fourth, to reweave the pattern of trade among nations that prevailed before the depression — a pattern shaped by liberated, unmanaged, and universal competition. Compared with the past, we are indeed heavily laden with purpose.

The achievement of these entwined aims, we are grimly beginning to realize, is not merely an exercise in persuasion. Our command over capital is an aid to that art. We are using it regularly to do the work done during the war by the Lend-Lease program. We are favoring the countries which we trust; using loans to prove our good will to rulers inclined to bargain; encouraging countries that are wavering in their allegiance to our purposes or our interests; denying those we fear; and asking all to sign their name to that paper structure of vows that we have been erecting in the international trade field. The last, in particular, has become standard practice; there is a risk that it may be elevated out of proportion to our other aims.

A few citations from the loan record will illustrate these generalizations. Loans have been made to the other American republics for economic development; the useful results are scattered over the southern part of the American Hemisphere in the form of rising new iron and steel plants, smelters, roads, and agricultural undertakings. Large loans have been made to Great Britain and France, and smaller ones to Belgium and Holland. These were impelled by the wish to support countries that had free political institutions and were defended as essential to the restoration of international trade. Some opponents of these loans remained unmoved by these purposes, until frightened by the thought that refusal would cause Western Europe to draw closer to Russia. We have promised loans to Italy, though we know they are not likely to be repaid; our willingness to do so emerges from a vague sense of basic historical kinship, extensive racial connections, and the fear that out of desperation Italy might turn to the U.S.S.R. for support.

A large check for the Chinese government has long been drawn but is not yet signed. We have wished our resources to serve as a means of restoring China once internal reconciliation has been achieved; not as a fund to be dissipated in unending internal battle.

Loan discussions between the U.S.S.R. and ourselves have long been the subject of many phantom-like reports. But the American government has been of the opinion that it would be unwise and unjustified in making a loan until some of the main issues that divide the U.S.S.R. and ourselves are

satisfactorily settled. I do not know whether the terms or conditions we have advanced in the course of discussions were wisely selected or reasonable. But this much seems plain: that it would not be sensible to help the U.S.S.R. until it moderates its self-willed use of the veto in the counsels of the United Nations and accepts some effective form of international control over atomic fission. These, rather than the terms of settlement of such wrangled questions as the Trieste regime or the Hungarian reparations, or the principles of trade, should guide our final decision.

Our loan operations thus far in Central and Eastern Europe have also been marked with uncertainty and restraint. We have wished to help all the countries in this region to restore tolerable economic conditions. Loans have been granted to Poland and Czechoslovakia despite misgiving over their intimacy with the U.S.S.R. We have been employing all the resources of our diplomacy to re-establish political freedom within these countries and to encourage them to be independent in foreign affairs. The loans were part of a well-advised effort to build an economic bridge across the present political chasm. In return we sought and received pledges of support for the general program of trade principles which we have been sponsoring.

Our instinct has been against a financial ban upon the U.S.S.R. and those countries in whose affairs at present it plays so large a part. But it will not be possible to finance them with satisfaction until and unless existing major causes of dispute and suspicion between them and us are reduced. This cannot be induced by loans alone. When there is a clear and faithful wish between nations to live in peace and mutual tolerance, financial aid may cement and reward that wish. Where hostility is strong and the conflict of national ambitions and institutions profound, loans will not long heal the breach. Hatred and rivalry soon make mock of the effort. The United States must not fall into the error of thinking that because it possesses financial power it will be spared the necessity of making the utmost exertion of other kinds to find the terms of peace and security.

3

SO MUCH for the tangle of policy in which our loan activity now finds itself enclosed. Can this be avoided by assigning the task to an international organization? Our responsiveness to this thought is proved by our leadership in the creation of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

This Bank was devised with the intention of converting international lending into a shared responsibility. Henceforward, the hope ran, it would be freed of the bewildering complexities of politics. It would not be subject to the exclusive judgment of any national state as to how its own advantage or welfare was affected, and would cease to be suspect as an in-

strument, open or concealed, of national domination. It would not be restrained or deflected by rivalries among the powers. The development of production and trade in all parts of the world was to become an international enterprise which would draw nations together in common benefit. The purposeful political tint of international loans was to be bleached out. So did eager aspiration course while the statutes were being drawn.

Here then was contemplated not only the end of the diplomacy of the dollar, but of the pound and the franc and the mark and the ruble. This is a conception most earnestly to be encouraged. There should be a source of capital that can stand aside from, or above, national sentiments, interests, and rivalries. The conditions of all nations will be improved if there is a strong international bank to which each can turn — without the necessity of negotiating with any single national lender. Therefore it is imperative that the Bank be free of the need to take account of every secondary, transient dispute and rivalry that exists in the international political sphere. Otherwise the ironical result would be that a borrower would have to please all participating lenders, not merely one, before it was granted a loan. It should be bravely launched on the supposition that countries are going to succeed in reconciling their present angers and live at peace. In this matter overcaution would prove to be a worse fault than overtrust.

But even if this point of view is adopted, the Bank will not be able to act smoothly anywhere, and will not be able to act at all in many parts of the world, if the great powers continue to be bitterly divided over vital issues. How can the national representatives who will direct the Bank ignore such matters as rivalry in the development of atomic weapons, or fiercely waged propaganda warfare over social systems?

The American government is supplying a large fraction of the funds of the Bank (and also of the Fund) and, like all other members, has a veto power over all loan operations undertaken in its market. Its representatives are not likely to approve loans that would operate directly to its disadvantage, or support foreign governments that seemed hostile and unwilling to compromise for the sake of peace. We should not ask that the Bank shape its decision to satisfy any exclusive or frightened purpose of our own. Our contribution must be regarded as one made to an international cause, and we should be eager to have it used that way. But we can properly ask, and will be compelled to ask, proof that the beneficiaries have sincerely renounced the use of force and conspiracy in the conduct of their international relations.

Other contributors will in like fashion keep close watch over the bearing of the Bank's operations upon their own position and purposes. This means that the Bank's operations will be able to develop

on a significant scale only if the major powers adjust their main differences, if they achieve a trustful balance permitting a settlement of issues by negotiation. Otherwise its loans will, in a sense, only leak out between the crevices of politics.

The world spins round and the dollar spins with it. Our present policy may be called "the diplomacy of the dollar." It is a sign that we dare not refrain from using any element of power in the present struggle.

It is a gloomy sign — in the light of the closest historical parallel. That is to be found in the years that preceded World War I. Then Europe, not the United States, was the world's banker. Then the foreign loan activities of Britain, France, Germany, especially within Europe and Asia, were all entangled with their anxious rivalries, deals, and alliances. Capital gradually lost its creative purposes and possibilities; financing became a form of barter for promises — often wavering. Loans became footnotes to treaties. Many of the bonds issued during this period were scraps of paper scattered behind in a game of hare and hounds. The United States is now involved in much the same sort of game. How can it guide its part in this trackless chase so that it will not have the same tragic outcome as the earlier one?

The American government is justified at the present time in taking into account, when deciding to grant or refuse a loan, the political behavior and claims of the recipient. It need not be afraid to avow such an intention or ashamed to put it into practice.

But while refusing to nourish the violent national spirit in others, we must not fall into the contrary error. We should not refuse loans merely because the vested economic interest or opportunity of some American group might be adversely affected, nor bargain for small advantages. We should not oppose loans merely because the borrower is closer in political sympathies to some other country than to ourselves, or directing its economic life or trade policies on different lines from ours.

Being our own judge, we must weigh our own conduct and demands searchingly. If the diplomacy of the dollar is tied up with a pushful, willful political and military policy, it will cause quarrels to become more embittered. If it is devoted to building an empty structure of vows — which express our ideals without calling upon us for any risk or sacrifice — borrowers will be cynical and evasive. If it is used to gain the privilege of establishing military bases in distant lands, regarded as menacing by other powers, it will provoke suspicion and hostility. We must prove that in this, as in all other branches of foreign policy, our prime and unrelenting aim is to bring nations together in peace, based on justice and mutual tolerance. The motto on the international dollar should be "reconciliation" not "domination." Then let us bluntly require all who seek to borrow to make that motto their own.

PROUDERY AND ARROGANCE

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

A graduate of the University of California, AGNES NEWTON KEITH is the author of the *Atlantic* prize autobiography *Land Below the Wind*. With her English husband, Harry, who was Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in North Borneo, and their son, George, Mrs. Keith was taken into captivity by the Japanese shortly after Pearl Harbor. For three and a half years the Keiths lived in separate compounds as the vanquished in the hands of an alien people, and not until late in 1945, when they were liberated by the Australians and removed to Manila, did they again taste freedom and American food.

A year later George shows no ill effects. Mrs. Keith has slowly regained the thirty pounds she lost during the hardship. In Boston last autumn she completed her new book, *Three Came Home*. — THE EDITOR

I

IN the prison compound, behind a thirty-foot wooden boarding, we listened not once but many times to the addresses from Japanese commanding officers, which reiterated the following sentiment: "You British are a fourth-class nation now. Therefore your treatment will be fourth-class, and you will live and eat as coolies. In the past you have had proudery and arrogance. You will get over it now!"

Our new camp was built over the excrement pits of the soldiers' camps, where the ground was full of hookworm and the air was full of mosquitoes.

We had begged Colonel Suga, the Japanese Commandant, not to move us to this place, pleading that the children would die of hookworm as they had no shoes and the adults would die of malaria as they had no medicines; that we should die of starvation as we had no garden; that we should all die of the move anyway, as we were overworked and underfed.

Colonel Suga answered that it was too bad and he was very sorry, but we must be removed from the sight of our husbands. In the present camp, husbands and wives stared longingly at each other through the barbed wire, one hundred yards apart; and such looks "gave very bad impression"; such looks, although longing bodies were separated by wire and space, were injurious to the morale of the Japanese officers and soldiers, who did not have their wives with them. He could not move our husbands to the new camp, he said, because it was half a mile farther down the road and he did not trust them so far from the Japanese headquarters. Husbands might smuggle — might even escape! But ladies he trusted.

So we "trusted ladies" were to move camp at nine o'clock that morning. My three-year-old son George and I had been ill for several days with malaria, he with a very high temperature. I had had no sleep, and I was doxy with fever and fatigue. Now moving day had come, muster was called, and I was not there.

I arrived at the camp square ten minutes late, dragging two suitcases and George, he feverish but uncomplaining, with an unchildlike submission to pain, which hurt me more than his tears. In the square there were eight other women and five children standing at attention, under arrest for being late. The rest had left for the new camp.

The Nipponese officer was furious with us. We had insulted him and the entire Japanese Army by being late. Therefore we would spend the day standing in the public square, and the night in the guardhouse, and not proceed to the new camp until tomorrow, in order to wipe out the insult we had paid the Japanese Army by being late.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Nekata, the local commander of our camp under Colonel Suga, rested in the shade of the trees near-by, watching the movers at work. His polished Army boots were off, his stocking-clad feet propped upon a tree trunk, his trousers undone and open, with cotton underpants visible. If the Britons built their Empire in dress suits, the Japanese were equally determined to tear it to pieces in their underpants.

The movers themselves matched the goods that they handled; they, like our material belongings, were broken-down, ragged, pathetic; they, like our beds, chairs, stools, and tables, were inelegant but invaluable. Shirtless, shoeless, stockingless, hatless, each one bandaged, with a septic leg or arm, a cough, a limp, a droop — in the past these men had suffered from excess punctilio; today they scarcely had pants. Yet when one looked from them to Nekata, one could appreciate the fact that even without pants they could still be distinguished from apes.

Our husbands soon finished their moving work, and I saw Harry look anxiously over at me in the punishment party before he disappeared into his own camp. We had been told to stand at attention for punishment; soon we just stood, and then we sat.

It was twelve o'clock now, and very hot, and we were in the sun, and George became sick at his stomach. I carried him over to the side of the road and placed him in the shade of a tree, and stayed there with him. Soon we all moved under the trees, opened our baskets, and took out the bottles of boiled water and tea without which we never left camp. Lieutenant Nekata watched us without comment.

After a while Teresa, another of the late ones, who was 101 per cent Mother Love, came to me and said, "You should tell Nekata that George is ill. Tell him we are all very sorry we were late, and ask him to let us go on to the new camp now. Perhaps he'd do it."

"No, I'm not going to. He's just sitting there waiting for us to plead with him. Look at him, with his pants half off! I'm sick of these Nips! No! We were late, and they can punish us."

But I did go to Nekata and say, "It is lunchtime, and we have no food. Will you send rations for the children?" He nodded "Yes," and I returned to tell the others. We made a little fire with twigs and started boiling water for tea.

Then "Wilfred," the civilian Japanese interpreter for the military, came over to me. Nekata had sent him to ask if George was ill. I said yes, he had malaria; yes, that was why I was late to muster. Several voices around me spoke up and said the children were not well, it was too hot for them, we all felt ill, and could we not go on to the new camp now?

Wilfred returned to Nekata and reported. After some time he came back and ordered us to go over to the Lieutenant. We did so, and stood at attention before Nekata, who still lolled at ease with trousers agape. Nekata spoke, and Wilfred interpreted:—

"The Lieutenant says you are very bad ladies because you were late, and you have thus offended the Japanese officers. This is a great crime. If you were soldiers he would put you in the guardhouse for five days, without food, or beat you, or shoot you.

"But you are ladies — and the guardhouse is not big enough for you all. Also Nekata is very kind, like all Japanese, and very kind to ladies and children, like all Japanese. So he will forgive you this time, and you may now pick up your luggage and proceed to the new camp."

So then like good ladies we proceeded down the road to our new camp, swinging three and four suitcases on long poles between every two women, and dragging our children behind us, while the Japanese, like very kind Japanese, permitted us to do so.

2

At the new camp I found that my "flat" was a good one, located by a doorway, which meant opportunity for air and expansion: here in my five feet of space I found our beds already delivered by Harry. The locating of a claim in a new camp was done by alphabetical arrangement, gambling, or fighting. As I was

late in arriving I should have been out of luck had not Mrs. Cho, the wife of the Sandakan Chinese Consul, already staked my claim for me, by her side.

Shih Ping Cho was attractive, charming, intelligent, witty, courageous in spirit and body, and a friend beyond compare. Knowing and liking her before imprisonment, I grew to respect and admire her more and more throughout our captivity. Through years of discomfort Shih Ping with her two children lived side by side with George and me, breathing the same hot air, thinking the same tired thoughts, apprehensive of the same dangers, sacrificing the same decencies in the struggle to live, and laughing at the same sardonic jokes.

George continued ill all afternoon with a high temperature and vomiting. I washed our flat and unpacked the belongings, and stole some nails out of the beams for shelves. There was little to eat all day, as the new kitchen fires wouldn't burn; no wonder, as the firewood consisted of the branches of green rubber trees we had cut down that day.

I was awake all night with George, but towards morning his fever broke and he slept. I got up at six o'clock, as I liked to arise early and dress quietly before the pandemonium of the children broke loose, to be ready for my morning job. It was pitch-black outside the barrack and in. The stars scarce showed, the dawn still hung far in the distance, and the only other people awake in camp were the Sisters, who got up early to say their prayers.

I sat on my doorstep in slacks, for I was chilly with the aftermath of fever, and brushed my hair, and thought. As I sat grinding the teeth of depression I became conscious that somebody was watching me: glancing over my shoulder I saw the dim outline of a Japanese soldier in the doorway on the other side of the barrack.

He shuffled across the barrack, through the doorway behind me, descended two steps, and stood very close to me, while I continued to brush my hair. He mumbled in a combination of Japanese, Malay, and English, and offered me cigarettes. I shook my head. He continued to proffer the cigarettes, pressing against me on the steps. I shook my head, but when he persisted, I morosely jerked my head backward, meaning that he could toss the cigarettes on the floor behind me, if he were fool enough to give them. He leaned his rifle against the door, fumbled with the cigarette pack, bent over me, and put them down.

The thought came to me that I should say thank you. I should get up and bow. Or I should say, "Get away, you're too close!" Or I should move away myself. What is he? A jailer or a Sweetie Pie?

The guard hesitated, giggled, and shuffled his feet — and then bent quickly over me, ran his two hands roughly over my thighs and forced them violently up between my legs. The gesture so astounded me that I was paralyzed. I could think of nothing but "Well, it's fortunate I have my slacks on."

What followed then was unpleasant, a kind of

unpleasantness that a woman resents more than any other, and which hurts her as much psychologically as physically. The soldier was strong and rough and crude and nasty, and he enjoyed humiliating me.

I was not strong enough to combat him, and did not have the power to escape him, but circumstances were with me. To debauch a captive thoroughly, even the jailer needs time and quiet; he should have chosen the lats or the bathhouse for his assault. The scuffling, pawing, and groveling, plus shouting on my part, aroused my neighbors and they began to stir and call out. The soldier relaxed his embraces for a moment, and I swung on him, taking advantage of his distraction and an unprotected stomach area, and almost knocked him down. He stumbled backwards down the stairs, and there he hesitated over what to do; whether to kiss, or to kill, or to pull up his pants and go.

I was on my feet and shouting, "Get out! Get the hell out!" A lamp was approaching us from the Sisters' barrack across the way, and our barrack was awakening, and I guess he'd lost the primary urge. He picked up his rifle and went sourly down the path.

I stood wearily in the doorway in the darkness. The stars were still dim, the dawn not yet come, the Sisters still praying. I had not even seen my assailant's face.

My neighbors slowly aroused themselves and asked, "What's up?" I told them that a guard had been unpleasant to me and they accepted my reply without discussion. We had learned in camp to ask no questions; each person's trouble was her own affair, she must bear it as best she could.

I did not wish to talk, there was nothing to say. We were captives, we were helpless, our life was unbearable, and we had to bear it. A captive has no rights: I knew that one. I felt now that there was no further way for me to demonstrate it. But I was wrong.

3

I GOT my morning mug of tea, and even took some sugar in it. I needed something to stimulate me, and sugar, when one is unaccustomed to it, will do almost as much as whiskey.

As I drank tea and thought about the happening of the morning, I became apprehensive. Yesterday we had been moved to the new camp; last night the guards had sat on women's beds, laughing and talking until late; today I had been attacked. Would the new camp, because of its isolation from the Japanese officers' supervision, repeat the same conditions of unwelcome intimacy under which we had suffered in our first prison camp on Berhala Island? I felt that at this stage of fatigue and strain it would be unbearable to put up again with the intimate antics and familiarities of guards. The thought made me desperate.

Since we had been moved to Kuching, Sarawak, we were close to the Japanese headquarters and

under constant supervision. Regulations were numerous, but the life was one of reason and consistency compared to Berhala. Within the boundary of our camp we had comparative security, and persecution was official rather than personal. The contrast between our treatment in the two camps convinced me that it was not the intention of the Japanese Command that the women prisoners as a sex should be subjected to indignities by guards.

While still drinking my tea, and worrying about the future in our new camp, I heard a commotion nearby; the order "*Kutskil*" was shouted, and the people about me struggled to their feet. The toy-soldier figure of Colonel Suga, immaculate, fresh-shaven, clean-shirted, appeared down our aisle between children and pots. He was alone, had come apparently to inspect the new camp quarters, and as usual had come to the children's barrack first. It was easy, I thought to myself, to smile benignly upon us, with a stomach well filled, and a body well soaped, and the odor of oriental perfume seeping out of every pore.

I bowed as he came to my place, and on the impulse of anger and worry I said, "Colonel Suga, I wish to complain."

He stopped in surprise and said politely, "Yes, Mrs. Keith?"

I told him then that a soldier had behaved indecently to me. I described the incident in unequivocal terms and ended by saying, "Although I am a prisoner, I believe I have the right to live decently, even in prison. I believe that you intend us to do so. For this reason I report this occurrence to you, and as your prisoner I ask you for protection. This barrack is the only place we women have to live. I request you to forbid the guards to enter our quarters."

His reaction was unmistakable: he was shocked. He looked at me in blank amazement and said, "Perhaps I do not understand you. Please repeat."

I repeated my words, while he listened carefully and then answered, "If another person had told me this, I would not believe it. But I know you, and I believe that you are an honest woman. Come to my office at ten o'clock and I will talk with you. I am sorry that this has happened."

I had first met Colonel Suga in the Berhala Island camp in 1942, when he had come from Kuching to make an inspection. He had treated me with courtesy, one of the few Japanese officers who ever did. He told me that he had read *Land Below the Wind* in the Japanese translation, and liked it.

He said that he was a graduate of University of Washington in the U.S.A., and asked me why Americans were prejudiced against the Japanese. I told him it was because cheap Japanese labor threatened ours, and that it was an economic prejudice. He replied that this was only a small part of it; he said, "They exclude us because of labor, but they hate us because we are Japanese. You know that this is so."

I did know it. I could only answer that I myself had no racial prejudice: that before the war I had believed that I had real friends among the Japanese; that they had rejected me when the war began. I said that in wartime we were all trained by national propaganda to hate the enemy, as otherwise we were unwilling to kill and be killed. He and I were now being trained thus to hate each other, but perhaps after the war we might meet as human beings again.

When we were moved to Kuching we had further conversations, and I believe that each of us became convinced of the desire in the other for sincerity; but each of us knew also that he was dealing with the enemy and must be wary. Still, we wished that it might have been otherwise. It was our effort to establish mutual respect which had made him say, "I believe you are an honest woman."

I went up the hill to his office at ten o'clock and repeated my story, telling him that I feared a repetition of Berhala Island conditions, from which so far we had been free in Kuching. He requested me to describe these conditions. I did so, and ended by saying, "The Japanese accuse European women of immodesty, but such conditions do not allow us to live with modesty, decency, or honor."

He then surprised me by saying, "My soldiers have orders never to enter the women's barracks, unless there is a disturbance inside. I am shocked! Japanese soldiers are honorable. If I did not know you myself, and believe you to be an honest woman, I would not believe what you tell me."

I answered, "I am not a girl, I am not flirtatious, I have done nothing to attract this soldier — in fact he could not see me in the dark. If he could have, I am sure he would not have chosen me. He came to me because he wanted a woman, and I was helpless and a prisoner. I know that Japanese men are not attracted by Western women — but they enjoy humiliating us."

He looked at me without speaking, for some minutes, pressing his oval fingertips delicately against each other; then he said again, "I believe you, Mrs. Keith. I am very sorry that this has happened. I apologize to you on behalf of a Japanese soldier."

He asked me then to identify my assailant, but I said that I could not do so because of the darkness. He called for Lieutenant Nekata and asked me to repeat my story to him. Nekata listened, did not believe me, became obviously furious. He said that if the soldier had embraced me as I described I must know who it was. How did I know that it was a Japanese soldier? It might have been a Chinese loiterer from outside, or another prisoner.

I replied that in all Kuching only a Japanese soldier had a rifle, boots, and a uniform, and all these my assailant had.

I knew that Nekata was always jealous of Suga's power, and jealous of his own position in the Kuching camps. The two never liked the same people. In appealing to Suga I had made the mistake of

passing over Nekata. But had I appealed to Nekata first he would not have allowed the appeal. Because Suga liked me, Nekata disliked me and disbelieved me. In telling Nekata of the affair it became not only an unpleasant episode — but a nasty, dirty, grubby piece of lechery on my part.

The interview ended with Suga repeating his apology to me for the incident, and I could feel Nekata squirm.

4

THE next morning at ten, Nekata sent for me to come to his office, some distance from Colonel Suga's. At my request, Dorie Adams, our camp master, accompanied me, and Wilfred was present.

Nekata first told me to repeat my story, which Wilfred wrote down. He then said, "You are lying."

"I am telling the truth."

"I say that you are lying! I say that you accuse this Japanese soldier of attacking you, in order to revenge yourself upon the Japanese for the humiliation which I inflicted upon you three days ago."

I looked at him with surprise, and asked, "What humiliation did you inflict on me?"

"I punished you for being late, on the day that you moved to the new camp. I made you stand in the square in the sun, where your husband and others could see. You were angry with me that day, I could see that. Now you tell me a lie about a Japanese soldier in order to revenge yourself on the Japanese!"

I answered him, "You punished me because I was late; that was your duty as a soldier. But my duty was to my child, who was ill, and whose illness made me late. Therefore your punishment did not humiliate me: it was just, it gave me no cause to 'revenge' myself on you."

Nekata listened, unconvinced. He ordered Wilfred to type out a copy of my statement and have me sign it, saying, "If this story proves to be false, it is serious. It is a death offense to conspire against a Nipponese soldier." We then went through it all again, he demanding that I identify my assailant, and saying that I was lying, and I reiterating that I was telling the truth. He demanded that I produce witnesses to my story, and I assured him that the women in the barrack near me heard my shouts and struggle, and I gave him their names as witnesses. He dismissed me and I returned to camp.

That evening, Pokerface, the Sergeant Major, brought in the soldiers of the guard, one after the other, demanding that I should identify someone as my assailant. There were approximately twenty who had been on duty among the camps, and it might have been any one of them. Time and again I repeated my statement that it was impossible for me to identify the soldier because of the dark. In fact, even in the daylight and after several years of association, most Nipponese soldiers still looked a good deal alike to me.

Meanwhile, I learned from an Indonesian prisoner that Colonel Suga had departed suddenly from Kuching that evening, to be absent for an unknown period: my last hope was gone.

The next day at ten o'clock, Wilfred comes for me again and orders me to the office, telling me to come alone, without the camp master. At the office I find Sergeant Major Pokerface, a guard, and Nekata. Wilfred is dismissed, and I am seated in a chair in front of Nekata's desk, and a typewritten document is placed before me, which I am ordered to sign. I read this through and find that it purports to be a statement made by me in which I admit that I have falsely accused a Japanese soldier of attacking me, in order to revenge myself upon Lieutenant Nekata and the Japanese, for the humiliation which recent punishment by them has caused me. I "confess" to having lied about the whole matter, and say that I am sorry.

Nekata orders me to sign this. I reply that it is impossible for me to sign it because it is not true, reminding him that I have given him the names of several women who can witness to the truth of what I say. Nekata says never mind about that.

Then he turns to the Sergeant Major and speaks rapidly in Japanese, and then he, Nekata, leaves the room. I think to myself, "Can it be over this easily?"

The Sergeant Major looks at me with the coldest eyes that I have ever seen, and his tight lips fold over like a creased brown paper. I feel there hatred, contempt, dislike; behind that cold face I see subconscious memory of the years when we and our race have shown contempt for him and his race, when our power and strength have humiliated him. I see years of resentment resolving themselves now in his complete power over me. If he hates me as much as he seems to do, I admire his self-control in not murdering me.

He speaks to the guard in Japanese and walks to the furthest doorway in the room, and turns his back on me. The guard comes close to me as I sit before Nekata's desk, and I look up at him in surprise. He takes hold of my left arm and twists it backwards so violently that I cry out with pain. He pulls it back further, and twists it time and again, letting it relax and then jerking it again, and the pain becomes sickening.

I call out to the Sergeant Major, I cry out again and again; but he remains standing at the door with his back to me. Subconsciously I know that he will not help, that this is going to happen to me. that I can do nothing — but I cannot stop calling to someone for help. The guard proceeds with his treatment.

Bearing pain before people who hate you is not like bearing it before those who admire you and expect you to be brave; there is no stimulus here, no standard for you to live up to. When the enemy hates you and hurts you and you cry out, it is what

he wishes you to do, and he likes it; and if you don't he just hurts you more. Nothing is of any avail then; you become too weak to be shamed by your weakness, or to attempt to be bold. It takes great courage or much phlegm to stand torture, and I have neither. I can behave like a heroine for a moment, but I can't just sit and take it.

The guard continues his work on me, and I think that I must be making too much noise, for the Sergeant Major says something suddenly in Japanese and the guard lets go of my arm. When he releases me I am so faint that I slide forward out of the chair onto my knees. He shouts at me in English to get up, and as I try to do so he pushes me to my knees again, then kicks my knees, and I fall flat on the floor, and lie there.

Now another surprise comes, although I have seen this happen often enough to soldiers. The guard kicks me heavily with his boot in the left side in the ribs a number of times, and then in my shoulder several times, and very hard. I cover my breasts with my hands to protect them, and roll onto my stomach. He kicks me then again and again, muttering to himself while I cower under him. Then he stops kicking, and just stands and mutters. I cannot tell if the scene is just beginning, or ending. I am too frightened to move.

Then the guard walks away from me and nothing else happens. I turn over and look cautiously up. The Sergeant Major has disappeared, and the guard is looking out of the window as if none of this were any concern of his.

I lie still for a few minutes, there is an acute pain in my ribs, my left arm and shoulder ache badly, and I am sore all over, but worse than the pain is the shock. Then, as nothing else happens, I pick myself slowly up from the floor and sit in the chair again. I try to straighten my clothing and hair, but am trembling too much to do so. The guard pays no attention. The thought in my mind is, Just a minute, wait a minute, before you do anything more!

The Sergeant Major comes into the room again, and he looks at me. If he wants revenge for old humiliations, he has it now. But he shows nothing in his face, and says something to the guard which might equally well be "That's enough!" or "Give her the works!"

Then Nekata comes back and sits down, pretending to be busy, and not looking at me. The thought goes through my mind that I should protest to him at the guard's beating, followed by the thought that I have done too much protesting. Well, perhaps in time I shall learn about these people, but not soon enough!

Nekata leans over and pushes his version of the "confession" towards me on the desk, and for the first time looks at me, and says, "It is a very serious matter to accuse a Japanese soldier. It is better for you to confess the truth."

My instinctive reaction is to agree to anything in

order to escape. But I have thought this matter out beforehand, and, distraught though my body is, my mind still tells me, How can it help you to say that you have lied? Be careful. Keep your wits. The truth may still save.

I reply to Nekata, "I cannot sign this. It is not true. I have told you the truth." But my voice trembles, and I know that I do not present a convincing picture. Nekata busies himself again at his desk. I have the feeling that the situation has got the best of all of us. I imagine Nekata thinking to himself, "Damn the woman, why couldn't she let herself get raped and keep still about it!"

But the feeling that Nekata also is at a loss what to do gives me courage. I reach out and push the confession away from me, and say steadily this time, "I have told you the truth. I am a decent and self-respecting woman, and it is very bad that I should be insulted by your soldier. You are a Japanese officer and a gentleman, and you know yourself that this action is very bad. I tell you this story in order to ask for your protection."

Nekata shows a definite reaction to this, breaking into a rash of embarrassment at my appeal to his chivalry as an officer and a gentleman. He speaks to the Sergeant Major, then turns back to me and says, "You may return to your camp. You are not to speak of this to anyone, do you understand? That is my command. To disobey is very bad. Do not speak to anyone."

I pull myself together and leave the room with more relief than I have ever left any place in my life. Oh God, just let me get back safely again to the boredom, drudgery, and dirt which I have hated, and I won't complain. Miserable though prison life is, I know that I don't yet want to die.

The air braces me, but I still feel so ill that if anyone tries to help or sympathize, I know I shall collapse.

5

WHEN I got back to camp, I had a bath and put on some of the make-up which I had saved for the special occasions of meeting my husband. Today was a special occasion of another sort.

There was little temptation to tell my story in camp; probably half of the people there had been suppressing the desire to kick me themselves. I could not risk going to our camp doctor for medical aid in my present condition, for she would have asked questions, and I dared not confide in her. Nekata meant business when he said Keep Quiet.

I was particularly anxious that the truth should not reach Harry. Rumors could not be avoided, but we no longer believed rumors. He need not know the truth if I refused to give factual evidence of it. He could be of no help to me now, and in anger at my trouble he might endanger himself.

I went to Violet, however, as she was George's godmother. I told her that I was being questioned

in the office, and that I did not think I would get out of camp alive, and I asked her to take care of George if anything happened to me. I told her also where my diaries were hidden, and asked her to try to save them. I gave her no details of my trouble, not wishing to involve her more than was necessary.

At last, night came and George and I went to bed, and I thanked God for the dark. Nothing in this war, I thought, could be so hideous as having to do everything before people — having to eat, sleep, bathe, dress, function physically and emotionally in public; having one's private sentiments washed in the public bathhouse, and hung up to dry on latrine walls. If I ever get out of this camp, I thought, dear God, just give me privacy — take everybody away, and let me die alone. I wept then in the dark, and it was the sweetest salt that I had ever tasted.

George was very good to me that night. For his sake I usually didn't cry; I was his world, and the world collapsed if I did. But he knew that tonight was different; he was only three and a half, but he had maturity in matters of suffering. So George said to me, as we lay together on our beds, that he was going to do my camp work for me tomorrow, if I was ill. I thanked him. He said then that he would stroke my head until I went to sleep, for we both loved being stroked. So he sat by me cross-legged, stroking gently with one soft hand, sucking the other thumb, until his eyes were glassy with slumber, and he fell over asleep on my breast. He lay there then with his fair, hard head on my stomach, his lips just open, snoring and sucking.

But I could not sleep. The pain in my ribs was acute, my left shoulder was swollen and aching, I could scarcely move my arm, and I was bruised and sore in many places. I felt my breasts anxiously, for like most women I feared bruises there. In addition to physical discomforts, I was sick with the dread of what might happen tomorrow.

I had been incredibly stupid not to foresee the course of these events. There was an almost routine procedure in such cases. A prisoner was accidentally brought into Japanese notice, either because the Japanese accused him of something, or he asked for something, or he was an unwilling witness to something. He was taken to the office and questioned, and if they could not force a confession, he was freed. Shortly after, he was taken, and re-questioned, and freed. Shortly after that he was removed from Kuching, for further questioning. In time his removal was followed by the report that he had died of dysentery or malaria, these being the diseases equivalent to knowing too much.

I had become a thorn in Nipponese flesh. They knew that I was a writer; they constantly searched my belongings for notes; they believed that if I got out of camp I was going to write about what had happened there. The threat was not strong enough to alter conditions, but it was strong enough to be a constant annoyance to them. My presence reminded them that the things they were doing would not

look well in print, and they did like to be thought nice people! And now I had committed the crime of becoming a victim myself of assault and brutality.

I believed that Colonel Suga had left Kuching in order to avoid an unpleasant situation; to interfere between Nekata and myself, Suga would have had to run the risk of being labeled pro-British. And why should he risk himself to save me?

6

MORNING comes. At ten o'clock Wilfred again orders me to Nekata's office, alone. I send George to Violet and tell myself that this is the finish. I put on my neatest dress and make-up, to meet the end.

At the office there are Nekata, the Sergeant Major, and a guard. Nekata's typed "confession" is again offered to me to sign, and I refuse. My own statement is then read through to me, and I affirm that it is the truth.

Then we proceed as we did the day before; Nekata speaks to the Sergeant Major and the guard in Japanese, and Nekata leaves the room. The Sergeant Major speaks to the guard, and the Sergeant Major leaves the room. The guard lounges over to the window and leans against it. I sit and wait: nothing to come can be more frightening than this sitting and waiting for something to come. Dressed for the slaughter, hair carefully combed and braided, lipstick on colorless lips, rouge on malaria-yellowed cheeks, in neatest dress, good sharkskin, once very smart — this is how the Well-dressed Internee will dress to be beaten up, I tell myself.

Through the window I see Nekata walking slowly up the hill towards the Japanese officers' quarters. He disappears. Nothing happens. After ten minutes he comes into sight again, descends the hill road, and re-enters the office. He has a newspaper-wrapped bundle, which he places on the desk.

My mind jumps instantly to a conclusion: that bundle contains some of the articles which I have traded to the Japanese guards in exchange for contraband food — articles which, now that the heat is on, have been identified and brought in to make more trouble for me. Oh, for a clean conscience! That white wool sweater that somebody knit for Harry — they can't prove that's mine, can they? Still, I wish they didn't have it. And Harry's wool socks, and his gray flannel trousers with Wm. Powell's Hong Kong label in them! And my gold thimble with "Agnes Newton on her sixteenth birthday from Mom and Dad"! Oh, what a fool I've been!

Nekata dismisses the guard, and we are alone. He motions towards the newspaper-wrapped package and says to me, "You do not look well. You are very thin. Here are six eggs for you. This affair is finished. But remember, I order you not to speak

of this. Also remember, if your statement is not true, that it is a death offense. You may return to your camp now."

With difficulty I arise, bow and say "Thank you," pick up the eggs, and leave.

What an incredible people! I think. An omelet for my honor! Six eggs for broken ribs! Well, an egg is still an egg! This time I intend to eat some myself. Three for George, and three for me. I really do need something.

I walk down the road towards home in a state of semi-hysteria; the eggs have brought the situation down to earth. Surely Nekata can't swing it back to the high tragedy level after this!

Some three days after Nekata had released me, I noticed a guard in camp with a working party of Roman Catholic priests: I felt him almost before I saw him, because of the hatred behind his glare. He hung around outside the barrack all morning, and when I had to go outside to the latrine he followed me, and entered the latrine after me.

He shook his fist and spat at me, and shouted in bad Malay and English, "You are a wicked woman! You tell Colonel Suga bad things about me! I come to you as your friend, I give you cigarettes, I try to make friend of you, but you tell Colonel Suga I am bad. *You* very bad woman. You tell! There is much trouble now, all our soldiers beaten. The soldiers hate you. We make trouble for *you* now. Pah!" and he spat again.

I looked at him in astonishment, at his foolishness in revealing himself as my assailant. But my astonishment lasted only a moment. Then I saw that he was right and always had been — he was safe whatever happened. He was the man with the gun. That I reported him at all had been my error in conception of conditions, not his.

His venom made me shiver. I walked away from him, while he was still shouting.

Two weeks later the pain in my ribs was no better. My shoulder was improving, and the bruises had disappeared, but my arm was weak and almost useless. And I still had camp work to do. I went to our camp doctor and asked her to bandage my ribs with elastoplast, saying that I had broken them some years before and they were paining me again, perhaps as a result of the heavy work we were doing.

She replied that she had only a small amount of elastoplast and could not use it all on one patient. I suggested that she ask Dr. Yamamoto, the Japanese surgeon in charge, for more, but she said it would be useless to ask him. However, she bandaged me from armpit to waist with a bandage made from spliced strips of old silk underwear. I returned to my work, and after a few minutes of movement, the silk bandage slid down to my waist.

I went and bargained with a fellow prisoner for a roll of new muslin bandage. I took this to the doctor, and she bandaged me again, under the arm-

pits, and over the shoulder and down to the waist. This gave me support, but the inelasticity allowed no leeway for breathing. By midnight the tension was unbearable, and I removed the bandage.

I arose the next morning, feeling desperate. Taking French leave of camp, I walked out of the gate and up the road to Dr. Yamamoto's office. I expected to be caught by the camp sentry or the road sentry. But neither was in sight.

Dr. Yamamoto, as the Japanese medical officer responsible for the welfare of the Kuching Prison Camps, commanded the drug supplies. I disliked going to him, as the Japanese accused us of lack of fortitude, inability to bear suffering, and physical cowardice. Pride made me at first dislike to ask for anything, and gave them further excuse for their contempt. However, I got over this as my needs increased.

We were forbidden both by our community rules and by Japanese POW rules to go to Dr. Yamamoto. We had orders to deal only with our individual camp doctor, who was appointed by the Japanese, and had authority to approach Dr. Yamamoto at specified times.

The Japanese rule was made in order to save Yamamoto from annoyance. The camp community rule was based on the theory that the camp doctor would make requests for the good of the community as a whole, whereas the individual would think of herself only, and she alone would benefit. As the supply of drugs and Dr. Yamamoto's patience were equally limited, the theory was wise. But throughout camp life, the way to get a thing was to disregard all rules, both British and Japanese, and go after it. This was antipathetic to the law of community living, but sympathetic to the law of survival.

Dr. Yamamoto was a man of extremes, either delightful or devilish. He had a violent, uncontrolled temper, which sent him literally insane when he was annoyed, and a sense of humor from whose scope he excepted himself. He was the one officer in the Kuching group that we did not dare to ridicule. When he was not hurling swords and kicking people, he was gentle in his ways and manner, entertaining and kind.

A private feud existed between our doctor and Yamamoto. She thought him a stupid twirp, charlatan, medical fake, brute. But stupid he was not; he knew that she thought him all this, and the knowledge resulted in constant strife—our doctor got the last word, but Yamamoto took the last kick.

This morning, fortunately, I found Yamamoto in a good humor. We bowed to each other, and he told me to sit down, an unusual courtesy from a Japanese officer. He commented that I was extremely thin and did not look well, and asked me if I still had malaria.

I said yes, but that it was not about malaria I had come; I believed I had some broken ribs. I

described my pains and symptoms, and asked him for a roll of elastoplast to use for bandaging purposes.

He asked how I had received the injury, and I told him it was an old one from some years before. He sucked in his breath at that and said, "I am surprised!" Then he said, "I hear that you have some trouble with a Japanese soldier?"

I made no reply, and we looked at each other silently. Then he said, "We Japanese either kill or get killed, in war. I think it is better so. I think it is not pleasant to be a prisoner."

I said, "Well, it's not too late to kill us all still!"

"Ha! I think not. Very awkward now." We both laughed, and I knew I was going to get the elastoplast. He left the office and returned with a new tin of Red Cross plaster. He handed this to me, saying, with a laugh, "Don't tell the doctor!"

He asked me if I needed anything else. I said that I would like a narcotic, as the pain kept me awake at night; also I would like a piece of soap for George's bath. He gave me some small white tablets out of a Parke Davis bottle, one of the barbiturics, I think, then reached into his desk drawer and with his penknife, cut in half a large piece of soap, then reached into another drawer and produced four ripe bananas, and said, "For George."

I said, "Thank you very much. You are always very kind to us."

He left the room for a moment and returned with two eggs. "For you, not George."

I thanked him again and assured him he was very kind. He warned me again not to tell the doctor that he had given me anything, told me to take care of myself, handed me a packet of Saigon cigarettes, and motioned me to depart.

Just as I was leaving I remembered soda bicarbonate; this I always needed for George, who suffered with a bladder irritation from the starch diet. I said, "I do not like to ask you for anything more, Dr. Yamamoto, but you are so very kind, that I do. Could you give me soda bicarbonate for George?"

He looked a bit annoyed, tutt-tutt-ed, then laughed, and said, "Haah, Keif, I am very kind! Haah! O.K., Keif! I give you soda bicarb." And he did.

I bowed good-bye and walked home, reflecting that the quality of brutality was not isolated in the Japanese, nor was the quality of mercy unknown to them.

The elastic support brought relief, and with the help of the pain killer, I had a real night's sleep. The next day I swallowed my pride and asked our doctor to take me off camp work temporarily. She put me on sick list for two weeks.

The next day a bottle of Red Cross Multiple Vitamin Tablets arrived for me from Dr. Yamamoto, with the sole instructions, "Do Not Tell the Doctor!" These I put away for the greater emergency, the expectation of which always overshadowed prison life.

» Faced with the running of this country after sixteen years, will our American conservatives call up fresh resourcefulness or drift into fateful reaction?

LAST CHANCE

by JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

A year ago, after their discharge from the armed services, the Alsop brothers began to collaborate in the writing of their column. In the letter which accompanied this manuscript they wrote: "Obviously our opinions color what we write in the column, but we like to think, at least, that the column is essentially a specialized job of reporting. At any rate, there is no room in the column for this sort of straight editorial material. But we have often discussed the point of view which we try to express in the piece." — THE EDITOR

THE millionaires in all countries," wrote Lenin, "are behaving on an international scale in a way that deserves our heartiest thanks." It now seems likely that the millionaires of the United States will have an opportunity to deserve the heartiest thanks of Lenin's successor.

In every other major nation on earth the capitalists and businessmen have either been reduced to a condition of badgered political impotence, or they are dead. Yet the United States is in a fair way to have what it has not had since Franklin Roosevelt stepped jauntily into the White House in 1932: a businessman's government. And the plain fact is that if this businessman's government is not a great deal wiser and more imaginative than its predecessors, this country and the world face a bleak future indeed. For a great effort of the imagination will be required of the conservatives who seem likely to take over the direction of our affairs. Unfortunately there is very little evidence that they are capable of making this effort.

The basic issue with which these conservatives will have to deal is the world-wide challenge of the Soviet Union. This challenge has resulted in the enormous contest between the Soviet Union and the West which is now everywhere being waged.

It is a contest of two kinds.

First, it is a political contest, of the sort which the world has known since the concept of nationality first began to arise around the borders of the Medi-

terranean. Our wealth, our power, and our geographical position have together conspired to force the United States to take the lead in this struggle, to the end that further Russian expansion may be halted, and a total upset of the world power balance may be prevented.

Second — and more fundamentally — it is a contest between two ways of life. And nothing is more certain than Soviet victory in this contest, if the Western way of life obviously fails, if the Western conception of Freedom comes to mean the freedom to starve in your own way. Both contests, political and ideological, will have been won by the Russians by default. That is the measure of the responsibility which will rest on the conservatives who will now take power in the United States.

It is a curious responsibility. It means that the conservatives, if they are to have any hope at all of successfully meeting the Russian challenge, must take measures, and must support regimes, which are hardly consistent with the mouthings about "free enterprise" and "regimentation" to which American conservatives are so addicted. To understand the quality of this responsibility, it is necessary to consider the United States through Soviet eyes.

It is a cardinal point of Soviet doctrine that the United States will surely have a desperate depression in the near future. Stalin himself has preached the inevitability of the coming American depression — first to Eric Johnston during the war, and on many subsequent occasions. This conviction has a corollary: that the United States, thrown into domestic upheaval by the collapse of the capitalist system, will withdraw from Europe and the world, leaving the field free for the unlimited expansion of the new Russian Empire.

The second cardinal point of Soviet, and hence Communist, doctrine is that the greatest threat to the Soviet way of life comes from the social democrats — the non-Communist left. The most abusive epithets in the extensive Soviet vocabulary of invective are reserved for the social democrats.

JOSEPH ALSOP, who graduated from Harvard in 1932, served as an Aide to General Chennault and was captured by the Japanese while he was in Hong Kong, out of uniform and with identification papers as a journalist. He spent nine months in the Stanley Prison Camp, and on his release returned to China, where he was eventually commissioned as a Captain on General Chennault's staff.

STEWART ALSOP, who graduated from Yale in 1936, enlisted as a rifleman in the British Army after having been turned down by all branches of our Army and Navy, saw action in Italy as commander of a machine-gun platoon, and was then attached to the Special Air Services. He received his commission in the OSS and was parachuted to join the Maquis behind the French lines.

Lenin once wrote of Arthur Henderson, the British Socialist, that if he were a British Communist he would "support Henderson in the same way that a rope supports a hanged man." The Soviets and their allies, the Communist Parties of the world, have consistently followed that doctrine. In the peculiar jabberwocky of the Communist jargon the phrase "social democrat" is spat out with more anger and contempt than any other. And with good reason. For the social democrats promise the advantages of economic and social security through planning, and add to that the boon of political and personal freedom. That is one promise the Communists cannot top, and they know it.

The Soviets thus do not welcome a contest with the non-Communist left; they know that the desire for personal liberty is still strong in men's hearts. But they eagerly welcome a contest with such sterile and reactionary regimes as those which exist today in Greece and Spain. They believe, and rightly, that such regimes cannot last, and that when the pendulum swings, it will swing right over to the Communists. It is this which calls for the great effort of imagination which the American conservatives must make if they are to meet the Soviet challenge. For American conservatives are all too apt to assume that anyone — either at home or abroad — who spends a great deal of time shouting about the Red Menace is sure to be on their side. And on the other hand, anyone at home or abroad who does not go down the line for "free enterprise" seems, to many conservatives "socialistic" and practically the same thing as a Communist.

But the sad fact is that "free enterprise" is as dead in Europe today, and throughout the world except in the United States, as the Holy Roman Empire. Talk to a European, amid the devastation of the European economy, about free enterprise, and he will stare at you blankly and uncomprehendingly. In the contest with the Soviet Union this country and the nations of the West of which it is the leader have one enormous advantage: namely, that the Russians are attempting to export their political system without essential change, when in fact it is highly inappropriate to the economy and cultural pattern of almost any other nation. But this advantage will be thrown away if the American conservatives also attempt to export the American political and economic system without essential change. The doctrines of Messrs. Lenin and Stalin are sheer nonsense when applied to most nations outside the Soviet grip. But so, unhappily, are the doctrines of Senator Bricker and even the more moderate Senator Taft. It is not too much to say that the whole future of the world is bound up in whether or not the American conservatives are willing to recognize this truth.

The plain fact is that the choice outside the United States is no longer one between socialism on the one hand and capitalism on the other. It is rather

the choice between a socialism in which the fundamental personal freedoms of man are protected, and Communism, which is the negation of all freedom. In Great Britain, China, France, Austria, Italy, indeed throughout the world, the United States, whether under conservative or other leadership, must in its own interest support regimes of the non-Communist left. Otherwise we shall find ourselves burdened with more governments like those in Spain and Greece. And the simple fact is that such regimes are a poor investment. They cannot last. That is the fact which American conservatives must face. If they fail to face it, if they complain angrily about "socialistic" regimes, if they sneer at the necessary measures of world rehabilitation, which this country alone is in a position to undertake, as mere "globaloney," then nothing is more certain than Soviet victory in this contest over two ways of life.

Finally, if the Soviet anticipations of an American depression are fulfilled, the Soviets will also win. If the rich giant of the West again, in the next few years, presents the sorry spectacle of mass unemployment and mass misery, there will be two results. First, the economies of our Western allies will be dragged down into chaos with ours. Second, the American ideals of democracy and personal liberty will become meaningless, not only in the eyes of the people of other nations, but in our own eyes. The conservatives must realize the absolute necessity of taking those measures, however costly and however apparently inimical to immediate business interests, which will prevent the occurrence of another 1929.

These enormous issues, with which we have been confronted by the new expansionist policy of the Soviet Union, constitute both a challenge and a test. As there are many able men of good will on the American left, so there are also on the American right. There is thus no good reason why the challenge cannot be met, and the test surmounted, by American conservatism. Yet there are too many conservatives, both in business and politics, who still happily mouth the sort of nonsense which led to disaster in the early thirties. There are too many conservatives who cannot bring themselves to believe that the world outside the United States in fact exists, and who believe all too readily that it is really possible to return to our provincial and ungoverned past. If it is to such men that the responsibility of American government is given, then it is certain that the challenge will not be met.

It is possible to judge the price of failure by the disaster which overtook the conservative interests in this country after 1929. The conservatives paid the price of their failures in domestic policy then by sixteen years of political impotence. If they fail again, not only at home but also abroad, it will not only be the end of American conservatism. It will be the end of the whole Western way of life.

» These letters of a great novelist illuminate the problems of every beginning writer.

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WRITING IS MY LIFE

Munich and New York

by THOMAS WOLFE

A shy, hulking Southerner, THOMAS CLAYTON WOLFE came North in his early twenties to make his bid in literature. For a year he studied playwriting under Professor George Pierce Baker at Harvard, but the plays which resulted were turned down on Broadway. New York University offered him an instructorship in English, and in the metropolis or as he traveled abroad on vacation young Tom Wolfe began to be possessed with the characters and scenes of his first novel, which was to be published in 1929 under the title of *Look Homeward, Angel*.

Tom Wolfe's father was a stonecutter, his mother the keeper of a boardinghouse. He was early on his own: "a vagabond," he says, "since I was seven, with two roofs and no home." In later life, in moments of self-doubt or exaltation, his thoughts went back to the woman who had opened and illuminated his mind, Mrs. J. M. Roberts of Asheville, North Carolina, his beloved teacher, to whom these letters were written.

The first part of this correspondence appeared in the *Atlantic* for December. — THE EDITOR

Harvard Club
New York City
No Date

DEAR MRS. ROBERTS:—

. . . I have poured my life, my strength, and almost all my time for almost a year into my book, which is now nearing its end. I think it is the best thing I've ever done: certainly it is the only thing I have ever really worked on. I have learned that writing is hard work, desperate work, and that (as Ben Jonson said) "Who casts to write a living line must sweat." I have lived since I came back to New York in a deserted ramshackle building that trembles when a car passes; I have lived in its huge dirty garret, without heat, without plumbing—without anything but light. My mother wrote me several weeks ago—I hear from at least one member of my family every two or three months—congratulating me on the possession of "rich friends." Well, I suppose I have rich friends—a few of all kinds, rich and poor, have shown me amazing devotion—but I have taken only what was necessary for the barest existence. I have lived closer to poverty this year than ever in my life. And I do not regret it. I have had all I needed. The world for me was ghost when I wrote.

I don't know what the outcome will be. I have no power to peddle my wares, and I strike patronage a blow in the face. The other day word reached me that a rich woman who has supported a famous little theater here for years (Miss Alice Lewisohn of the Neighborhood Playhouse) had told one of the directors last year that she would have done my play (*Welcome*) but that I was the most arrogant young man she had ever known. The news gave me pleasure: my proud foolish words to her of disdain

and contempt came back to me and I felt that I had acted well—I who will never be dandled into reputation by wealth. I have forsaken all groups; I live, save for the affection of a few friends, as much alone as anyone can live. And I know I am right! I believe—they believe—I shall come through. I am swamped with offers of employment for the next year—at N.Y.U., with an advertising company, in the movies, scenario. I have accepted none of them—I hope I shall find *one* when the time comes. But I have done nothing, thought of nothing, but writing. I wish I could tell you more of my book. I meant alone this: I think I shall call it *Alone, Alone*, for the idea that broods over it, and in it, and behind it is that we are all strangers upon this earth we walk on—that naked and alone do we come into life, and alone, a stranger, each to each, we live upon it. The title, as you know, I have taken from the poem I love best: *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*:—

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

My state is not bad—in spite of the fact that I am considered arrogant and proud (the protective coloration of one who was born without his proper allowance of hide). I am told, by someone who loves me, that I could have what I want of people—"the city at my feet," and so on—if I let myself out on them. Perhaps not—but, what's better, my friends like me.

I'm very tired; my health has stood the pounding beautifully. I don't know what I shall do when I finish. I may go abroad for a short trip. . . .

Written from New York, April 6, 1928

Forgive this long silence. I finished my book and sent it to a publisher for reading ten days ago. This means nothing more than that it will get read, and that I will get an answer in another three weeks. I am completely, utterly exhausted — the last twenty pages were agony — but I have a feeling of enormous relief to know that it's done. I have done a rashly experimental thing — the publishing firm said it's the longest manuscript they've had since *An American Tragedy* — but like Martin Luther, I couldn't do otherwise. Hereafter I'll keep more within prescribed limits. The dean of Washington Square College (N.Y.U.), who is a young man, a millionaire, an idealist, and a sensitive, romantic person, has just finished reading it. He wrote me a magnificently honest letter about it: he was terribly shocked at the pain, the terror, the ugliness, and the waste of human life in the book — he thought the people rose to nobility and beauty only at the end (in this he is terribly wrong!). But he said the book was unique in English and American literature, that if it is published it must be published without changing a word, and that he felt he had lived with the people in it for years.

Whether any publisher can be found who is willing to take the chance, I don't know. But, for good or bad, I'm going the whole distance now. I shall not be back at N.Y.U. next fall. They have been splendid and offered me a raise, and finally told me the latchstring was out at any time — that I could come back any time I needed the job.

If the book doesn't go, I'm going to begin hack writing — stories, articles, advertising — anything I can get. Anything is right, I feel, that will take me closer to the heart of my desire. I shall probably go abroad again this summer — where or for how long I can't say. Again, a great deal depends on the book. . .

Written from New York, January 12, 1929

Everything you write has power to touch and move me and excite me. My heart beats faster when I see your writing on a piece of paper, and I read what you write me over and over again, exultant and happy over every word of praise you heap upon me. Nothing you have ever written me has so stirred me as your letter which I got today. I have mounted from one happiness to another during this past week since I came back from Europe, and the knowledge that you are now so generously sharing with me my joy and hope just about sends the thermometer up to the boiling point. For several days now I have felt like that man in one of Leacock's novels who "sprang upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions." I have literally been like that — at times I have not known what to do with myself. I would sit in the club here stupidly, staring at the publisher's glorious letter of acceptance; I would rush out and walk eighty

blocks up Fifth Avenue through all the brisk elegant crowd of late afternoon. I am gradually beginning to feel grand again, and it is occurring to me that the only thing to do is to get to work again.

I have the contract in my inner breast pocket, ready to be signed, and a check for \$450 pinned to it, \$50 having already been paid to my literary agent, Mrs. Ernest Boyd, as her 10 per cent share. There is literally no reason why I should walk around New York with these documents on my person, but in a busy crowd I will sometimes take them out, gaze tenderly at them, and kiss them passionately. Scribner's have already signed the contract, I am to sign it Monday, but, with their customary fairness, they have advised me to show it to a lawyer before I sign it. I am therefore going with Mrs. Boyd on Monday to see Mr. Melville Cane, a lawyer, a poet, an associate of Harcourt, Brace and Company, and the finest attorney on theatrical and publishing contracts in America. I have met him once, he read part of my book, and he has since been my friend and well-wisher. He told the person who sent me to him some time ago that I represented what he had wanted to be in his own life, that I was one of the most remarkable people he had ever met. And when he was told yesterday that I had sold my book he was delighted.

I am filled at the moment with so much tenderness towards the whole world that my agent, Mrs. Boyd, is worried — she is a Frenchwoman, hard and practical, and she does not want me to get too soft and trusting in my business relations. I wrote Scribner's a letter of acceptance in which I could not hold myself in. I spoke of my joy and hope, and my affection and loyalty towards the publishers who had treated me so well, and my hope that this would mark the beginning of a long and happy association which they would have no cause to regret. In reply I got a charming letter in which they told me I would never have to complain of the interest and respect they have for my work. Mrs. Boyd herself was almost as happy as I was — although she is agent for almost every important French author in America, and publishing and acceptances are the usual thing for her — she said the thing was a great triumph for her as well, as Scribner's consider me "a find" and are giving her credit for it. It is all very funny and moving. Seven months ago when she got the book and read parts of it, she got interested — it was too long (she said), but there were fine things in it, she thought someone might be interested, and so on. Now I am a "genius" — she is already sorry for poor fellows like Dreiser and Anderson; she told the publishers that "this boy has everything they have in addition to education, background (etc., etc.). Of course, poor fellows," she said, "it's not their fault — they never had the opportunity" — and so on and so on. Also, she pictures the other publishers as tearing their hair, gnashing their teeth,

and wailing because they are not publishing the book. She gave it to one or two to read — they all said it had fine things in it, but was too long, they must think about it, etc. — and meanwhile (says she) Scribner's got it. . . .

I want to start and continue my life by being decent and loyal to those people who have stood by me — whether for business or personal reasons. If we muddy and cheapen the quality of our actual everyday life the taint, I believe, is bound to show, sooner or later, in what we create. Mrs. Boyd is so happy that *Scribner's* took it. She said I should be very proud of that; she said they were the most careful and exacting publishers in America — others publish 50 or 100 novels a year, but Scribner's only 10 or 12, although they bring out many other books. They are also trying to get the younger writers — they now have Ring Lardner, Scott Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway (to say nothing of Wolfe). They were reading sections of my book, they told me, to Lardner and Hemingway a week before I got home — I'm afraid somewhat coarse and vulgar sections.

Finally, I must tell you that the ten days since I got home on the Italian boat have been the most glorious I have ever known. They are like all the fantasies I had as a child of recognition and success — only more wonderful. That is why my vision of life is becoming stronger and more beautiful than I thought possible a few years ago — it is the fantasy, the miracle that really happens. For *me* at any rate. My life with its beginnings has been a strange and miraculous thing. I was a boy from the mountains, I came from a strange wild family, I went beyond the mountains and knew the state, I went beyond the state and knew the nation, and its greatest university, only a magic name to my childhood, I went to the greatest city and met strange and beautiful people, good, bad, and ugly ones, I went beyond the seas alone and walked down the million streets of life. When I was hungry and penniless, anemic countesses, widows of broken-down opera singers — all manner of strange folk — came to my aid. In a thousand places the miracle has happened to me. Because I was penniless and took one ship instead of another I met the great and beautiful friend who has stood by me through all the torture, struggle, and madness of my nature for over three years, and who has been here to share my happiness these past ten days. That another person, to whom success and greater success is constant and habitual, should get such happiness and joy from my own modest beginning is only another of the miracles of life.

Ten days ago I came home penniless, exhausted by my terrible and wonderful adventures in Europe, by all I had seen and learned, and with only the hated teaching, — now become strangely pleasant, — or the advertising, before me. The day after New Year's — truly a *New Year* for me — it began: the publisher's demand over the telephone that I

come immediately to his office, that first long conference, as I sat there wild, excited, and trembling as it finally dawned on me that someone was at last definitely interested, the instructions to go away and think over what had been said two or three days, the second conference, when I was told definitely they had decided to take it, the formal letter of acceptance, with the terms of the contract, and finally the contract itself, and the sight of the blessed check. Is not this too a miracle? — to have happened to a penniless unhappy fellow in ten days? Are a child's dreams better than this? Mrs. Boyd, trying to hold me down a bit, said that the time would soon come when all this would bore me, when even notices and press clippings would mean so little to me that I would not glance at them — so, she says, does her husband, a well-known critic and writer, feel and act. But isn't it glorious that this should have happened to me when I was still young and rapturous enough to be thrilled by it? It may never come again, but I've had the magic — what Euripides calls "the apple tree, the singing, and the gold."

Of my voyage in Europe this time, of all that happened to me this time, and of how all this began I can do no more here than to give you a summary: of my adventures on the ship, of my wanderings in France and Belgium and Germany, of all the books and pictures I saw and bought, of my new book, now one third written, of my stay in Munich and the strange and terrible adventure at the *Oktoberfest* (with all its strange and beautiful aftermath) — how, insane with the brooding inversions of my own temper, disappointed and sick at heart because of the failure of acceptance of my book, lost to everyone who cared for me (not even leaving an address), sick with a thousand diseases of the spirit, I fell foul of four Germans at the *Oktoberfest* and, no longer caring whether I killed or got killed, had a terrible and bloody fight in mud, darkness, and pouring rain, in which, although my scalp had been laid open by a blow from a stone beer mug, and my nose broken, I was too mad and wild to know or care if I was hurt or not — and became conscious only after the other people had been knocked senseless or fled and I had choked unconscious the one who remained, while his poor wife screamed, fell on my back, and clawed my face to pieces to make me loosen my grip on his throat. Only then did I become conscious of the shouts and cries of the people around me, only then did I know that what choked and blinded me, filling my eyes and nostrils, was not rain but blood; then while I searched stupidly about in the mud for my hat, which had been lost, all the people cried and screamed, "A surgeon! A surgeon! Go for a surgeon!" and the police came and took me into custody, taking me immediately to the police surgeons and dressing my wounds.

Of the beautiful and moving aftermath of this terrible and brutal affair, in which for the first time

I went to the bottom of my soul, and saw how much power for evil and insanity lies in all of us, crying out inside me not because of my body's loss, but because of my soul's waste and loss, and the lovely people I had left so far behind me — I can tell you little of all this here. But it makes a strange and moving story — the appearance next morning of this blind and battered horror, caked in blood and dirty bandages from head to waist at one of the greatest clinics in Germany; of the dry and prim American medical professor working for six months in Munich with the greatest surgeon in Germany — how he came forward, took me in charge, took me to the greatest head surgeon in Germany, who made me come under his observation and stay in his hospital three days; of how the nuns, innocent and sweet as children, nursed me and brought me food, of how they shaved my head, while the great man grunted German and went over my skull and more with his thick butcher's fingers; of how the American doctor came to see me twice a day, bringing books and fruit, and the enormous kindness of his heart — of how finally he refused to accept a penny for his own services, backing away nervously, turning red, and saying in his prim professorly way that he had a "son at home almost as tall as you are" — of how then he almost ran out of the room polishing his eyeglasses; then, of how, still battered and blue, with a dueling student's skullcap covering my bald head I went to Oberammergau, how one of my wounds broke open there, and I was nursed by the man who played Pilate (a doctor) and by Judas, and by a little old woman there, almost eighty, whom I had known in Munich — almost as mad as I was, no husband any more, children dead, even the name of her village in America only a name she couldn't always remember; a vagabond at seventy-eight around the world, hating the Germans she once loved, and loving only the Oberammergauers who had known her for forty years. She had written one book about them and was at work on another, but she was afraid she was going to die and wanted me to promise to write it for her — when I refused to do this we had fallen out and she had left Munich in a temper at me.

Now, all battered up, I was coming to see her again. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister, and despite her long life in Europe and the Orient she had never lost the stamp of it — she read insanely all the statistics concerning illegitimate children in Munich and Oberammergau, going almost insane when she discovered the guilt of her adored Passion Players. Her treatment of me now was a mixture of old Methodist intolerance and "it serves you right" combined with love and tender mercy. Of how I left Oberammergau, of how she followed me up to Munich in a few days, of how the police almost drove me mad with their visits, questions, and inspections, of how the poor old thing became my accomplice, almost driving

me mad with her advice and suspicions, seeing a policeman looking for me behind every bush, and rushing over to warn me at my *pension* at all hours of day and night; of how finally she saw the great Zeppelin over Munich early one morning and came to pull me out of bed twittering with excitement, of how from this time on she lived only for the Zeppelin, staying in her cold *pension* nearly all day long with the radio phones clamped to her ears, her old eyes bright and mad as she listened to news of the flight to America; of how a night or two later the *pension* people had tried to get me when I was at the theater, and of how the old woman had died that night with the phones to her ears still; of how they got me next morning and I went over and saw her there, and old Judas and his daughter Mary Magdalene who had known her for thirty years — they had come up that morning from Oberammergau, they were weeping gently and softly, they were taking her back, according to her wish; to bury her there (she had said it to me a hundred times); of how I had asked if I should go with them, and they had looked into my wild and bloody eyes, at my swollen nose, seamed head, and gouged face, and shook their heads slowly. Then of how I knew I must leave this place which had given me so much — as much as I could hold at the time — and taken so much. My lungs were already raw with cold, I was coughing and full of fever — I felt a strange fatality in the place as if I too must die if I stayed longer.

So that afternoon I took the train for Salzburg, drawing my breath in peace again only when I got over the Austrian border. Then four days in bed in Salzburg and on to Vienna. The first days in Vienna, still in a sort of stupor from all I had seen or felt — full of weariness and horror; then slowly I began to read, study, and observe again. Then, just before I went to Budapest Mrs. Boyd's first warning letter about the book I had forgotten — Scribner's was interested; I should write at once. Forgot about it, believed in promises and the book no more — went to Hungary, went out among the wild and savage people of the plains, Asiatics now as they were when they came twelve hundred years ago under Attila. Then back to Vienna again and there a letter from Scribner's — at last, it seemed, something really hopeful. This whole story — strange, wild, ugly and beautiful, I don't know what it means — but the drama and the struggle within me at this time were much more interesting than the purely physical things outside. What it means, I don't know, but to me it is strange and wonderful, and my next book, a short one, will probably be made from it. I have never written home or to you about this before — telling the bare facts — because it takes too long and tires me out to tell it. You must say nothing of this to anyone — I will put it all down some day in a book, together with much more strange and marvelous, so that who can read may see.

Getting to present matters, the letter in Vienna six or seven weeks ago was the first indication I had of what has happened. . . . The Scribner's letter was signed by one Maxwell Perkins, whom I have since come to know as a fine and gentle person, full of wisdom. Mrs. Boyd tells me to listen to him carefully—he is one of those quiet and powerful persons in the background, the sole and only excuse, she says, for Scott Fitzgerald having been successful as he is. In his letter he said he had read my book, and while he did not know whether any publisher could read it as it is, he did know it was a very remarkable thing and no editor could fail to be excited by it (I didn't tell him one or two had failed). What he wanted to know, he said, was when Scribner's could talk with me. I was excited and eager, and as usual too enthusiastic. I wrote him at once, saying briefly my nose was broken and my head scarred (which was beginning early with a stranger, of course) but that his words of praise filled me with hope and eagerness. Said I'd be home Christmas or New Year's. Followed two more weeks in Vienna, three in Italy, then home from Naples. Called him up morning after New Year's. He asked me if I had the letter sent to the Harvard Club and I said no—it had probably been sent abroad. He asked me to come to Scribner's at once. I went up—in a few minutes I was taken to his office, where I found Mr. Charles Scribner (simply there, I think, to take a look at me, for he withdrew immediately, saying he would leave us alone).

Mr. Perkins is not at all "Perkinsy"—name sounds Midwestern, but he is a Harvard man, probably New England family, early forties, but looks younger, very elegant and gentle in dress and manner. He saw I was nervous and excited, spoke to me quietly, told me to take my coat off and sit down. He began by asking certain general questions about the book and people (these weren't important—he was simply feeling his way around, sizing me up, I suppose), then he mentioned a certain short scene in the book, and in my eagerness and excitement I burst out, "I know you can't print that! I'll take it out at once, Mr. Perkins." "Take it out?" he said. "It's one of the greatest short stories I have ever read." He said he had been reading it to Hemingway week before. Then he asked me if I could write a short introduction for it to explain the people—he was sure Scribner's magazine would take it; if they didn't someone else would. I said I would. I was at once elated and depressed—I thought now that this little bit was all they wanted of it.

Then he began cautiously on the book. Of course, he said, he didn't know about its present form—somewhat incoherent and very long. When I saw now that he was really interested I burst out wildly saying that I would throw out this, that, and the other—at every point he stopped me quickly saying, "No, no—you must let that stay word for

word—that scene's simply magnificent." It became apparent at once that these people were willing to go far farther than I had dared hope—that, in fact, they were afraid I would injure the book by doing too much to it. I saw now that Perkins had a great batch of notes in his hand and that on the desk was a great stack of handwritten paper—a complete summary of my whole enormous book. I was so moved and touched to think that someone at length had thought enough of my work to sweat over it in this way that I almost wept. When I spoke to him of this he smiled and said everyone in the place had read it. Then he went over the book scene by scene—I found he was more familiar with the scenes and the names of characters than I was—I had not looked at the thing in over six months. For the first time in my life I was getting criticism I could really use—the scenes he wanted cut or changed were invariably the least essential and the least interesting; all the scenes that I had thought too coarse, vulgar, profane, or obscene for publication he forbade me to touch save for a word or two. There was one as rough as anything in Elizabethan drama—when I spoke of this he said it was a masterpiece, and that he had been reading it to Hemingway. He told me I must change a few words. He said the book was new and original, and because of its form could have no formal and orthodox unity, but that what unity it did have came from the strange wild people—the family—it wrote about as seen through the eyes of a strange wild boy. These people, with relatives, friends, townspeople, he said were "magnificent"—as real as any people he had ever read of. He wanted me to keep these people and the boy at all times foremost—other business, such as courses at state university, etc., to be shortened and subordinated. Said finally if I was hard up he thought Scribner's would advance money.

By this time I was wild with excitement—this really seemed something at last—in spite of his caution and restrained manner I saw now that Perkins really was excited about my book, and had said some tremendous things about it. He saw how wild I was; I told him I had to go out and think—he told me to take two or three days but before I left he went out and brought in another member of the firm, John Hall Wheelock, who spoke gently and quietly—he is a poet—and said my book was one of the most interesting he had read for years. I then went out and tried to pull myself together. A few days later the second meeting—I brought notes along as to how I proposed to set to work, and so on. I agreed to deliver one hundred pages of corrected manuscript, if possible, every week. He listened, and then when I asked him if I could say something definite to a dear friend, smiled and said he thought so; that their minds were practically made up; that I should get to work immediately; and that I should have a letter from him in a few days. As I went prancing

out I met Mr. Wheelock, who took me by the hand and said, "I hope you have a good place to work in—you have a big job ahead." I knew then that it was all magnificently true. I rushed out drunk with glory; in two days came the formal letter (I wired home then), and yesterday Mrs. Boyd got the check and contract which I am now carrying in my pocket. God knows this letter has been long enough—but I can't tell you half or a tenth of it, or of what they said.

Mr. Perkins said cautiously he did not know how the book would sell—he said it was something unknown and original to the readers, that he thought it would be a sensation with the critics, but that the rest is a gamble. But Mrs. Boyd says that to print such a gigantic manuscript from a young unknown person is so unusual that Scribner's would not do it unless they thought they had a good chance of getting their money back. . . . I should love it, of course, if the book were a howling success, but my idea of happiness would be to retire to my apartment and gloat . . . and to let no more than a dozen people witness my gloating. But I think if I ever see man or woman in subway, elevated, or taxicab reading it I will track that person home to see who he is or what he does, even if it leads me to Yonkers. And Mr. Perkins and Mr. Wheelock warned me not to go too much with "that Algonquin Crowd"—the Hotel Algonquin here is where most of the celebrities waste their time and admire one another's cleverness. This also makes me laugh. I am several million miles away from these mighty people, and at the present time want to get no closer. All the Theatre Guild people, whom I know through my dear friend, have called her up and sent congratulations.

But now is the time for sanity. My debauch of happiness is over. I have made promises; I must get to work. I am only one of the thousands of people who write books every year. No one knows how this one will turn out. . . .

This book dredges up from the inwards of people pain, terror, cruelty, lust, ugliness, as well, I think, as beauty, tenderness, mercy. There are places in it which make me writhe when I read them; there are others that seem to me to be fine and moving. I wrote this book in a white heat, simply and passionately, with no idea of being either ugly, obscene, tender, cruel, beautiful, or anything else—only of saying what I had to say because I had to. The only morality I had was in me; the only master I had was in me and stronger than me. I went into myself more mercilessly than into anyone else—but I am afraid there is much in this book which will wound and anger people deeply—particularly those at home. Yet terrible as parts are, there is little bitterness in it. Scribner's told me people would cry out against this, because people are unable to realize that that spirit which is sensitive to beauty is also sensitive to pain and ugliness. Yet all of this goes into the making of

the book and because of this Scribner's have believed in it and are publishing it. I will soften all I can but I cannot take out all the sting—with-out lying to myself and destroying the book. For this reason we must wait and see. If the people of Asheville some day want to heap coals of fire on my head by giving me a cup, perhaps I shall fill it with my tears of penitence—but I doubt that this will come for a long time. The people of Asheville, I fear, may not understand me after this book and may speak of me only with a curse—but some day, if I write other books, they will. And my God! What books I feel within me and what despair since my hand and strength cannot keep up with all my heart has felt, my brain dreamed and thought.

I have spent an entire afternoon writing this to you—it is a volume, but now I have worked off my wild buoyancy and must get to work. . . .

God bless you for your letter, and forgive the great length of this one, so filled with my own affairs that I have not yet sent my love to Mr. Roberts. Give it to him with all my heart and tell him I want no better news from home than that he is up and hale again. I have told you about my own business at such length because I believed you really wanted to hear it all, and because I am so happy to share it with you. But God bless you all and bring you all health and happiness. . . .

I shall write you a short letter when I am calmer, telling you about N.Y.U. plans, and how my work on the book is coming. Love to all.

P.S. Whatever of this you think may interest my family pass on, but tell them also, for God's sake, to be discreet. It made me so happy to be able to wire them good news the other day. Now, let's all hope something comes of it.

Again, God bless you all.

Note: I can hardly read parts of this myself, but you have had to puzzle my hen scratching out before, and perhaps you can do it again. I wrote it in a great hurry and I was very excited—but I hope you make it out.

It's not a letter—it's a pamphlet. Maybe I'll ask you to give it back some day in order to see how foolish I felt.

P.P.S. This is a horribly long letter. I'm as limp as a rag. I pity the people who have to read it and I pity the poor devil who wrote it.

Written from New York, August 11, 1929

I have been away in Maine and Canada on a vacation, and . . . I found your letter here when I came back. As usual, everything you say touches and moves me deeply. I wish my work deserved half of the good things you say about it: I hope that some day it will. The knowledge that you have always believed in me is one of the grandest possessions of my life. I hope it may be some slight

return for your affection and faith to know that I have always believed in you, first, as a child, with an utterly implicit faith and hope, and later, as a man, with a no less steadfast trust. Life does not offer many friendships of which one can say this. I know how few there are, and yet my own life has been full of love and loyalty for whoever understood or valued it.

In your letter you say that many facts in my life you never knew about when I was a child, that much about me you did not understand until later. This does not come from lack of understanding; it comes because you are one of the high people of the earth, with as little of the earth in you as anyone I have ever known — your understanding is for the flame, the spirit, the glory — and in this faith you are profoundly right. It is a grand quality to see only with that vision which sees the highest and the rarest. All that you did not see caused me great unrest of spirit as a child when I thought of you, and perhaps more now.

I hope you may be wrong in thinking what I have written may distress members of my family, or anyone else. Certainly, I would do anything to avoid causing anyone pain — except to destroy the fundamental substance of my book. I am afraid, however, that if anyone is distressed by what seemed to me a very simple and unoffending story, their feeling when the book comes out will be much stronger. And the thought of that distresses me more than I can tell you. Nothing, however, may now be done about this. Everything that could reasonably be done to soften impressions that might needlessly wound any reader has been done by my publishers and me. Now, the only apology I have to make for my book is that it is not better — and by “better” I mean that it does not represent by any means the best that is in me. But I hope I shall feel this way about my work for many

years to come, although there is much in this first book about which I hope I shall continue to feel affection and pride.

A thousand words leap to my tongue — words of explanation, persuasion, and faith — but they had better rest unsaid. Silence is best. More and more I know that the grievous and complex web of human relationship may not be solved by words. However, our motives or our acts may be judged or misjudged, our works must speak for us, and we can ultimately only trust to the belief of other men that we are of good will. I can not explain the creative act here. That has been done much better than I could hope to do it, by other people. I can only assure you that my book is a work of fiction, and that no person, act, or event has been deliberately and consciously described.

The creative spirit hates pain more, perhaps, than it does anything else on earth, and it is not likely it should try to inflict on other people what it loathes itself. Certainly the artist is not a traducer or libeler of mankind — his main concern when he creates is to give his creation life, form, beauty; this dominates him, and it is doubtful if he thinks very much of the effect his work will have on given persons, although he may think of its effect on a general public. But I think you know that fiction is not spun out of the air, it is made from the solid stuff of human experience — any other way is unthinkable.

Dr. Johnson said a man would turn over half a library to make a single book; so may a novelist turn over half a town to make a single figure in his novel. This is not the only method but it illustrates, I believe, the whole method. The world a writer creates is his own world — but it is molded out of the fabric of life, what he has known and felt — in short, out of himself. How in God's name can it be otherwise? . . .

(To be concluded)

A SCIENTIST REBELS

The letter which follows was addressed by one of our ranking mathematicians to a research scientist of a great aircraft corporation, who had asked him for the technical account of a certain line of research he had conducted in the war. Professor Wiener's indignation at being requested to participate in indiscriminate rearmament, less than two years after victory, is typical of many American scientists who served their country faithfully during the war.

Professor of Mathematics in one of our great Eastern institutions, NORBERT WIENER was born in Columbia, Missouri, in 1894, the son of Leo Wiener, Professor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University. He took his doctorate at Harvard and did his graduate work in England and in Göttingen. Today he is esteemed one of the world's foremost mathematical analysts. His ideas played a significant part in the development of the theories of communication and control which were essential in winning the war. — THE EDITOR

SIR:—

I have received from you a note in which you state that you are engaged in a project concerning controlled missiles, and in which you request a copy of a paper which I wrote for the National Defense Research Committee during the war.

As the paper is the property of a government organization, you are of course at complete liberty to turn to that government organization for such information as I could give you. If it is out of print as you say, and they desire to make it available for you, there are doubtless proper avenues of approach to them.

When, however, you turn to me for information concerning controlled missiles, there are several considerations which determine my reply. In the past, the comity of scholars has made it a custom to furnish scientific information to any person seriously seeking it. However, we must face these facts: The policy of the government itself during and after the war, say in the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, has made it clear that to provide scientific information is not a necessarily innocent act, and may entail the gravest consequences. One therefore cannot escape reconsidering the established custom of the scientist to give information to every person who may inquire of him. The interchange of ideas which is one of the great traditions of science must of course receive certain limitations when the scientist becomes an arbiter of life and death.

For the sake, however, of the scientist and the public, these limitations should be as intelligent as possible. The measures taken during the war by our military agencies, in restricting the free intercourse among scientists on related projects or even on the same project, have gone so far that it is clear that if continued in time of peace this policy will lead to the total irresponsibility of the scientist, and ultimately to the death of science. Both of these are disastrous for our civilization, and entail grave and immediate peril for the public.

I realize, of course, that I am acting as the cen-

sor of my own ideas, and it may sound arbitrary, but I will not accept a censorship in which I do not participate. The experience of the scientists who have worked on the atomic bomb has indicated that in any investigation of this kind the scientist ends by putting unlimited powers in the hands of the people whom he is least inclined to trust with their use. It is perfectly clear also that to disseminate information about a weapon in the present state of our civilization is to make it practically certain that that weapon will be used. In that respect the controlled missile represents the still imperfect supplement to the atom bomb and to bacterial warfare.

The practical use of guided missiles can only be to kill foreign civilians indiscriminately, and it furnishes no protection whatsoever to civilians in this country. I cannot conceive a situation in which such weapons can produce any effect other than extending the kamikaze way of fighting to whole nations. Their possession can do nothing but endanger us by encouraging the tragic insolence of the military mind.

If therefore I do not desire to participate in the bombing or poisoning of defenseless peoples — and I most certainly do not — I must take a serious responsibility as to those to whom I disclose my scientific ideas. Since it is obvious that with sufficient effort you can obtain my material, even though it is out of print, I can only protest *pro forma* in refusing to give you any information concerning my past work. However, I rejoice at the fact that my material is not readily available, inasmuch as it gives me the opportunity to raise this serious moral issue. I do not expect to publish any future work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists.

I am taking the liberty of calling this letter to the attention of other people in scientific work. I believe it is only proper that they should know of it in order to make their own independent decisions, if similar situations should confront them.

NORBERT WIENER



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE HUMAN FLY

by RALPH GUSTAFSON

THE morning proved hot and cloudless and the crowd which had assembled in front of Boulanger's Hardware Store was becoming impatient. The handbills had promised that the climb would start at eleven sharp. For two weeks householders in the town had been inundated with pink notices announcing the death-defying climb in bold-faced type, superlatives, and exclamation points. The handbills had come in the mail, had been slipped under front doors, shoved into the hands of people in the streets.

The advertising had become irritating, but it had been effective. Spectators began to arrive as early as nine-thirty; an hour later the street was blocked. Policemen, posted at the nearest intersections, waved the traffic away from the clogged thoroughfare. Groups of late-comers kept attaching themselves to the mass of people until the crowd gave under the pressure and tossed up fractions onto window sills and lampposts, where they sat and clung, astoundingly individual. Despite the crush, a clear space, half the width of the street, remained before the entrance to the Boulanger building. A dozen cops lined its arc, leaning their backs against the crowd. But the core of the crowd was stationary. The people around the space made no move to enter it and even answered any pressure behind them with their own weight. The space was before that part of the face of the building which, as advertised, the Human Fly was to climb.

The crowd was restive. The clock tower of the

post office on the corner struck the half hour harshly. From a lamppost someone yelled, "Where's the Fly?" and was promptly answered, "He's got cold feet."

Nicholas looked around at the voice, which came from his left. The humorist, a little man holding a pipe out of his mouth, was looking about with a smirk on his face.

"Why don't they begin?" Louise asked. Nicholas turned back to her and again wondered why she had insisted upon coming. She hated crowds. He knew that she disliked being touched, that submission to her own elaborate terms was the almost impossible fee. He examined the rich waves of hair escaping the pert skullcap she wore. His fingers instinctively wanted the feel of the blackness of her hair at the neckline crushed between the pads of his thumb and forefinger.

They were standing at the edge of the space before the entrance of the building. Nicholas had argued against the whole idea of lending oneself to a cheap and morbid advertising stunt, let alone making a pleasure out of pushing and being shoved in a crowd for two hours. Louise had only smiled and said that Mr. Boulanger had to sell his pots and pans, didn't he? If she wanted to go, she did, that was all. But he wouldn't pretend to understand or make a virtue of it. Nicholas had been prepared to call for Louise early enough so that at least they would be spared shoving into the jam. But Louise was less conformable. She had not started for the street until a quarter of an hour before the event was scheduled to start. She drove Nicholas into the alleyway behind the block of buildings in which the hardware store stood, left the car there, and led him up the back steps into the passageway between two buildings. She had arranged for the janitor to let them in at the side

RALPH GUSTAFSON is a Canadian poet now making his first venture in prose. He is the author of three volumes of verse, the first of which, *The Golden Chalice*, received the Quebec Government Literary Award for 1935, and the latest of which, *Flight into Darkness*, was published by Pantheon Books, Inc., in 1944. He is also the editor of an Anthology of Canadian Poetry for Pelican Books.

door. They walked through the offices, out of the front door, and across the space in front of the crowd.

Nicholas had felt his cheeks redden at their performance. The policemen merely gaped at their appearance from the wrong direction. Louise told them, "This will do very nicely, thank you," and they let her and Nicholas through their line at the exact center of the semicircle as though she had a right to it from the simple fact of demanding it. There had been nothing else for the police to do. But Nicholas had seen the hostility of the people near-by and agreed within himself that it was a shabby trick. He whispered to Louise that they shouldn't have come that way, and she replied without any attempt to modulate her voice that he needn't be a fool if others were. He shut up before her intensity. He looked at her and for a moment dislike passed slowly through his mind—leaving him startled at the course his emotion had taken.

2

A MURMUR arose in the crowd. Two heads appeared in a raised window in the sixth story. They were apparently examining the lower sash. Nicholas looked up the line of windows to the roof. The sashes of each had been fixed with wooden inserts so that steady openings were made available from the base to the top of the building eight stories above.

Nicholas felt cheated. "All he needs now is a ladder." It was as if the discovery that the windows had been fixed left their maneuver to get ahead of the crowd even shabbier.

"He can still fall, can't he?" Louise might just as well have told him not to be a logical bore. And it was true. The face of the building presented opportunities enough for a distorted conclusion on the pavement below. Between each window and the one above it was a four-foot stretch of wall sheer of any handhold except the inch provided by an ornamental line of jutting bricks. Above the top window, seventy-seven feet above street level, the six-foot stretch of brick to the flat roof was folly.

The two heads in the window withdrew and presently three people appeared from the main entrance of the building. A couple came first, the woman in spangles and braid, the man in the faded sweater and trunks of an acrobat. Their costumes were tawdry in the daylight. They were followed by Mr. Lacroix, vice-president of Boulanger's. Importantly extending both arms above his head, he commanded attention from various sectors of the crowd, and after two or three minutes of doubt whether his gestures would have any effect whatever, he began speaking. It was the great pride and honor of Boulanger's Hardware Store—departments for everything needed in the kitchen and the home—it was with the greatest pleasure that Boulanger's could present the Human Fly.

With all the persistent preparation, Boulanger's had omitted to supply its vice-president with a microphone. His voice could hardly have been heard across the street. The crowd shoved closer. The people in front were jostled forward. Nicholas edged himself behind Louise and tried to take the pressure of the crowd from her. He put his arms around her waist.

As he held her closely, Nicholas shifted his forearms upward until he could feel the small weight of her breasts on them. The sensation familiarly excited him. She had never allowed him any physical intimacy until they had become engaged—after he had been invalided home just before the end of the war in Europe. He had silenced a machine-gun nest by bayonet and had been sent home with a burst of shrapnel in his back and with the D.S.O. It had been vaguely understood before he had left for overseas that they would marry, but he had never felt sure until after his return. His exploit at Nijmegen seemed to make a difference to Louise. She had made him tell it in detail, and it was only then, in the hospital, that he knew she wanted him to touch her. But as he now stood protecting and holding Louise he found himself questioning her. He sensed that she was unaware of him, that she was not sharing his feeling that the crowd, the whole morning had taken meaning when he put his arms around her. Nicholas relaxed the tension of his arms. Perhaps his need for expressed affection, his uncertainty of himself, made him too demanding.

The vice-president had finished his declaration. He made a condescending gesture to the Human Fly to carry on and then re-entered the building with the woman wearing the sadly pretentious costume, whom he had introduced as the daring wife of the Human Fly. The Fly turned to the building.

He was a slight little man who immediately engaged the sympathy of Nicholas and struck him with pathos. The forlorn expression of his features was ludicrously contrasted by a resentful fuzz of reddish hair which covered to an exact line the back half of his head. The combination of such a comical circumstance with the daring of what he did no doubt ensured the Human Fly his success. His appearance on the first window sill restored at once the good humor of the crowd and was the signal for hand clapping and a few shouts. But the reception jarred Nicholas as obtuse. The preliminary bows, flexings of muscle, and testings of support which the man had gone through had been empty of any attempt to establish the fiction that the theatrical flourish was important to the success of the climb. It was plain to Nicholas that the man had gone through his act by rote, and it made him depressed. He resented the lettering, BOULANGER'S BUYS ARE BEST, attached across the back of the man's sweater.

Nicholas began to sentimentalize. The man was capable of better things than such futile sensa-

tion mongering. His appealing attention toward his wife and her ignobling indifference during the vice-president's oration hinted at a drama greater than that which the man was now providing. Nicholas decided the man was foolishly and hopelessly entangled in an unworthy love. It would be as if the teasing habit which Louise had of drawing attention to his own diffidence in company were really meant as ridicule, as if Louise forced him into irrational demonstrations to prove that his love was at the same time independent yet worthy of return. The Human Fly clinging to the second-story sill of Boulanger's was deliberately placing the responsibility for a human life on the love of the woman in shabby braid. It was a threat and an appeal.

Nicholas laughed. The man was probably a shoddy exhibitionist who beat his wife.

"Do you find this funny?"

The focus of Nicholas's mind sharpened on the present. "No — no, I was only laughing to myself." He had irritated Louise. "I was only thinking of this man climbing the building and an elevator inside."

"Well, *you* can still use it." There was no amusement in Louise's voice and Nicholas turned the remark against himself. Louise knew heights made him giddy. His lame improvisation aggravated Nicholas's resentment. He constantly felt a necessity to switch his thoughts into something which he felt Louise might prefer him to say. It was a habit of mind of which Nicholas was only half aware — but he was conscious of following it often enough to be left uncertain. Alternately he measured himself as dull and inadequate or unwillingly suspected that Louise in some inexplicable way was making him appear so. As he often did, Nicholas now avoided bringing himself to a conclusion. He said nothing more to Louise and let his attention be taken up outside himself.

3

THE Human Fly had reached the fourth story. He was climbing cautiously but steadily. From each sill he drew himself upright by using the opening made at the top of each window; then taking his weight on his left forearm and transversely on his right foot raised against the side of the window aperture, he inched his body upward until the fingers of his right arm made the ornamental projection of bricks in the middle of the space of wall between the windows. To those watching below, the man seemed for a moment to be clinging to sheer wall. Then his left foot found the top of the slightly open sash as his left hand grasped the sill above.

Nicholas quickly admitted that the challenge of the building, despite the fixed windows, was being more than fairly met. The promise that the climb would be "death-defying" was not mere publicity

jargon. An error in the rhythm of the man's muscles between the windows would pitch him to the street below. Every nine feet, the man consigned his life, for a fraction of a minute, to the traction of the rubber on his running shoes, then to the contraction of his fingertips on an inch of brick.

Nicholas's indignation against flamboyant advertisement sharpened to anger against whatever had committed the courageous pinch of life to the monstrous fortuity of its position. As he watched the Human Fly, a slowly struggling thorax of green liquid hoisted on its waving pairs of viscous legs at the direction of the grotesque multiplex eyes, Nicholas felt sick with humiliation. He looked away, lowered his eyes to Louise. She was tense, staring at the gamble above her. Nicholas searched the assurance of her eyes, her cheek, the tangible assurance of the curve of her lips. The familiar impulse surged through him to negate his passion with them. To possess and in the possession free himself of them.

Louise suddenly was aware of his attention. For a fraction of a second her eyes diverted. Their command and scorn struck him. The curt gesture of her body to free itself from contact with him was redundant. In his imagination, Nicholas saw the flat of his hand strike her cheek so that her head jerked. But he stood there, his hands at his sides, his breath moving heavily. Then he hated himself, the constant preoccupation with his own insides, the romanticism which he allowed his passion. He stood, trying to detach the pulsing drive of his thought and emotion. But the truth behind his imagination again gripped him: it was as if he saw Louise's eyes fill with horror, follow the hurtling body, fascinated, the drop of the building to the street at her feet, her absorption away from him smashed obscenely and finally on the pavement.

Nicholas looked up. "He's going to make it," he said.

Louise did not reply, and as he looked up, Nicholas himself became absorbed by what he saw. The Fly had reached the space between the top window and the roof where the stretch of brick was greater. It seemed impossibly higher than the height of the climber. He saw the small clutching figure above him pause. For a minute the Fly made no movement as he clung to the last window, then one of his arms groped awkwardly behind him. The crowd in the street below watched without sound or movement, caught between an assured excitement and possible horror. Again the arm of the Fly gestured. He was in difficulty. Then Nicholas made out what it was. The man had taken a handkerchief and was drying each of his hands. The speck on the building was stationary for a moment more, then began to grope upwards.

It was over quickly. With a studied smoothness the Fly, balancing on his toes on the window's top aperture, slid his body upright, reached for the width of an ornamental beam-end, and in the impetus

provided simultaneously by a foothold on the projecting line of brick and repulsion from the beam-end leaped for the edge. For an instant his body seemed poised in space, then his arm went over and he was on the roof.

4

THE crowd burst into applause. Nicholas had hardly had time to follow the agile grace of the feat. Shouts were added to the clapping as the Human Fly, a diminutive silhouette against the light sky, reappeared at the edge of the roof. Another figure joined him. It was his wife. They bowed to each other and to the street below. Then as the Fly withdrew from sight, the woman began gesticulating toward the crowd. At first Nicholas couldn't make out her meaning, then he saw little colored leaves of paper floating down toward the spectators below. Really, the other had been enough without Boulanger's advertising more of his bargains.

Nicholas moved impatiently. "Let's go." At least they needn't go through the anticlimax.

But Louise still stared upward. "It isn't over yet."

Nicholas looked back. The Fly was again in sight. As his wife finished distributing her pile of leaflets to the air, he placed first a table at the edge of the roof, then a rocking chair on it. The spangles of the woman's costume glinted tinily in the sun as she turned to steady the table. The Fly, stepping up on it, struck a posture with his arms spread toward the sky, then sat down in the chair, lighted a cigarette, and began rocking. At the same time a voice burst forth with startling raucousness in front of Nicholas. A loud-speaker began belching words at the crowd. It was the vice-president again, from the interior of the store.

"For godsake let's go!" Nicholas said.

Without taking her eyes from the top of the building, Louise said, "Well go, then." Then Nicholas remembered how she had said, "It isn't over yet." In the same way. Tense, with anger and fascination, yet coldly objective. The tone behind the words somehow implicated Nicholas. Instinctively he felt humiliated and mocked. He gave way to the anger and frustration which flooded up within him. "I will," he said.

But he found it impossible to get through the crowd behind him. It was still intent on the scene above. Nicholas surrendered before the resentment of the people he was disturbing and stopped a few feet away from Louise. He could see little of her except the round of her tiny skullcap bent back toward him as she gazed upward. Nicholas again checked himself as an exaggerating fool. And she would need his help when the crowd broke up. He stood a moment looking at the tiny skullcap, wondering, then looked to the top of the building.

The Fly was in the midst of a handstand on the seat of the rocking chair, his body a short parenthesis against the sky. His wife was steadying the table which held the chair. Nicholas's mind returned to what he had imagined was between them. The man whose daring was a plea and a warning to her love, a proof to subvert the injustice of the image in her eyes—a saddened, comical, hapless figure who by florid acrobatics only could express his love.

Then it happened. The woman had straightened away from the table into a melodramatic pose indicating her inverted husband and Nicholas later could remember nothing about the apparently perfect poise of the Fly to demand her movement. Suddenly she made a quick grab for the table. The rocking chair lurched and in a graceful arc the man came over the side of the building. He fell with ridiculous ease. A tiny apostrophe in slow-motion, upright, in control, that enlarged into the hurtling twisting figure of the Human Fly. The sound of the impact filled Nicholas's belly with nausea. He had heard such a cry as the Fly's before—under bombardment.

Nicholas found himself beside Louise. "Don't look, Louise! Don't look!" He pulled her round against him.

"Get away from me!"

In his astonishment at her command, he did as he was told. He looked blankly at her. She was staring at the motionless figure huddled on the pavement. Something white stuck grotesquely up through the lettering on its back. Then the edge of the crowd disintegrated and, as he still looked at Louise, Nicholas's mind came alive. Turning against the surge of people, he viciously fought a path away from her.

POLITICS AND PEANUTS

A Visit with Mahatma Gandhi

by LOUIS FISCHER

1

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI, the Mahatma, runs a thin weekly magazine in English called *Harijan*. He contributes signed articles to it and conducts a question-and-answer column.

Last March, a Cabinet Mission consisting of three top members of the British Labor Government came to India to reach a settlement about the granting of self-government. They saw Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, and other leaders of the Congress Party, which is the largest in the country, as well as Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the Moslem League president, and many more political chieftains.

Finally, on May 16, the Cabinet Mission published its plan for giving India a national constitution and a national government. The question was, Will Indians accept the British scheme? The real question was, Will Mahatma Gandhi accept it? For Gandhi is the biggest thing in India.

Gandhi indulged in "four days of searching examination" and then he wrote a page-and-a-quarter article commending the Mission and declaring that its plan "is the best document the British government could have produced in the circumstances." The Cabinet members, he declared, "have come to devise the easiest and quickest method of ending British rule."

Every newspaper in India reprinted this Gandhi article from *Harijan*. Its text was cabled to Washington for the perusal of high officials and diplomats. Full excerpts appeared in the British press and elsewhere.

Immediately below Gandhi's analysis of England's history-making offer to liberate India, *Harijan* published a second article signed by the Mahatma, entitled "Mango Seed Kernel," in which he extols the food value of the kernel as "a fair substitute for cereals and fodder." And he added that it would be good "if every mango seed was saved and the

kernel baked and eaten in place of cereals or given to those who need it."

The very next piece in *Harijan* is likewise by Mohandas K. Gandhi and deals with nature cure. He is now devoting much of his time to nature cure. In fact, my first three days as the house guest of Gandhi were spent with him in the Nature Cure Clinic of Dr. Dinshah Mehta in the city of Poona. "Nature cure," Gandhi writes in the article, "consists of two parts. First, to cure diseases by taking the name of God or Ramanama and, secondly, to prevent illness by the inculcation of right and hygienic living. . . . Where there is absolute purity, inner and outer," he affirms, "illness becomes impossible." Then he dilates on the value of milk. "Buffalo milk," he asserts, "is no match for cow's."

This issue of *Harijan* is typical of others and characteristic of Gandhi. He is many-sided because he is interested in the life of the individual, and that life is many-sided. Time after time in the weekly numbers of *Harijan*, Gandhi turns his attention to the uses to which his fellow citizens can put the "ground nut," as they call the peanut in India. A lady writes in, asking him why he does not condemn spitting, and he answers that he always has and does so now again.

In one contribution Gandhi defines independence for India; in another he urges a reduction in the sugar ration for candy-making; in a third he treats the problem of crime and criminals; in a fourth he expresses the hope that a free India will refrain from maintaining an army; in a fifth he lays down the rule that lying is never justifiable: "Truth-telling admits of no exceptions."

To Gandhi, the mahatma saint, politics is not too big and peanuts are not too small.

I have met Lenin, Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Willkie, Stalin, Litvinov, Attlee, Einstein, Lloyd George, Eleanor Roosevelt, and many other famous people. I have never met a more remarkable person than Gandhi.

Gandhi says he hopes to live to be 125 years old. I lived with him for a week in a sizzling Indian village in the summer of 1942. This time I spent six days with him. I used to walk with him in the

Author and foreign correspondent, LOUIS FISCHER made his first trip to Russia in 1922 and became a close student of the Soviet regime in the ensuing decade. His *Men and Politics*, an autobiography, and his most recent book, *The Great Challenge*, deal largely with the Russian problem. Lately he has been traveling in and writing about India, where on several occasions he has had the good fortune to be a guest and intimate in Gandhi's household.

morning at 5.30. The first morning he asked me how I slept. I said that I had slept badly; a mosquito had stung me. "How did *you* sleep?" I inquired.

"I always sleep well," he replied.

The next morning he again inquired how I had slept. I said, "Fine, and you?"

"Don't ask," he answered. "I always sleep well."

The third morning I asked him how he had slept. "I told you not to ask," he declared.

"I thought you had forgotten," I teased.

"Ah," he commented, "you think I am deteriorating. How did *you* sleep?"

"Don't ask," I said.

"One or two swallows don't make a summer," Gandhi laughed.

He loves to laugh and to joke. He can laugh at himself.

I traveled with him by train from Poona to Bombay, a three and one-half hours' journey. He and his party, which consists of about ten secretaries and devotees and his doctor, occupied a special car, a third-class car furnished only with hard wooden benches. It rained torrents, and soon water began to drip from the roof. Gandhi wrote an article for *Harijan*. Then he corrected proofs of another article. Then he talked to me and to political leaders who had boarded the train for an interview. At all stations, despite the downpour, crowds assembled on the platform to see him. During one stop, several boys, soaked to their brown skins, stood outside the window yelling, "Gandhiji! Gandhiji!" ("Ji" is a suffix of respect.) They were about fourteen years of age.

I said to Gandhi, "What are you to them?"

He stuck two fingers up from the sides of his bald head and replied, "Horns. I am a man with horns. A spectacle."

Having finished his work, Gandhi stretched out on a bench and fell asleep. He must have slept for an hour. He had to be awakened near Bombay.

2

ALMOST the most astonishing thing about Gandhi is that he lives in public twenty-four hours of every day and seems to thrive on it. His bed is a mattress placed on a board on the stone floor of the terrace of Dr. Mehta's clinic. The terrace is open and level with the earth. Several disciples sleep on the same terrace near the master. I was given a room with a good bed.

At four in the morning I could hear the Mahatma and his group reciting prayers. Then he drinks orange or mango juice and answers letters by hand. He is seventy-seven. His handwriting is clear and firm. He sees well and hears well. Once a day Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a Christian woman of an Indian prince's family who has renounced everything to serve Gandhi as chief English secretary, reads the news

to him from the mimeographed bulletins of a British telegraph agency. He never reads newspapers or listens to the radio.

But India comes to him in thousands of letters and hundreds of visitors. Every walk and talk, and every other act, is timed by the Mahatma's nickel-plated dollar watch which hangs from a cord which holds up his dhoti, or handspun cotton loin cloth. He is extremely punctual. At the end of an hour's conversation with one visitor, through which I had sat, he said to me, "Now come back in ten minutes." I came back in ten minutes and he saw me for an hour. I always feel that I know what I know; I want to know what the other fellow knows. So I am as silent as possible in an interview. Gandhi did practically all the talking. He enjoys talking. Indeed, he enjoys everything he does, especially talking, walking, eating, and sleeping.

Several mornings it drizzled. "Surely, you are not going to walk in the rain," I suggested.

"Oh, yes," he countered, "come along. Don't be an old man."

He does not walk so fast as he did four years ago, but he strides along lustily and is not tired at the end of a forty-five minutes' stroll. He returns, has a second breakfast, writes, receives callers, gets a very long message from Dr. Mehta, and then sleeps.

"I fell asleep on the rack," he said to me one noontime. He was referring to the massage table. Gandhi's skin is soft and smooth. He is perfectly manicured and pedicured and always immaculate.

Gandhi spends the day — and sleeps during the day — on a pallet on the stone floor of his room. Food is brought to him in shining clean china dishes or brightly polished metal vessels. He subsists on raw and cooked vegetables, fruit, dates cooked in milk, milk puddings, and paper-thin native Indian pancakes. He does not eat bread or eggs or meat or fish and takes no coffee, tea, or spirits. His doctor says that a year ago he was healthier than three years ago, after his prison fast, but that he is not now so well as a year ago. That is probably due to three strenuous months of negotiations with the British Cabinet Mission in the murderous heat of New Delhi. The future of India was at stake and Gandhi was the central figure in all the conferences. Nehru, Patel, Azad, and their colleagues were consulted by the British ministers. The Congress Party's Working Committee, its highest executive body, would deliberate on what action to take. But the final decision was formulated either in Gandhi's mind or in talks on the floor of his hut in the middle of the street cleaners' slum.

The slum is inhabited by Untouchables. Orthodox Hindus keep aloof from the Untouchables; they believe they are polluted by contact with Untouchables. Gandhi wants to wean the caste Hindu from his cruel mistreatment of the Untouchables. So whenever possible he lives among them. As a result, caste Hindus have commenced to use Untouchables as servants and cooks, and I was told on every hand

in India that the barrier between Untouchable and caste Hindu is breaking down, especially in the cities. Gandhi has compelled sacred Hindu temples, closed for thousands of years to Untouchables, to open their doors to them.

"I am an Untouchable," he said to me. He is not one by birth; he is a caste Hindu. But he identifies himself with the Untouchables so that other Hindus may do likewise. "I am a Hindu, I am a Moslem, a Christian, a Jew, a Buddhist," he added.

With few exceptions, Indians bow low before Gandhi when they come into his presence, and usually touch his feet. Often he bangs them on the back with his fist and tells them to stop. Then they "squat," as he calls it, on the floor, and the interview begins. Anybody in the house may enter and listen. I have often come to the entrance of Gandhi's room (there is no door) to find ten or more pairs of sandals and shoes on the threshold. I would slip mine off and join the company on the straw mats. But normally the talking is confined to Gandhi and the person to whom he has granted an appointment.

Congress Prime Ministers of Indian provinces come for his advice and instructions. Educators come to test their ideas on him. Whoever has a new scheme — and who in India hasn't? — seeks his blessing. Individuals come to get help in solving personal problems. While I was with him an Untouchable couple who were unhappy in married life took up his time with their tale of woes. He spent hours with them. Peasants and workingmen request his help in introducing needed economic and social reforms.

I marveled at his energy. He never goes to bed before ten; yet on occasions when I passed him as he lay on the terrace ready for the night he would exchange some bantering remarks with me or tell me that if I prayed more I would sleep better. I was never up in time for morning prayers and sometimes absented myself from the public prayer meeting in the evening, which attracted hundreds and even thousands of townspeople, who at times stood through the services in a heavy rain. So did Gandhi.

3

GANDHI is supremely religious. The core of his religion is a faith in God, in himself as an instrument of God, and in non-violence as the way to God in heaven and to peace and happiness on earth. Belief in non-violence shapes all his political acts, thoughts, and statements.

Several times Gandhi alluded to the two world wars. I asked him why he did not preach non-violence to the West. "I am a mere Asiatic," he replied with a laugh, "a mere Asiatic. But Jesus was an Asiatic also. I am a pupil of Jesus. Jesus was a Jew, the finest flower of Judaism. On the other hand, Paul was a Greek; he had an oratorical mind, a dialectical

mind. Jesus had a great force, the love force. He believed in non-violence. Christianity was perverted when it became the religion of kings at the time of Constantine. Throughout the Middle Ages it was barbarism.

"How can I preach non-violence to the West," he continued, "when I have not even convinced India? I am a spent bullet." He realizes that the temper of the youth of his country is violent, impatient, and revolutionary. If the British had refused to part with power peacefully, a fire would have swept the Indian subcontinent and burned up every vestige of foreign domination. Asia is tired of bearing the white man's burden. I found a mounting consciousness of the difference between the white and colored races.

Gandhi has dedicated his life to the independence of his country. Yet he does not wish to achieve that goal through violence. This is now his quarrel with the Socialist wing of the Congress Party. "I was a Socialist before he was born," said Gandhi about Jayaprakash Narayan, the forty-five-year-old leader of the growing Socialist movement of India. Jayaprakash is a startling figure. He studied at the Universities of Wisconsin and Ohio, was a house-to-house salesman of toilet articles in Chicago, and has had his share of jail sentences in India. Like Socialists in many other parts of the world, Jayaprakash is very anti-Communist and anti-Soviet. Gandhi loves him and he is devoted to Gandhi. But under Jayaprakash's leadership the Indian Socialists adopted violent measures during the civil disobedience campaign which Gandhi launched in 1942. The Socialists practiced sabotage, organized an underground, hid from the police, and forcefully hampered the authorities. All these things are outlawed by Gandhi's code of non-violence.

Gandhi proposes to use every possible means of obtaining independence through constitutional processes. He is not altogether trustful of British intentions, but he thinks the British mean well. The Socialists suspect the British. They are prepared for a final violent contest with them.

Gandhi is therefore at odds with the Socialists although he is the father of their desire for national liberation and shares their ultimate Socialist purpose.

"Independence," Gandhi said, "means the removal of British control. It means complete freedom from British capitalists and their Indian counterparts. It also means freedom from armed defense forces. A country governed by even its own national army can never be morally free."

Most of Gandhi's followers go along with him in his first two objectives. They balk at the third, and even the Mahatma cannot convince them. Nor can he convince the Socialists to confine themselves to "non-violent non-coöperation."

I felt he was rather sad, sadder than when I saw him in 1942, although his country is nearer independence. He is depressed because he fears that if freedom for India is attained by force, the same

force can be utilized to take freedom from Indians.

Gandhi was anti-Japanese and anti-Nazi but he was anti-war because he thought the victorious powers would be incapable of making a peace based on armed might. He looks beyond the immediate target. He sees dictatorship threatening the world. He regards himself as the opposite pole from Stalin. Gandhi hallows the means; Stalin and all Communists hold that their ends justify the employment of any means.

Democracy is built on respect for the means. Gandhi is the pure democrat. He will forgo his end if the means are unholy.

But although the Mahatma has consecrated a lifetime of incessant work to teach the sanctity of means, he sees humanity and even his own India eying another path, the path of force that culminates in the pursuit of power for its own sake and the subjugation of the individual by the state and by huge agglomerations of wealth. Gandhi's economic paradise would consist of self-sufficient villages engaged in farming and cottage industries, and a few small towns. He regards himself as the champion of the poor and little man.

Like most Indians, Gandhi is what I call "indocentric." India is sick and it is like having a sick heart; you cannot forget it. Indians think primarily of their own problems. But in talking to Gandhi one sees the entire world in the mirror of India. No discussion with Gandhi about conditions and facts remains on that pedestrian level. He lifts it with a phrase to a higher plane, and soon one sees the topic of conversation in the larger philosophical aspect of the ultimate problems that confront man on this earth.

For Gandhi, a conversation with Sir Stafford Cripps and the cultivation of peanuts converge to

one goal: the welfare of four hundred million Indians. Gandhi has submerged himself in them. That is why he is the most loved and therefore the most influential man in India. Hindus worship one God, but they also worship many gods and idols, and there are already idols of Gandhi in some Hindu temples.

"The gates of Heaven are waiting to receive Gandhi," a hard-boiled Bombay financier said to me. Gandhi wants them to wait; he is working to make the earth more heavenly.

The East is so hungry, ragged, and unhappy, that it thinks with its stomach, sees with its nakedness, and feels with its misery. The hundreds of millions stand in awe of the mighty but they give their heart only to those who renounce personal advantage and dedicate themselves to the general welfare. Gandhi is the symbol of lifelong renunciation and dedication. He lives like Indians and he lives for India. Many differ with him; many reject his quaint ideas about continence, complete pacifism, and nature cure. But all respect his sincerity, wisdom, and passion for truth. When Gandhi contradicts himself, the Westerner says he is being inconsistent; the Easterner says Gandhi is being honest with himself.

The British know Gandhi's great power over the Indian people and their first effort is to win him for their plans. Gandhi himself, however, disclaims wide influence. He says, "I am God's servant."

Seventy-seven is extremely old in a country where, as in India, the average age is twenty-seven, according to official British statistics. Gandhi's good health and great energy are declared by his intimate co-workers to be due, first, to his regular habits; second, to his persistent care of his body; and third, to his unyielding desire to live and serve.

WHAT MUST

by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

For the first time in five years, ARCHIBALD MacLEISH was free for his own work at his summer home in Conway, Massachusetts, where these lyrics were written. As this goes to press he is leaving for Paris as Deputy Chairman of the U.S. delegation to UNESCO. — THE EDITOR

1

WE LAY beneath the alder tree
Her breast she leaned upon my hand
The alder leaf moved over me
The sun moved over on the land
Her mouth she pressed upon my mouth
I felt the leaf beat in her breast
I felt the sun move on the year
But nearer than the leaf the sun
I felt the love go deep in me
That has no season in the earth
That has no time of spring or birth
That cannot flower like a tree
Or like one die

but only be

2

Take it up in your arms I said
Let it lie where it must
At your side on your breast
Let it rest
Love has life not of love
But of us I said
Let it lie where it must

Let it be what it is she said
Let it wait as it must
It will choose soon or late
Let it wait
Love has life not of us
But of love she said
Let it lie where it must

3

Lovers who must say farewell
When the road has reached the trees
Lovers who have all to tell
Where the road runs out of sight
In the green beyond the leaves
The green cove below the light

Lovers who must say farewell
 When the road has reached the trees
 Touching hand to hand to speak
 All their love has ever known
 Find no words to speak and say
 Love. . . . O love. . . .

and each alone
 Walk together toward the trees
 Where the road runs out of sight
 In the green beyond the leaves
 The green cove below the light



PERENNIAL ADOLESCENCE

by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

1

THE late Albert Jay Nock used to remark that the most acute observers of the cultural pattern in America have been not social scientists, educators, clergymen, jurists, philosophers, but humorists. A strong case may be made out for this opinion. One can gain a good deal of pertinent information not to be found elsewhere about eighteenth-century New England, for example, from perusing the *Johnnycake Papers* and about colonial New York from Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*. The Civil War period and what preceded it and its immediate aftermath are illuminated by the comment of James Russell Lowell and even more by that of Artemus Ward. For the true significance of the eighteen-seventies and -eighties one may not omit a careful reading of Mark Twain. The turn of the century is most cannily interpreted by George Ade, by Bert Leston Taylor, most of all by Finley Peter Dunne, who for many years spilled a weekly column of pungent social analysis from the lips of Mr. Dooley, philosopher of Archey Road. The age of normalcy is revealed by the gentle irony of Booth Tarkington.

In our day we can add another name to the honorable roll of jesters sufficiently percipient to illuminate the passing scene. Like his predecessors, this wag is looked on by contemporaries as little more than a designer of drolleries; posterity

may deem him more significant, as it gains from his productions a key to the understanding of that bewildering generation of Americans which lived and moved and for the most part made a mess of things in the nineteen-forties. His name is Clifford Goldsmith. He writes a program called *The Aldrich Family* and weekly on the radio has for years delighted with it a large and applauding public.

His Henry Aldrich is a teen-age lad, presented as the "typical American boy." Henry is almost indecently adolescent. He never grows a day older. Even Penrod seems sophisticated beside him. Henry is undisciplined, self-assertive, bewildered by life. Educationally he is the victim of a high school system which underestimates him. He has acquired no facility in arriving at judgments social or artistic and he is apparently without religion of any kind. His time is spent chiefly in futile, pathetic, and undeniably laughable misadventures in the art of living. He is the creature of circumstance and moved about like a pawn by crowd opinion; his chief endeavor is to find out what are the mores and then to obey them; he is afraid above all things else to think for himself, to go against convention or in any way to criticize it. What a different boy this is from Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn! His sister Mary is his feminine counterpart, so without purpose and so truculent as to make Miss Alcott's Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy seem by comparison vital girls, daring, creative, vastly desirable to have about the house.

More tragicomic still are the father and mother of this pair. Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich are as conformist as Henry and Mary, as given to clichés, as vague in self-direction, as incompetent to discriminate, as

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essentially irreligious. They too are adolescents, middle-aged adolescents, neither children any more nor able to grow up.

If these Aldriches are the representative American family they are recognized to be by the multitudes who listen in to this weekly exhibition of incompetency in living, and there is small reason to doubt it, only a miracle can save America from debacle. Such people are unequipped to create or to manage an effective nation, as unable to do that as they are to run their individual lives and face the challenges of home and neighborhood. Politically, they are sure to be easy dupes of any plausible demagogue who comes along with a slogan and a hillbilly band or its urban equivalent. They are not free men and women but base mechanicals. These four people and their neighbors are at once the products and the patrons of mass management, of a functionalized social structure, of a standardized press and radio, of slick magazines and book clubs, of vocationalized education, of pressure salesmanship. The glass held up by Mr. Goldsmith is a mirror in which we can see in epitome the America which once bred and reared daring dreamers, imaginative lovers, creative nonconformists, citizens who grew up, now become a homeland of perennial adolescents.

A discerning man, this Clifford Goldsmith! One may hope that transcripts of his broadcasts are being preserved for posterity in the Library of Congress; in the twenty-second century the social historian will find them valuable. They will help to explain why it was that, back in the middle nineteenth-hundreds, the most powerful nation on earth was also the most fumbling and ineffective. They will make compassionate the understanding that Americans of our time had lived so long in adolescent terms that when they were called upon for leadership in a world crisis which demanded mature and wise decisions, they proved incompetent to make those decisions.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich are too untrained in the art of thinking to understand the cause of the world's present misery and of the unanticipated fumbling of their own country in the post-war handling of its problems, foreign and domestic. They cannot understand why, in spite of material advantages beyond the dreams of man in former ages, they remain somehow so unhappy, so insecure, so restless. They are not what they are by intention. They are counters moved about by social forces which either blindly operate or are venally manipulated. They are what they are because no one has encouraged them, much less helped them, to bring their native intelligence, which is considerable, to bear upon the problem of ends and means in their own lives, in the life of the nation, in the life of the world in which America is a necessary coöperator.

The churches, from which instruction and example in mature living would, it might be thought, have been forthcoming, have gone in more and

more for sociability, sentimentality, ceremonial without significance, and unctuous utterance of pseudo-ethical trivialities. The schools have taught them to cheer, and if need be die for, "my country, right or wrong," and that it is man's primary duty to get on in the world and keep up with the Joneses.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich are not too greatly to be blamed for rudimentary moral judgments; they are to be pitied and, if possible, rescued. They do at least begin to know that the world is all adrift; it may be, if we set ourselves to the task, that we can convince them it is they themselves who have slipped their moorings. But who is at work on this salvage?

2

It might be well to take a brief look at the ends which are in fact being aimed at in this country. There are four of these; they are the very same life objectives which all inexperienced adolescents are apt to think supremely worth while. Two of them — the quest for money and the quest for pleasure — are the goals which increasingly, for a half century at least, have determined the cultural pattern in this country. The other two — the quest for power and the quest for erudition — are purposes equally inadequate, but to the pursuit of them more than a few are already turning as they find themselves increasingly bored by what has become the American way of life.

The Aldrichian civilization has been based largely upon an assumption that the great, significant, happy man is he who is able to acquire a superabundance of possessions; who lives in a house or flat larger and more ornate than he and his family need for reasonable comfort; who has a motorcar without good reason, or two of them when only one is needed, or three or four when two would do; who has more clothes than he can wear out and whose wife dresses with conspicuous expenditure; who has everything his heart desires and money can buy, and cash in the bank wherewith to purchase more of the same. How great a triumph to lift oneself to such a state of being! Since this is assumed to be the target at which an individual should aim, it follows that this is the social goal toward which national policies must be directed. A rich America is a great America!

Such a concept of nobility may appeal, usually does appeal, to the verdant adolescent, but it looks more than a little absurd in the light of a mature experience. One meets many a man who has great wealth and yet to God, his fellows, himself, is manifestly worth nothing. One meets other men who are as rich as these pitiable fellows but who to God, their fellows, themselves, are worth so much that when one thinks of them one pays them the compliment of forgetting their money altogether. One comes to know women so simple, so good, so lov-

able, as to be indispensable to all who meet them, but who never had a penny, have not now, never will have.

A study of history backs up one's experience. Those who in any generation have risen above the ruck of humanity to a place where they are honored as the great ones of the past, have almost never had money. There have been a few rich people who are remembered; but examination of their records shows that they are significant not because of their wealth but much more often in spite of it. Not a single outstanding teacher of moral wisdom has failed to warn that riches tend to isolate their owners, make them petty, vulnerable, a little ridiculous. Scarcely a social historian has failed to point out that the land fares ill where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich may have a faint memory of having heard something of this sort of thing when they were children; Henry and Mary have probably never had it called to their attention. Certainly the family is not likely to be reminded of it by contemporary books or magazines or newspapers, by the radio or the movies, by the billboards, by popular conversation, by the schools; even when they go to church, which is rarely, they seldom get a hint in the sermons that for the country, for their family, for themselves individually, abundance is far more dangerous than poverty. They go their teen-age way, admiring the rich man, aiming to become rich themselves, sure that with wealth comes happiness, certain that for America to fulfill its destiny it is necessary above all else that our physical standard of existence shall be lifted to ever more exalted heights.

It is likely to seem to Americans even more obvious, indeed unquestionable, that the great, significant, happy human being is the one who can have the best time, who can the most competently amuse himself. Most of the world's moralists have agreed that this is indeed a better answer to life's problem than the first one. Omar the Persian, underneath his tree with his book and his bottle and his lady friend, is obviously more commendable than Poor Richard, saving pennies all the week and gloating over his deposit book Saturday night.

When the usual American is charged with having a greedy, grasping soul he indignantly denies it, and with some justice. The usual American is concerned not so much with wealth *per se* as with what may be purchased therewith, a life full of entertainment. He is willing to spend money for fun. He buys books by the hundred thousands and magazines by the millions, and some of them he even reads, but mostly for distraction. He prefers either who-done-its or eroticism. He sits rapt while on the screen are entrancingly unfolded before his eyes the adventures of glamorous women and two-fisted men. He pays high prices for seats in the stadium to applaud the gladiators. He buys hard liquor by the case. No man, he thinks, can with

justice call him penny-pinching. What more can be asked for in the way of munificence than such prodigal expenditure for purchasable joys?

3

OMAR knew better than that. The *Rubáiyát* is a bewailing of the folly of all life, including that life which, despairing of better things, takes refuge in pleasure; if there is no answer but pleasure, there is no answer at all. This is a very different thing from saying that pleasure is the answer. Omar knew, as did that other cynic who wrote the book called *Ecclesiastes*, that pleasure palls, that the time soon comes when no matter how much of it one possesses, or how exciting, it no longer entertains, no longer distracts from an essential tragedy.

A playboy of twenty may be fun to gaze upon, even when we are moved to disapproval; but Heaven deliver us from having to look upon, much worse to be, playboys of forty-five. How hard they work at enjoying themselves and how little they get, and less and less, in return for their labor! The last stage in a search for entertainment as the *summum bonum* is that sense of being fed up which characterizes most Americans of middle age and older. They are restless, without inner security. A happy man has no need to be amused.

When men or nations get tired of dodging fundamental questions in a multitude of distractions, they turn to a search for something else that will, so they suppose, give them the sense of significance which they lack and know they lack. This does not necessarily mean, however, that in sophistication they learn wisdom. If they remain adolescent in their approach to life, they are frequently tempted to seek meaning for themselves and for their nation in terms of coercive power. They develop a Messianic complex. They seek to live other people's lives for them, ostensibly for the good of those other people but really for the sake of their own desired fulfillment. They set out to attain greatness in terms of a supposedly superior understanding irresistibly imposed upon the less percipient. They are bitten by the germ of *Herrenvolkismus*.

Precisely to the degree that Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, and even more their children, begin to get fed up with senseless accumulation of goods and a wearisome round of purchased amusements, they tend to become easy victims of a quite mad belief that America, which is themselves writ large, is called upon to impose its cultural pattern upon the lesser breeds without the Law. It is America which must solve the world-wide Jewish problem, and in the doing of it cover up its own failures in reconciling creeds and colors. It is America which must teach Europe and Asia how to govern themselves, and in the doing of it forget gross misgovernment in Memphis and Chicago and Jersey City and a thousand other boss-ridden communities, as well as the

inability to face necessary issues that results from a two-party system in which neither party has unity of convictions and between which there are almost never clear-cut issues. We who cannot solve our own riddles must decide the issues facing humanity at large. We whose hearts are restless with discontent must bring peace to the world. And woe be to the cynic who doubts our competence so to act in the grand manner!

Who that observes with trained eye the current scene in America can fail to perceive how increasingly ready our people are to take refuge from the ignobility of greed and the boredom of pleasure in pursuit of power, disguised as fulfillment of a romantic destiny but in reality the escapist device of a disappointed folk?

Less socially significant because only a few are competent to follow it, but nevertheless deleterious, is the way of those among us who seek to arrive at significance by pursuing erudition for its own sake, pure scholarship, learning divorced from life. Nothing is more sterile. Man should seek to know in order to live, not to live that he may know. In our institutions of higher learning one finds with the passing years more and more departmentalized pedants hiding in the holes of research, seeking to run away from embarrassing questions, afraid of philosophy and scared to death of religion. It involves no disparagement of contemporary scholarship, no lack of affection for scholars of the moment, to recognize that many of them go in for learning as an escape device which they use to avoid facing what life is all about. With us Americans the more delightful Ivory Towers are academic rather than ecclesiastical.

There is no real danger here for Henry and Mary (they seem to be too stupid even for the pursuit of pedantry), but there is danger for a number of their young friends, who are moved to seek significance by this sort of intellectual evasion.

We need to be rescued from teen-age pursuit of riches, comforts, amusements, pedantic preciousness, bragging strut. There is something vastly better to live for than these, as mature people have always known.

4

MAN exists to do creatively, as craftsmanlike as may be, all things that must be done: great things like government or mothering or the healing of minds and bodies; small things like making beds or hoeing corn or driving a truck; things in the public eye like making speeches or unleashing atomic energy or making peace; obscure things like selling groceries or running a bus or teaching school. He finds inner peace who works at whatever is in front of him not for the pay he gets or for what he can

buy with that pay, not for applause or gratitude, but for sheer joy in creativity. There is a vast number of tasks to be performed, most of them not romantic. They may be done in one of two ways: just to get them over with as quickly and as painlessly as possible, in which case they become a monotonous burden hard to bear; or each as beautifully as possible, in which case life is good to the taste.

Our fathers knew the joy that lies in craftsmanship; they did not advocate it; they took it for granted. We have forgotten it, overlooked it. Craftsmanship is not practiced, taught, or praised. That is why we are restless, unreliable, combative, caught in a web of doubt and dismay. No salmagundi made of things, amusements, lust for power, can assuage our gnawing hunger to create. There will be no recovery of serenity, no mutual patience sufficient for fraternity, until we learn ourselves and teach our children that unless human beings become creative artists they remain petulant children, dangerous, predatory.

Our fathers also knew, but few of their progeny seem aware of it, that every man is made, and this is the highest art of all, to give to other men understanding, tolerance, clemency, not with design to get from those others any *quid pro quo*, not even to get from them understanding or clemency or tolerance, but just because this is the kind of thing that man can do and must, most humbly. Man was made to be a lover — not necessarily beloved but a lover. To be artist and lover, this is the destined end of man.

If Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich and Henry and Mary cannot be persuaded of the truth of this which the moralists and the religions all teach and to know which is the mark of maturity, if they persist in adolescence, are those of us who are adult tamely to acquiesce and conform? Have we indeed sunk to that most juvenile form of juvenility, the juvenility of grown-up people afraid to smack the children down when they seek to ride roughshod over parents and teachers? We dare not abdicate and make of these United States an autonomous nursery. If we do, we abandon our country to an infantilism which renders it rudderless in a stormy era in which shrewd judgment and serene sureness are required of any nation that would avoid enslavement.

In spite of the public school system and a vocationalized higher education, in spite of churches singing nursery rhymes instead of chanting credos, in spite of Hollywood and the radio chains and the newspapers, in spite of everything, it is still entirely possible that the Aldriches — possibly not Mr. and Mrs., who are pretty far gone in fatuity, but Henry and Mary and their children — may grow up. But that will happen only if those who *have* grown up use courage and a clear, strong voice.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

ALL ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

by AUSTIN STRONG

I WOKE with a start to find Mr. Bolling prodding me gently with his cane. I hastily removed my feet from the iron railing which encircled the whitewashed stove and sat up straight.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you by snoring, sir?" I asked.

"Not at all, young man, but I was fearful you might have a bad spill, tilted so far back in your chair."

"Thank you, Mr. Bolling." I pulled down my rumpled waistcoat and set my tie to rights, for we always tried to look our best in the presence of one whose father had been a member of the House of Lords, as the extinct shipowners' club was called.

Tall and slender, this lone aristocrat had lived miraculously through three quarters of a century, a serene, detached observer, untroubled by a rowdy and changing world. Always faultlessly dressed in his gray cutaway and immaculate linen, he sat erect in his accustomed chair in the Captains' Room at the foot of the cobbled Main Street of the Town of Nantucket, in the ancient and honorable Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

We were sitting up to welcome the solemn moment when the gilded poplar-wood hands on the face of the Town clock would meet to mark the split second and start the cogwheels grinding in the South Tower; then slowly the big bell would lift up its voice and proclaim to the Town and the dark horizon around us the birth of a new century.

"About thirty-five minutes to go, sir!" I said, glancing at the old banjo clock on the wall.

Mr. Bolling inclined his head politely but said nothing. Stiff as a grenadier, he sat on the edge of his chair, his long delicate hands clasped over the knob of the whalebone cane he held between his knees. On my frequent visits to the Captains' Room I always found him in the same position, reserved, courteous; still as a crane on the edge of a marsh.

For weeks I had been trying to make him break his silence, for I wanted the truth about the almost legendary figure of his friend Clinton Alger; I knew if I found the key I could unlock Mr. Bolling's gift of words. Finding that flattery and persuasion would not stir him, I attacked the memory of his friend.

"From all accounts, sir," I said, "Clinton Alger must have been off his head."

Mr. Bolling turned and smiled at me.

"I'm too old a fox to be caught that way, young man." He chuckled and then to my astonishment changed into another person before my eyes. He set his cane against the deep-set window sill, pushed his hat from his forehead, placed his elbows on the arms of his chair, brought his finger tips together, crossed his elegantly shod feet on the iron railing; and leaning far back, he actually lolled as he began to address the large wooden whale which hung from the ceiling of the Captains' Room. He spoke in a rich, cultivated voice:—

I have refrained from telling you the story of my old friend because you wouldn't believe it — nobody ever does, but it is true and it happened right here on this island on another New Year's Eve, as I can bear witness. It showed me how little I knew about human beings, how invisible we all are to each other, how seldom we ever catch a glimpse of what is really going on in the lives of even our dearest friends.

After the death of my wife I was unable to cope with living in empty rooms, so I took a year off

Dramatist, Centurian, short-story writer, AUSTIN STRONG comes naturally to literature. His grandmother was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, his mother was Stevenson's amanuensis, and as a boy he lived with his parents at Vailima, Samoa. Nantucket is his other island, and there and about it he has written some of his most memorable prose.

from my investment business, left Boston, and opened my house here in this friendly town to spend the winter close to my next-door neighbor, Clinton Alger.

You will learn some day, young man, that lifelong friends are comforting as old wrappers. We neither of us were given much to talking. Just sitting together in silence was enough to bring me a measure of solace.

Clint was a dear fellow and like so many retired sea captains he was a babe-in-arms about business matters. If it hadn't been for my managing his money affairs he'd have been on the beach long ago. Through my efforts I doubled his income; not that it made much difference to him, for I couldn't keep him from giving it away with both hands to all who came to his door.

Clint was all goodness, clear through to the bone. Too good for his own good perhaps, but who can tell? These things are beyond our measurement. His only fault was being a slave to his conscience. When a man allows it to plague him about things that don't matter, it's a bad sign. I noticed to my dismay that my friend had grown a bit eccentric since I had last seen him. The poor fellow had been living too long alone in his big house on Union Street, and that's not good for any man. That's why, I think, he had such sympathy for Hannah, the elderly widow of Obed Cooper, who had died some years before. Hannah also lived a hermit's life in the upper rooms of her house on Traders Lane. Clint, because of his devotion to Obed, thought it was his bounden duty to support the widow, and his conscience kept picking on him until he came to me and tried to persuade me to turn over half his income to Hannah.

Of course I wouldn't let him do that, and neither would Hannah. She was a comfortable, motherly soul who never treated us seriously, for to her we remained small boys to the end. When we tried to help her she laughed at us, shaking her head in her matter-of-fact Yankee way.

"I thank thee both for thy concern," she said, with smiling Quaker dignity, "but I have enough to last me to the end of the voyage."

Well, sir, I shall never forget the night it happened. Clint had left me earlier than usual to go home and tend his stoves, for it was bitter cold, with the thermometer down around ten. I was sitting up reading the last of the Boston papers before turning in, when I heard the click of the mahogany latch on my front door.

"Who's there?" I called out.

"Only me, Joe," came Clint's cracked voice.

"Back again? Well, come in and shut that door quick!"

Clint brought in an icy draft with him and stood before me holding a lighted hurricane lantern in his gloved hand. I was surprised to find he had put on a heavy coonskin coat and a fur cap too small for him with long ear-flaps dangling on either side of his narrow face like the ears of a hound dog.

He stood there in his padded arctics staring at me wistfully. I would have laughed, but I saw his whole face was knotted up with anxiety.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

Clint shook his head and examined a spot on the carpet, a sure sign his conscience was at him again.

"I just remembered what I plumb forgot. Joe, can I borrow your horse Tansy and your surrey?"

"Certainly not," I said firmly.

"I've always done it afoot before, but tonight I'm in a hurry."

"Why didn't you ask me before it got dark?" I asked.

"I only just remembered."

"You *would* ask me a thing like this when I was all snug and harbor-furled for the night!"

Clint turned to go.

"Now wait a minute, not so fast!" I got to my feet and pulled him around. I could see that he was excited, so I tried to soothe him.

"Come on now, Clint, tell me what it is you've just remembered."

But I could get nothing from him; he just stood there looking at me appealingly through his big round spectacles. Queer how like a child a grown man can become.

"All right," I said, weakening, "go ahead and harness Tansy, but you can't have the surrey. Take the sleigh instead; it's safer on a night like this. And holla when you're ready, for I'm going with you."

The old sailor didn't budge and began to scrape the spot on the carpet with the toe of his arctic.

"Now what?" I said, losing patience.

"I figure to go alone, Joe."

"Oh, you *do*, do you? Well, that's where you figure wrong, my lad! I wouldn't trust you with Tansy even if it was broad daylight in the middle of summer with no traffic on the roads. Now stop this foolishness and go along while I get my things on."

Soon we two old fellows were stuffed into a tight cocoon of buffalo robes with Clint's hurricane lantern lashed to the sleigh's dashboard.

"Where away?" I asked, as I gathered up the stiff reins.

"Up Main Street, Joe," he whispered.

Tansy, excited by her jingling collar of sleigh bells, began to cut up and I had my hands full holding her in check as I eased the screeching runners around the corners of the narrow lanes.

Once on Main Street the way opened up wide and handsome and I let Tansy have her head and away we flew, full and by, swooping under the snow-laden elms between the stately houses, past the three brick mansions and the small Civil War obelisk, until we came to the fork in the road.

"Bear to starboard," said Clint, in a low voice.

We left the compact little town and flew into the open moors. I never get over the sensation of leaving Main Street by that road. It's like stepping abruptly out of a comfortable room into kingdom come! The

night was ablaze with stars, more than I'd ever seen before, and they had taken full possession of the sky. Perhaps it was this, or maybe I caught some of Clint's excitement, or it may have been the magic light on everything, but I began to feel something very queer was afoot as we drove down that lonely road back of the Town. I was about to protest, when Clint dug me in the ribs with his elbow.

"Way 'nough!" he murmured.

We drew up in front of the Old Cemetery where it lay with fences gone, forlorn and neglected.

"Now wait a minute — " I began, but Clint silenced me with a gloved finger to lip. We got out and hitched Tansy to the one last fence post, bare and bone-white, which marked what was once the main entrance to the graveyard. I covered the mare with her blanket and one of the buffalo robes while Clint unlashed the lantern.

"You wait here, Joe, I won't be long," he said.

"No, sir, I'm going with you."

"Then you've got to promise me one thing, Joe."

"What?" I asked.

"That you won't laugh."

I took a look at the bleak scene around me.

"I promise," I said.

I followed the old sailor as he led the way. We tripped and floundered over fallen tombstones, while hidden brambles snatched at our feet. The snow had draped the crumbling monuments, turning them into queer spectral shapes rising like ghosts from tangles of elder and bayberry bushes. Old grave-stones wearing pointed hats leaned drunkenly in all directions and I don't mind telling you that I didn't like it one little bit. I'm not given to fear of the unknown that lies ahead of us, but this midnight intrusion on the eternal sleep of these quiet dead made me uncomfortable — it seemed the height of bad manners. But Clint stumbled ahead, swinging his lantern in all directions, making a giant starfish of light on the frozen snow. Presently he came to a halt and I could see he was puzzled.

"I guess I'm lost, Joe," he muttered as he held his lantern in front of an old vault and read the inscription. "This snow has put me off my dead reckoning. We're too far to leeward down among the Folgers when we should be up to nor'ard with the Starbucks."

"Let's get out of here!" I said, raising my voice.

"Pipe down, Joe, please!" gasped Clint, gripping my arm. "It isn't respectful."

"What's this all about, Clint?"

Clint bowed his head, and holding the lantern with both hands he spoke with a certain dignity.

"Obed Cooper and I made a compact promising each other on the holy Bible that the one who was left behind after the other was laid to rest had to come out here every New Year's Eve and tell the departed the news. Tonight it's kind of different; I've got to tell Obed something personal and it makes it kind of embarrassing. You're sure you won't laugh, Joe, please?"

He held his lantern close to my face. I shook my head.

"Come on then," he said, "I think I know the course now. We'll go nor'east by east — that ought to fetch us."

I struggled after him now stiff with cold, until we came to the top of a treeless slope.

"Here it is," said Clint as he set the lighted lantern on the flat tombstone and swept away the snow dust with the back of his hand.

I stood back and watched my friend kneel reverently while he fumbled in the breast of his fur coat. He pulled out a sheet of foolscap and then tapped on the cold marble with his jackknife.

"Here I am, Obed," he said, "on time as usual and keeping my given word. According to our compact I'll tell you the news first as I promised — wait a second, Obed, I can't see a thing, this cold has misted my glasses something fierce."

Clint took his everlasting good time wiping them while I stamped and flapped my arms to keep alive. Clint then held the lantern and the paper close to his nose and read in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Now here's the drift, Obed; a year's gone by and no improvement. Hardly a turnover in real estate. The government dredged the channel inside the eastern jetty and they've repainted the Athenaeum two coats. They've widened Madaket Ditch and you'll be glad to hear your party's in power and by the look of things they'll be in forever. We Democrats haven't a look-in. Bluefish struck this fall, but scallops were as scarce as crime. The fishermen are all doing well and that helps the Island. They've reshingled the Baptist, and done some repairing on the North, but times are tighter than the bark on a tree, Obed, and no mistake. Flour's up four cents, bread two, and coal's fourteen dollars a ton. Prices are sky-high compared to when you were here!"

Clint then carefully folded the paper and pocketed it.

"Now comes the hard part, Obed, and I hope you'll take it right. I don't know how to begin exactly, but you see for the last year the tide's been against your Hannah and though she doesn't let on, not even by a look, she's been awful down. You know how lonesome it is for a widow on this sand heap out here. Well, she's got an offer to sell her house, keeping the life-right to the upper rooms, but the money she'd make wouldn't keep her alive. The stocks you left her all went to nothing and I found out that she wasn't getting enough to eat. What decided me to head in was what she said to me by accident yesterday. She said she'd hated to see the summer folk leave for the winter because she missed the smell of their bacon cooking in the morning.

"That was too much for me, Obed. She didn't realize she'd given herself away. I'm going to ask her to sell her house outright and join forces with me; together I figure we'd have enough to keep us comfortable. She's sitting up waiting for me now because I told her I had something important to tell

her. Obed, I hope you don't mind; I'm going to ask Hannah to marry me, but I thought it only right that I come up here and tell you first before I put it to her. I promise to take good care of her, Obed. Well there, I've told you and that's that. I'm going down along now. Good night, Obed!"

Clint removed his fur cap, bowed his head, took off a glove and laid his right hand gently on the icy tomb. I think he would have been there yet if I hadn't gone forward and lifted him to his feet, jammed on his fur cap, and tied the strings of his ear-flaps under his chin. I led him back to the sleigh and he followed me obediently in a kind of daze.

We drove to Hannah's house on Traders Lane. Tansy, snorting long white clouds from her nostrils, stamped her hoofs and then shook herself violently, setting off a jubilant burst of sleigh bells.

"I'll come back for you after I've put Tansy in the barn," I said.

Hannah's front door slowly opened, sending an orange path across the snow and there in the doorway, with a lighted lamp above her head, stood a

calm, comforting figure, serene and smiling. Clint set down his lantern and went towards her.

Suddenly all the church bells in Nantucket began ringing, whistles blew, youngsters ran out into the snow blowing fish horns and banging tin pans. The new century had come out of the night and was upon us, but Mr. Bolling, locked in the past, heard nothing.

"Some time later," he continued, "Clint came to see me all spruced up, shipshape and Bristol fashion. His eyes were at peace and I saw that his conscience would never trouble him again. He looked me straight in the eyes and laughed as he used to when I first knew him in our youth.

"Thank you, Joe, for all you've done for me, but most of all for not laughing out there that night when I know how foolish it must have looked to you."

"I'm not so sure," I said.

"Well, I'm glad I did it, anyway. It sort of set things right, but sometimes it does seem kind of ridiculous, specially when I think that Obed was deaf as a post."



OLD MASTERS AND A NEW MARKET

by LEE SIMONSON

1

DURING the upheavals of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, its geographic isolation and the number of its landed and mercantile fortunes made England the picture market of Europe. Pounds sterling were a coveted currency and Continental collectors, particularly those in France, Spain, and Italy, who wanted to realize on their possessions were eager to sell them to English dealers or their agents. A large part of the Duke of Orleans Collection of Flemish and Italian masters was smuggled out of France in 1792 and a few years later was sold by Buchanan, one of the leading picture dealers of the period, who in 1802 bought Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* in Rome for £2000 and managed to get it to London through the English fleet blockading the Italian ports. It was sold

to a prosperous jeweler and valued at twice that amount when his collection, which included Poussin's *Bacchanalian Festival*, was purchased for the National Gallery in 1826 for £9000. Two of the Orleans Veroneses, *Wisdom and Strength* and *Virtue and Vice*, which sold for £510 apiece, are now in the Frick Museum in New York.

Another dealer, Desenfans, who established himself by selling a Claude Lorrain to George III at a reputed profit of £1000, smuggled out of Italy two celebrated paintings by that artist, known as the *Althieri Claudes*. They were bought by two young English painters acting as his agents, who, after being nearly swamped in a boat jammed with refugees fleeing the French invasion, got the pictures as far as Palermo. They managed to secure an interview with Nelson, and so successfully convinced him of the importance of their cargo that the admiral remarked, "This is a national concern," and arranged a convoy for the ship that took the paintings on to England.

But art was not recognized as a national concern until the collection formed by a wealthy London merchant, J. J. Angerstein, was purchased in 1824 by the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, for £57,000 to found the National Gallery. Among its thirty-

Scenic designer and critic of art, LEE SIMONSON was a director of the Theatre Guild from 1919 to 1940, and in that span the sets he designed for *Liliom*, *Peer Gynt*, *Back to Methuselah*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, *Idiot's Delight*, *Marco Millions*, and *Amphitruon 38* will be well remembered. He is the author of *The Stage Is Set* and *Part of a Lifetime*.

This is the second article we have drawn from his forthcoming book, *Art Today*, which Duell, Sloan and Pearce will publish; the first, "Aesthetes' Stock Market," appeared in the *Atlantic* for May, 1946.

eight paintings were Correggio's *Studies of Heads*, two Carraccis, and Sebastiano del Piombo's *Raising of Lazarus*, — all from the Orleans Collection, — Rembrandt's *Woman Taken in Adultery*, Rubens' *Rape of the Sabines*, Claude's *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*, and Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* series, appraised at £2500 and originally bought for half that amount. Hogarth had sold them in 1750 for £126; the frames had cost him £25.

The British Museum, when it opened in 1759, required visitors to give notice, in writing, of their name, "condition," and "place of abode." Tours were under the guidance of a librarian and limited to ten persons per hour. A few years later the regulations were relaxed so that visitors could spend more than an hour and look at what interested them most, but up to 1804 only thirty-five persons a day were admitted. With the opening of the National Gallery, for the first time in England the public was admitted to an art collection without an admission fee, tickets, or qualifications of any kind. But the event was barely mentioned by the newspapers, and there is no comment on the importance of the occasion in artists' diaries or letters of the period except Haydon's.

The present conviction that an art museum is of supreme importance as a public institution and an educational and cultural force is a more recent development in the history of the appreciation of art. Some twelve years after the National Gallery had opened, Grillparzer on a visit to London wrote: "First to the National Gallery in London, which I had difficulty in finding at first, so unknown was it to everybody I asked. At last, at an engraver's I got the right direction." People were evidently not so impressed as they are, or pretend to be, today in the presence of masterpieces. The first Keeper of the collection once came upon a group of out-of-town visitors, their chairs drawn up in a circle, eating a basket lunch. He was cordially invited to join them and offered a glass of gin.

2

THE increase in value on the international art market of examples of the Old Masters has been even more spectacular than that of Impressionist and Post-impressionist painting. Sales records of Rembrandt's work provide some of the most dramatic contrasts.

His etching *The Phoenix* sold at the Verstalk sale in Paris in 1847 for 94 francs, about \$20. At the Johnson sale, New York, in 1946 it brought \$8100. I know of one copy of the first state of *Christ Presented to the People* on which its eighteenth-century owner penciled the fact that he had purchased it for £1, 12s. (about \$7.50 at pre-war rates of exchange, \$6 today). This same print was sold in London in 1925 for \$19,280 (£4000), another for \$16,800 in New York in 1919. The rare drypoint *The Tholinx*, of which only four or five examples are

known, was purchased in Amsterdam in 1916 for \$39,500 and subsequently resold in New York for \$50,000. The drawing of Maurits Hagens brought approximately the same amount at a London auction in 1928.

Among the earlier sales of Rembrandt's paintings in England, £5250 in 1811 for *The Master Shipbuilder and His Wife* remained the top auction price, not reached again until 1892 — for *Henrika Stoeffels in Bed* and for the portrait of *Burgomaster Six*, but exceeded by the companion portrait of his wife, which brought £7035.

The sharply ascending curve becomes evident at the turn of the century. Durand-Ruel purchased *David and Saul* in 1869 for 12,500 francs, sold it shortly thereafter for 15,000, repurchased it in 1890 for 140,000, and in 1900 sold it to the Hague Museum for 200,000 francs (\$40,000). In 1912 an *Old Woman Plucking a Fowl* brought 475,000 francs. A year later at the Steengrach sale in Paris, *Bathsheba* was sold for a million francs (\$200,000), and at the Borden sale in New York, \$130,000 was paid for *Lucretia Stabbing Herself*. At the Holford sale in London, 1928, the *Portrait of a Woman with a Handkerchief* brought \$153,000, the *Portrait of a Young Man with a Cleft Chin* £46,200 (\$224,000), and the *Young Man Holding the Scabbard of a Short Sword* reached £50,400.

The Mill was bought in 1798 by a member of Parliament for £525. In 1911 the *American Art News* reported its sale to the Widener Collection for £100,000, very nearly half a million pre-war gold dollars. In 1932 the Mellon Trust declared the cost of its Rembrandt *Self-Portrait* to have been \$550,000.

Until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, important examples of Renaissance painting changed hands at Christie's auction rooms at comparatively low prices. Among those bought for or later given to the National Gallery were Correggio's *Vierge au Panier* in 1825 for slightly less than £4000 (it had brought £325 in 1819); Veronese's *Vision of St. Helena* for £3450 in 1878 (£283 in 1860); and in 1874 Pinturicchio's *Return of Ulysses* for £2100, a price range of approximately \$10,000–\$20,000. But the trend was steadily upward despite the fact that the general level of prices had been steadily downward. One economist of the eighties estimated the decline to be 145 per cent up to 1850; another that £3 in 1884 would buy as much as £4 in 1784.

In spite of this general decline, resales of the same picture at auction increased anywhere from fifty to several hundred times in market value, demonstrated by the growing appreciation of the British school. To cite a few instances: —

Hogarth

*Portrait of Miss Fenton
as Polly Peachham*

1801 £5
1832 £62
1884 £840

The Shrimp Girl (National Gallery)

1832 £44
1884 £262

Constable		
<i>Stratford Mill on the Stour</i>	1820	£100
	1860	£600
	1895	£8925
Gainsborough		
<i>Landscape with Sheep</i>	1863	£400
	1894	£1470
<i>Duchess of Devonshire</i>	1839	£50
	1876	£10,605
Turner		
<i>Sheerness Rising Through Fog</i>	1848	£577
	1890	£7455

Important examples of almost every school of painting were proving themselves to be among the most secure and profitable forms of investment. In an industrial era, established aesthetic values continued to demonstrate their economic value. Between 1904 and 1912, Boucher's *Les Plaisirs d'Été* sold in Paris for the equivalent of \$72,000, a Chardin still life for \$60,000, Fragonard's *Le Billet Doux* for \$70,000, Lawrence's *The Countess of Wilton* for \$87,000. In London, during the same period, Hoppner's *Lady Louisa Manners* brought \$73,700 and Raeburn's *Portrait of Mrs. Hay* \$110,000.

But the first sale comparable to the prices reached after 1920 was that of Raphael's *Ansidei Madonna* in 1884 for £70,000 (\$350,000). Raphael has remained in the eyes of collectors their particular treasure, for which they are willing to pay record sums. Andrew Mellon in 1930 acquired the larger *Cowper Madonna*, now in our National Gallery, for \$800,000. In a hearing before the U.S. Board of Tax Appeals in 1935 his attorney declared that he had paid for the *Alba Madonna* \$1,080,000; the deed establishing the Mellon Trust stated the cost of *St. George and the Dragon* to have been \$747,500. Charles I obtained the picture from the Earl of Pembroke in exchange for Holbein's Windsor drawings; it was sold by the Commonwealth for £150.

The *Alba Madonna* was one of the thirty pictures in the Hermitage Museum which Knoedler and Company, the New York picture dealers, purchased from the Soviet government for some \$12,000,000. Of these, Mr. Mellon also acquired Titian's *Toilet of Venus* for \$544,320, Van Eyck's *Annunciation* for \$503,010, and Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* for \$838,350. Prices paid for other pictures in the Mellon Collection were: Vermeer, *The Lace Maker*, \$400,000; Memling, *Virgin and Child*, \$300,000; Titian, *Portrait of a Lady*, \$550,000; Velasquez, *Pope Innocent X*, \$360,000; Hals, *Portrait of a Young Man*, \$350,000; Van Eyck, *Marchese Dalbi*, \$450,000; Holbein, *Portrait of Edward VI*, \$437,400; Rubens, *Portrait of His Second Wife*, \$280,000; Hobbema, *A Village Scene*, \$250,000.

Once American millionaires became rivals in assembling their collections, prices that ranged from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars were no longer unusual. A small panel, *The Crucifixion*, by Piero della Francesca brought \$375,000 at a New York auction in New York in 1929. The art periodical *Apollo*, in 1935, reported the sale of six pic-

tures from the Morgan Collection: Ghirlandaio's *Giovanni Tornabuoni* for \$500,000; a triptych by Filippo Lippi and Rubens' *Anne of Austria* at \$250,000 each; a pair of Hals portraits to a Paris collector for \$300,000 and Lawrence's *Miss Farren, Countess of Derby* to a New York collection for \$200,000. But this scale of prices was not confined to acquisitions by American collectors. In 1940, Van Eyck's *Deposition* from the Cook Collection in England was bought by a Dutchman for £225,000 (\$900,000).

3

ONE of the most astonishing features of this crescendo has been the prices paid for the English portrait painters and landscapists, in many cases equal to or more than those paid for superlative examples of the greatest Flemish and Italian masters. In the Mellon Collection, Reynolds' *Lady Compton* cost \$500,000; Gainsborough's *Duchess of Devonshire* \$410,000 and his *Mrs. Tatton* \$225,000; Romney's *Mrs. Davenport* \$230,000; Hoppner's *The Frankland Sisters* \$198,000; Lawrence's *Lady Templeton* \$250,000.

The portrait of Miss Mary Moulton Barrett, known as *Pinkie*, by Lawrence, now in the Huntington Library, brought \$377,600 (£77,700) at the London auction of Lord Michelham's pictures in 1926. Gainsborough's *Market Cart*, in the London National Gallery, was auctioned in 1828 for \$1182. His *Harvest Wagon* brought £4776 in 1894, £20,160 (\$97,700) in 1913, and \$360,000 in the Gary sale, New York, in 1928. *The Blue Boy*, according to the Farington Diary, was sold in 1796 for 35 guineas; it was acquired by Hoppner and sold by him in 1802 for 50 guineas (\$225). In 1921 Sir Joseph Duveen bought it from the Duke of Westminster for between £160,000 and £170,000. The pound being below par at the time, this was the equivalent, in round figures, of \$642,000.

Reynolds' *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* has also had a sensational sales history. Calonne, Minister of Finance under Louis XVI, bought the painting from the artist in 1784 for 800 guineas (\$4000). It was purchased for less than half that amount in 1795 by the English collector who owned Rembrandt's *The Mill*. At the sale of his collection in 1823, Reynolds' melodramatic portrait brought £2000. In 1919 at the Duke of Westminster's sale it went for £54,600 (\$240,000) and was eventually sold to the Huntington Library, presumably for a considerable advance on that sum. Turner was caught in the general upswing — *Rockets and Blue Lights* in the Yerkes sale, 1916, bringing \$129,000, and a *View of Venice* in the Ross sale in London, 1927, £30,450 (\$147,682).

One consequence of this price level is that large collections of Old Masters have become too valuable to be kept in private hands beyond the lifetime of the collector who acquires them. Apart from a

laudable desire to perpetuate one's name as a public benefactor by building a museum around a collection or giving it to an existing one, there is the fact that, because of sharply graduated inheritance taxes, pictures worth a million or more, as part of an estate amounting to several or many millions, would subject the entire estate to a much higher rate of taxation. In some cases it might cost the heirs almost half the value of the paintings to inherit them.

The phenomenal prices paid by American millionaires reflect something more than the fact that they had millions to spare. There were millionaires and even multimillionaires in England at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. What has prompted rich men today to spend a greater share of their fortunes in order to acquire a great or important work of art is our growing veneration for art in general, for the monuments of every period. Like Nelson and the *Altieri Claudes*, affluent collectors feel that securing and safeguarding a work of art is a national concern and share the widespread belief that an art museum is little short of a modern temple, enlightening and edifying almost every visitor who passes through its portals.

The past one hundred fifty years are commonly considered an era in which our way of life and our habits of thought have been revolutionized by the development of the sciences and the expansion of machine industry. But during that same span most of our authentic knowledge of every epoch of art, whether in Europe, Asia, or Central America, has been accumulated and popularized; virtually every art museum in England and the United States has been founded, dedicated to public use and its collections constantly expanded. In 1938 there were no fewer than 288 art museums in this country, of which 115 were at colleges and universities. Building statistics for the depression year 1933 show \$12,977,000 spent for churches of all denominations, \$6,265,000 for art museums.

In so far as our more formal efforts in art education are concerned, the supreme value of Italian Renaissance painting registered by the art market also reflects prevailing taste. When the Museum of Modern Art in 1940 exhibited a collection lent by the Italian government, which included Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, Raphael's *Madonna of the Chair*, Titian's *Pope Paul III*, and Verrocchio's *David*, it drew a record attendance of 277,794 — slightly more than twice the attendance at the loan exhibition of Van Gogh, the previous record.

In general, the art market approximates the verdict of critics and historians. The artists who have survived and established their value there are those who have established their permanent value as exponents of a period or a school of painting even if they are not supreme geniuses. Despite certain distortions, — Gainsborough and Lawrence are not the peers of Rembrandt, Rubens, or Ve-

lasquez, nor is Raphael "the prince of painters," — at long enough range acknowledged aesthetic values and market values tend to parallel each other. The international art market has served as a kind of magnifying glass for what, in both senses of the word, the appreciation of art has become.

4

THE firm of Knoedler and Company recently celebrated its centennial. The history of this firm provides an interesting perspective on the development of collecting in this country and the taste of a wide and typical section of upper-class patrons of painting. The earlier ledgers show an unexpected number, even during the last years of the Civil War and immediately afterwards, when purchases were payable in gold; sales in 1866, for instance, totaled \$162,832. Most of the pictures sold were artistically unimportant and brought \$200 to \$300 apiece, or less. The predominant demand was for sentimental or anecdotic subject matter, with titles such as "Bone of Contention," "A Drop on the Sly," "Teasing the Donkey," or "Rhymers in the Wood."

Much of this earlier picture buying seems to have been part of house furnishing, or rather refurbishing the new, overstuffed mansions of successful merchants and magnates at the beginning of our industrial era. A picture collection was often made with the purchase of a dozen or more paintings at one time — thirteen for \$2000, thirty-eight for \$11,850. The names of such patrons rarely reappear in the sales ledgers; presumably, once the mansion was well furnished, their interest in art ended. The practice continued through the seventies and even into the eighties, when there is one sale recorded for twenty-four paintings for \$100,000, among them a Corot for \$4000.

As early as 1866 a Corot, *View of Nantes*, sold for \$450, and a landscape by Courbet for \$500 to the same buyer. But at the time there were a number of collectors who were more interested in American landscapists and paid as much for a landscape by Inness or a view of the White Mountains by William Hart, and twice the amount for F. S. Church's *Morning on the Hudson* and W. T. Richards' *View of the Adirondacks*. This interest in the interpretation of the American scene then lapsed until it was revived for the water colors of Winslow Homer. For thirty years the higher prices paid were for the work of English, German, and French academicians, which constituted the majority of the sales — Bouguereau, Gérôme, Messonier, Rosa Bonheur, Van Marcke, Von Bremen, and Alma-Tadema.

Except for the Barbizon school, principally Rousseau and Diaz, an occasional sale of a Delacroix or a Fromentin, and steadily mounting prices for Corot and Millet, there was no interest shown in the

more important contemporary French painters and none in those of the eighteenth century. Until the 1890's, when the elder Morgan, Altman, and A. M. Byers assembled their collections, American collectors seemed unaware of most of the Old Masters. Knoedler's first sale of a Rembrandt occurred in 1899 — *Saskia with a Black Feather in Her Hair*, for \$11,750. At the time a Messonier brought \$16,000, a Cazin \$20,000, and a Daubigny \$40,000.

The first decided change in taste, which coincided with a revival of Georgian architecture and interiors for upper-class mansions, was for the English portraitists and landscapists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, though at prices that were a fraction of those paid twenty years later. In 1894 a landscape by Gainsborough sold for \$5000, Hoppner's portrait of his children for \$11,875, Romney's *Countess of Glencairn* for \$27,500, a Constable for \$8500. Last summer at the sale of Lord Swaythling's pictures a landscape by Constable brought \$170,000.

It was after 1900 that the ambition of American collectors to acquire an important example of Renaissance painting, or of the Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, became general, with Mellon, Frick, and Widener making the major acquisitions. Mr. Mellon purchased all but two of the thirty paintings from the Hermitage. In addition Knoedler's acquired for the Mellon Collection the two Holbein portraits, Greco's *San Ildefonso*, Vermeer's *Portrait of a Young Woman*, and Memling's *Man with an Arrow*; for the Widener Collection the three Van Dyck portraits of the *Cattaneo Family* and Vermeer's *Girl with a Flute*; and for the Frick Collection the same painter's *Music Lesson*, Van Dyck's *Franz Snyders*, two Hals portraits, Greco's *Cardinal Gui-*

roya, Velasquez's *Philip IV*, Goya's *The Forge*, Veronese's two allegories, Titian's *Pietro Arentino*, Bellini's *St. Francis*, and Piero della Francesca's *St. Andrew*.

Mr. Frick by the narrowest margin missed bringing Holbein's *Duchess of Milan* to America. It had hung for nearly thirty years in London's National Gallery as a loan, when its own owner, the Duke of Norfolk, sold it for \$300,000 jointly to Knoedler's and an English picture dealer. Mr. Frick was prepared to purchase it immediately. But the authorities of the gallery, in consternation, asked for a month's option in order to raise the amount by public subscription. Up to the last day only half the sum had been subscribed, when a check for £30,000 from an Englishwoman, a resident of Bath, saved the picture for England.

The exodus of Old Masters from Europe to this country, comparable to that which took place from the Continent to England a century earlier, is over and it seems unlikely to recur. In the opinion of Mr. Henschel, the present head of Knoedler's, if a millionaire today were prepared to spend five million dollars or more to assemble a collection of Old Masters, he could not find enough important examples to purchase. The major works remaining in England belong to wealthy families who no longer seem disposed to sell them. The leading French collections are probably destined for the Louvre. No important private collection of Old Masters has come into the market during the last fifteen years, and none is likely to. Almost three quarters of those sold by his firm are already in public galleries, and that trend will undoubtedly continue in this country. American collectors will perforce center their interest on modern art and contemporary painting.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

QUIET is what we need. By telephone,
The press, the mail, the doorbell, radio,
AP or NAM or CIO,
We're micro-organized and overgrown
With everybody's business but our own.
Pipe it down, chaintalkers. Muffle and slow
The rapid pulse. I wonder if you know
How good it feels, sometimes, to be alone?

Incessantly loquacious generation,
Let *yeah* and *nyah* be your communication.
Before the world comes open at the seams
Invest some private enterprise in dreams.
In unimpassioned silence we might find
(If ever) What the Author Had in Mind.

A MODERN LANGUAGE FOR JAPAN

by JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

I

JAPAN is probably the only country in the world where a blind child makes faster progress in school than a normal child. The children attending the Japanese government schools for the blind take two years less in primary schools and one year less in high school to cover exactly the same curriculum studied by normal children. They require less time because they use a phonetic Braille alphabet instead of the three cumbersome alphabets and several thousand picture signs which make learning Japanese an almost hopeless task for the Japanese masses.

During the war the difficulty of the Japanese language worked to our advantage. While in Japan with the Army of Occupation, I had an opportunity to observe at first hand the strangling effect of the Japanese language on every walk of life. Even a fairly well educated Japanese is constantly at a loss to express himself. This difficulty must have slowed down Japan's war effort in ways which it is hard for us even to begin to imagine.

The editor of Japan's largest newspaper, with twenty-five years of experience, confessed that he cannot write the simplest feature story without constant reference to a dictionary. I have seen university graduates misread whole paragraphs in newspaper editorials. In Tokyo I met a Japanese who had been a fighter pilot at Rabaul. He was unable to remember the word *tampatsu* — "single-engined." This sort of lapse of memory is not at all uncommon. Japanese engineers constantly forget everyday technical terms both in conversation and writing. Even in wartime the Aeronautical Research Laboratory of Tokyo Imperial University had to publish over 80 per cent of its reports in English. The Japanese

language hastened the fall of Japan by veiling military and technical operations in a linguistic fog.

The Japanese language now in common use is an intricate combination of picture signs or characters with a phonetic alphabet. It is as though all words were written with symbols followed by letters. If an English sentence were written in Japanese, it would look something like this: "**** (The Vice Admiral) ** (The Rear Admiral) \$(the money) (showed)." Translated this would read: "The Vice Admiral showed the money to the Rear Admiral." (In Japanese: "*Chūjō wa shōshō ni okane wo misemashita*" — the parts italicized being supplied by characters, and the rest by letters which indicate the relationship of the words in the sentence.)

Language reform would mean writing the characters and the word endings in a phonetic alphabet alone. What happens when Japanese is written in a phonetic alphabet? Extensive tests carried out by the Japanese themselves on 50,000 primary school students show that two weeks of studying Japanese written in a phonetic alphabet (in this case English letters, though one of the Japanese alphabets in common use would have given about the same results) brought them to a level of literacy achieved only after six years of studying Japanese as it is now written.

Now that the military battle has been fought and won, we are fighting a much more important battle for the Japanese mind. Literacy enters into every phase of this struggle. The ability — or rather, lack of ability — of the Japanese to read simple prose makes our occupation costly in dollars and cuts off access to our democratization program from those who need it most, the Japanese masses. Our Military Government has known for over a year of the disastrous effect of illiteracy on our efforts to re-educate Japan; and yet, except for a brilliant survey, no action has been taken.

How many picture signs or characters must a Japanese learn before he can call himself literate? Tests conducted by the largest Japanese newspapers and by the Japanese government show that to read a newspaper 2500 such characters are a minimum requirement. This vocabulary will not enable a Japanese to read the editorials of a newspaper or

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Many of the statistics in this article are from material collected by Lt. Comdr. Robert King Hall, USNR, for the Civil Information and Education Section of SCAP and were released for publication in the *Atlantic* by Brig. Gen. Ken R. Dyke, head of the Section. The opinions are the author's.

our literature explaining democracy. For that, or any other kind of serious non-technical prose, he must recognize approximately 5000 characters. For some university texts he needs 8000 to 9000 characters.

How well does the average Japanese know the 2500 characters required to read a newspaper? High officials in the Ministry of Education (who said language reform was unnecessary) assured me that the Japanese are 99.6 per cent literate. None of these officials could tell me what standards were used in arriving at this figure. They admitted, however, that a literacy test such as that for becoming a voter in the state of Connecticut (reading paragraphs from the United States Constitution and from the state laws) could not be passed by many well-educated Japanese, because of the difficulty of the formal written language.

In 1935 the Japanese carried out tests on 1479 sixth-grade pupils from the Tokyo schools. Before the war, in this six-year compulsory course, 1356 characters were taught. This is a little better than half the absolute minimum number of characters required to read a newspaper. These tests showed that, on the average, only 600 characters were actually known by the sixth-graders, and this in spite of the fact that almost half the classroom time was devoted to learning characters. For rural areas it was estimated that the number of retained characters would be about 400. In other words, the graduate of six years of primary school at best knows one fourth of the vocabulary needed for newspaper literacy.

The best available figures indicate that 85 per cent of the Japanese do not go beyond eighth grade, and that only one out of 300 goes to college. Therefore the mass of the people probably learn only half the number of characters needed to read a newspaper.

The Japanese Army intelligence tests support these conclusions. In 1937 over half a million conscripts with eight years of education averaged 53 per cent in tests of their ability to read simple Japanese sentences and to supply correct pronunciations for simple characters. The 1941 eighth-year graduates did not do much better. The sixth-year graduates in the 1941 class had an average score of 39.1 per cent. If you write a simple Japanese sentence for an eighth-year graduate you have about a fifty-fifty chance of being understood. If you are writing for a sixth-year graduate, your chances are two out of five.

These figures were called conservative by one of America's foremost Orientalists. They were supported by my own experiences in Japan. During five months with the occupation forces I traveled widely and made a serious effort to meet and talk with Japanese of the sort not usually encountered at an Army headquarters — farmers, laborers, minor priests, town petty officials, bank clerks, and demobilized soldiers. My impressions were of widespread illiteracy or semi-literacy. Even Japanese businessmen in Tokyo frequently expressed surprise when they saw me struggling to read the editorials in a Japanese newspaper, for this was a section of the paper which they themselves found difficult.

To be sure, it is questionable how many Americans can understand as well as read the average newspaper editorial, but I am talking merely of the mechanical ability to spell out and recognize words. For possibly 85 per cent of the Japanese population, anything written is like a crossword puzzle with half the squares filled in at random. Even with the most favorable interpretation of the figures above, I think we are safe in saying that the majority of the Japanese cannot read simple prose.

2

How does this low literacy rate affect our occupation? One serious disadvantage of the language is that so few Japanese can learn it. But still more important is the great price paid for illiteracy.

Before the war over 40 per cent of the instruction time in the primary schools was spent learning to read and write Japanese. This same proportion continues on through university life and weakens the quality of Japanese education as a whole. This allotment of time helps to explain the superior progress in school of the Japanese blind children.

The poor quality of Japanese education is shown most obviously in arithmetic. The average score for the Army conscripts in this subject is not much above their rating in language (59.1 per cent). One of the astonishing things to our lawyers and businessmen with the Army of Occupation was the inability of large corporations such as Mitsui and Mitsubishi to present correct statements of simple columns of figures. I have seen important documents in which 22 parts out of 100 were cheerfully labeled 33 per cent.

Mathematics is not the only subject which suffers. In some cases 50 per cent of a technical manual of high school level must be devoted to language, to definitions of terms, and to new picture writings or characters. This is in addition to the time-consuming courses in Japanese which are taught separately. In our own technical high school courses, a curriculum which assigns 20 per cent of the instruction time to English is regarded as bordering on the frivolous. And it is next to impossible for the Japanese who has had only eight years of education to teach himself by means of manuals and correspondence courses. Farmers cannot learn new methods of agriculture because they cannot read pamphlets on the subject; mechanics cannot easily learn new ways of motor repair and maintenance.

We do not, of course, intend to encourage the Japanese to build airplanes or atom bombs, or to engage in any kind of advanced research for some time to come. We do, however, want them to have competent nurses, public health experts, architects, engineers. Most important of all, we want to improve the way of life of the great mass of farmers and mechanics through educational pamphlets and correspondence courses, and in the technical schools.

The present food situation in Japan may well mean a decrease in population, through malnutrition and starvation, to the level of the nineteenth century (about half the present population), unless there are permanent increase and diversification of the crops now grown in Japan and improvement in the maintenance and repair of the trucks and trains which must transport this food. At the present time we are making up part of the deficit from Army supplies which the American taxpayer grows and gives to the Japanese.

The technical information necessary to enable the Japanese to help themselves can be made readily available only in a condition of literacy. Both a less expensive occupation and a democratic Japan will depend on a Japanese population which can furnish its own food. Starvation and undernourishment do not foster democracy.

There are of course minor technical advantages which will become possible if language reform takes place. Among these are a typewriter, which will be faster than copying by hand, and the linotype machine. If the characters are abandoned it will become possible for more than a very small group of non-Japanese specialists to acquire a firsthand knowledge of things Japanese, and better supervision of occupied Japan will become practical.

The main issue, however, is the democratization of Japan. The greatest single obstacle to this process is still emperor worship and the concomitant idea that all Japanese, as descendants of the Sun Goddess, are eventually entitled to rule the world. That idea cannot be removed by such steps as the Emperor's proclamation that he is no longer a divinity. His edict can easily be explained away once our armies leave Japan. The real answer to emperor worship, paradoxically enough, is more training in Japanese history. There are few Japanese with any real education who take this myth seriously. But we can hardly expect a Japanese school child to spend almost half of his time learning one fourth of the vocabulary needed for literacy, and still have time to acquire any but the sketchiest background in political and historical subjects. Only with language reform will our plans for revising and democratizing Japanese education have any chance for success.

Literacy is a tool, not a panacea. It is not an automatic guarantee of a democratic Japan. We can perhaps improve Japanese agriculture and transportation to a certain extent without it. We may even be able, by using the radio, to democratize Japan to a limited extent. But much of our present effort to re-educate the Japanese is just money down the drain. Informal tests of Japanese citizens in Tokyo revealed that only one out of ten could read even the names of the Japanese war criminals. I doubt if our first effort to re-educate the Japanese, the official history of the war (*From the Mukden Incident to the Signing of the Surrender Documents on the Missouri*), has had a wider audience among

the Japanese. Even with literacy we may not succeed in democratizing Japan. But without it, failure is almost certain.

3

Who in Japan is opposed to language reform? First of all, the militarists and nationalists. They carried their opposition to such an extreme that after 1938 the advocates of *Romaji* (writing Japanese in English letters) were imprisoned for the crime of lese majesty, and some actually died in prison. It is only natural that the militarists should prefer a large, relatively ignorant population which can be easily led to war. But the militarists, temporarily at least, have been discredited by Japan's defeat.

The group which is now actively opposing language reform is that of the older intellectuals. They form an educated caste which more or less runs Japan. All too often in Japan, an educated man is one who has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the memorization of 8000 to 9000 characters. Often he lacks any accompanying knowledge of how to use this rote learning in analyzing the problem at hand. In America, so far as I know, it is impossible to make a living out of what is essentially only a knowledge of the alphabet, but it is quite easy to do so in Japan. Members of the intellectual class, naturally enough, now constitute the majority of the interpreters employed by our Military Government. They have all the more opportunity to oppose any program of language reform, since very few members of our Military Government know intimately any Japanese who do not speak English. We can hardly expect any social group to preside over its own liquidation. We might remember that they represent the opinions of somewhat less than the one out of 300 Japanese who manages to obtain a college education, and that the people who will be most benefited by language reform have few or no advocates.

The arguments of this group, however, have been blindly accepted by the minority of Japanese who can be called literate. Their main argument is that language reform is a foreign imposition which will cut the Japanese off from access to their past literature and their history. The language reform movement itself is Japanese in origin and dates back to the 1880's. Most of the statistics presented here were voluntarily brought to the attention of the Military Government by members of the three Japanese language reform societies who felt that democratization of Japan would be impossible without literacy. Even in the short time I was in Japan I met Japanese who volunteered not only their time but their fortunes in order to further the language reform movement. I met many students, particularly those in technical courses, who favored language reform. (In March, 1946, the Mission of American Educators endorsed language reform after a careful study of the subject in Japan.)

The literacy figures suggest that in reality we shall not cut the majority of the Japanese off from a non-existent access to these treasures. For some years to come, only a small minority will ever reach high school, and an even smaller minority will go on to college. These are the only groups which now have access to past Japanese literature and they may perfectly well continue to learn to recognize enough characters to be able to read it.

Moreover, the oldest and some of the best Japanese literature is written in what is essentially a phonetic alphabet. The *Kojiki* or *Record of Ancient Matters* (A.D. 712) is one example. The single Japanese work which has attained wide international fame, *The Tale of Genji* (ca. A.D. 1014) is another. Much of the most famous Japanese poetry has been written in characters only in modern times. The best collection of modern Japanese novels has been printed in such a way that it can be read without reference to the characters. The language reform societies have successfully printed in a phonetic alphabet some of the Confucian classics, textbooks, and technical and scientific works. The appeal to history proves only that the characters are a foreign importation from China and that phonetic alphabets have been used successfully to record Japanese of every level of difficulty, from the earliest days to the present.

In the event of language reform, works originally written in a phonetic script can be allowed to revert to their original status from the mixture of characters and phonetic writing into which they have been laboriously translated. The scholars may well be employed in converting the remaining body of literature (perhaps a third of which is written in Chinese or a Japanized version of Chinese) to a phonetic alphabet with explanatory notes for difficult passages. If all the classics are reprinted in a phonetic alphabet, Japanese culture will be available to the mass of the people for the first time in Japanese history.

The second argument of the intellectuals is that the character in Japanese enables the eye, at least, to distinguish between the large numbers of words which have the same sounds but different meanings. These homonyms, they claim, would be hopelessly confused if written in a phonetic alphabet.

Homonyms exist in Japanese, just as they do in most of the languages of the world. They are a difficulty, but how serious is it? The actual number of homonyms in Japanese is far from startling. It varies from 3.6 per cent for a large dictionary vocabulary (250,000 words) to 4.9 per cent for a modern technical vocabulary (some 30,000 words). In one month of broadcasting over Radio Tokyo in May, 1934, 1880 potential homonyms appeared in the scripts. Of these, 923 appeared only once. Only 100 or so occurred at all frequently.

Even such common homonyms are not an impossible hurdle. The classic example of homonym confusion which is constantly cited by the Japanese is the word *hashi*. This can mean "beak," "edge,"

"chopsticks," or "bridge." The scholars argue that these words can be distinguished only by using the four different characters which are assigned to them. To begin with, these words, like a number of homonyms, are accented differently, and they could conceivably be written with accent marks. But even this is not necessary. Usually context will tell which word is meant. We go to the edge of the bridge, not to the bridge of the edge. A similar situation exists in every language. Depending on context, the English word "bridge," for example, refers to part of a ship, a structure over a river, a card game, or false teeth. Other examples are the English words "mete," "meat," and "meet," or the 13 verbs used to express more than 3000 meanings in Basic English.

4

THE solution to the difficulty presented by homonyms, and to the language reform movement as a whole, has been provided quite unintentionally by the Japanese radio, the only universally understood means of communication in Japan. I met many Japanese who admitted that they could not read newspapers. I never met any who had difficulty in listening to and understanding the radio (here I am referring to broadcasts in the colloquial language). And any language which can be understood when it is spoken aloud can be understood when written phonetically.

Japan now possesses two similar but distinct languages. In the written language used in newspapers and books, reporters and authors rival one another in the invention of amusing combinations of rare characters without caring whether these compounds can be understood when spoken. That this is a problem can be shown by the numerous attempts made to limit the number of characters. Since 1923 limitation has been tried by several newspapers, by individual authors, by language reform societies, and, as late as November, 1946, by the Japanese government (in all government documents). These attempts have been tried on a large enough scale to indicate that any future attempts at a partial cure will fail.

In the spoken language of the radio, however, broadcasters use only those words which can be understood when heard — in other words those which can be understood when written in a phonetic alphabet. A striking incident which shows the gulf between the two occurred when the Japanese surrendered. The Emperor broadcast his surrender message in the older form of the written language. The citizens of Karuizawa dutifully listened and staged a victory parade, during which they taunted internees in Karuizawa with having lost the war. An hour later the Emperor's broadcast was translated into colloquial spoken Japanese and rebroadcast. The victory parade in Karuizawa ended.

The success of Japanese radio broadcasting of the colloquial language indicates that a phonetic alphabet can be used immediately and successfully, without a transition period, if writers will follow the same precautions observed by the radio. Radio Tokyo has already published an exhaustive study in dictionary form of potential homonyms which should be avoided or paraphrased, and has provided popular substitutes for some of them. I doubt very much if this book will be needed by most Japanese writers, since they will only have to be sure that they write more or less as they talk, but it should be a useful guide in the early years of language reform.

What part should our Military Government play in language reform? Why must the initial impulse in language reform come from our Military Government rather than the Japanese themselves? The answer is that the Japanese rely on direction from above to an extent which it is hard for us to realize. Long after the Japanese newspapers were freed from censorship restrictions they continued to apply them voluntarily until they were twice ordered to print both sides of controversial questions. This slavish attitude, we hope, will disappear as the re-education of Japan progresses. In the past, this willingness to take orders from above has made possible spelling reforms in Japanese far more extensive than those unsuccessfully advocated by Theodore Roosevelt in English. Unless language reform is promoted by the Military Government, now the supreme authority in Japan, it will not be accepted by the Japanese people.

We have not hesitated to direct the Japanese to disarm, to break up the big trusts, to begin land reforms, and to rewrite their textbooks. Surely, unless the Japanese masses are reasonably literate and educated, these reforms will vanish from Japan with our armies. If we continue to allow writing in characters, only the 15 per cent or so of the Japanese who can afford a higher education will ever become literate. Why should we hesitate to direct the Japanese to write in a phonetic alphabet — a method of writing which their own liberals have advocated for over sixty years, which has been successfully employed since the beginnings of writing in Japan, and which will make widespread literacy possible?

It is only natural for the Military Government to hesitate to make what seems like a sweeping change in the Japanese way of life. Not unnaturally, the Military Government fears that such a move may give the nationalists a starting point for a resistance movement. Such fears might be justified if Japanese language reform meant an abrupt interruption in the Japanese historical tradition — if, for example, we tried to introduce Basic English instead. But language reform in Japan is not so much a break with the past as a return to a method of writing found in the earliest and best-known Japanese literature,

and still occasionally used at present. It is the recognition of the kind of Japanese successful on the radio today. We even have the example of Turkey, which in 1928 successfully carried out a much more drastic language reform involving a sharp break with the past.

I have often been asked why there has not been more popular demand from the Japanese for language reform. The answer is simply ignorance. The figures were brought together for the first time by the Education Subsection of SCAP, from scattered and relatively inaccessible sources. Thanks in part to Japanese government censorship, the facts come as a shocking surprise to most educated Japanese. In addition, we can hardly expect an illiterate to read that he is so. We cannot expect support from the militarists. We cannot expect support from most of the older intellectuals, who wish to maintain their tight monopoly on Japanese learning. But Japanese writers, publishers, and students to whom these facts have been shown have become enthusiastic converts to language reform.

We can, I am convinced, make any program of language reform a popular success if it is actively supported by our Military Government, if we tell the Japanese people the facts, and if we then give them as large a part as possible in the details (such as the choice of a phonetic alphabet).

We should take the issue by radio, not to the intellectuals, for these are already literate, but to the great mass of the Japanese people whose daily living will be most improved by the change, to the farmers and mechanics, the village and town mayors, the members of the local assemblies, the parent-teacher associations, the students (particularly in technical courses), the publishers, the small businessmen, and the labor unions. We should try for the greatest possible participation in the program by the greatest possible number of people. There is a great unsatisfied hunger among the Japanese people for this kind of civic activity. And we should put in charge of the program not the scholars, but as many as possible of the demobilized soldiers who have completed high school or college and who have seen what illiteracy has cost Japan in lack of efficiency, in poverty, in disease, in starvation, and, at the root of these, in wasted opportunities for a liberal, well-balanced education.

The Japanese now have compulsory education without compulsory literacy. If the Military Government decides in favor of language reform, education will automatically include some measure of literacy and one phase of the battle for the Japanese mind will have been won. A hundred years from now, historians may decide that one of the most powerful forces in guiding the Japanese away from the tragic errors of the past decade was the exchange of a Bronze Age language for a twentieth-century one.

"COPEY"

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

1

IT IS not possible to write about Charles Townsend Copeland without speaking in the first person. For "Copey" had the mysterious vitality to be found in every great teacher: you could not have acquaintance with him without thinking of him in relation to yourself.

My personal acquaintance with him was long deferred. When I first arrived in Harvard Square, fresh from what Barrett Wendell called "the wilds of Ohio," it was early July, and Harvard Summer School students were everywhere. As I moved about with much free time ahead of me into September, I noticed one morning in shop windows and on bulletin boards that "Mr. Copeland" was to read on a certain evening in Sever Hall. The wording of the announcement led me to feel that here was to be something unlike the lectures I had heard in the little college from which I had just come.

Although my roommate and I went early, we found the lecture hall overflowing into the main corridor of the building. Near us, three official-looking youngish men conferred seriously, and they decided to "go over and tell him" that he just had to read where there was more room — in the New Lecture Hall. When they started we trailed along close behind, in the hope of gaining advance information and securing seats.

From one of the upper windows of an ancient-looking dormitory a serious little man with cropped dark mustache and magnificent forehead looked out into the quiet of the Yard. One of the three hurried up. The man at the window vanished, and then the man who had gone up came to the window. "He does not wish to read in the New Lecture Hall."

"But tell him that the people simply cannot get in."

For decades Charles Townsend Copeland, known to the Yard as "Copey," was one of the two best-loved teachers of English composition at Harvard. Heywood Brown, John Reed, Walter Lippmann, Maxwell Perkins, and Walter Edmonds were five of the undergraduates who wrote for him in their time and who never forgot the hours spent in those beautiful rooms in Hollis. Late in his career "Copey" became Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, but this austerity in no way mitigated his magnetism, which is well described by his friend and Cambridge associate, ROLLO WALTER BROWN.

Then the man himself reappeared. "I wish to read in Sever."

"But already the hall is overflowing into the corridor."

"That is the way I want it."

We followed back to Sever Hall. By this time the audience — chiefly schoolma'ams in bright summer dresses — reached all the way through the corridor, down the entrance steps, and out into the Yard. While the men conferred anew — we learned that one of them was President Eliot's secretary — the stern little man we had seen at the window came trudging along the path with books under his arm.

It would be difficult to imagine a less academic-looking person than he was as he came up. He was small and shrunken, and he wore a checked suit, a collar of material that had a figure in it, and a black derby hat that seemed larger than his head, though it was not. He was then still under forty-five — I came later to know — but a shuffling walk and some vast disapproval in his face made him seem older. No one ever saw a professor who looked like this. He might have been an actor — as he was. For he seemed well enough aware that he was the cause of all the flurry, and that he was being looked at somewhat awesomely.

The men spoke to him with respect — one of them addressed him as "Mr. Copeland" — but with great earnestness. "You can see for yourself how it is."

"Let them crowd in."

"They are already standing everywhere, and sitting in the windows."

"Let them sit in the windows!"

Some of the crowd began to move nearer.

The three men sought to make themselves impressive. These Summer School students had paid their fees and were entitled to hear him — and could, if only he would be obliging enough to change his plans.

"Very well," at last he said dourly, "I suppose if I must, I must — damn it!"

He moved off toward the New Lecture Hall. Quickly the crowd had the news, and followed. As he marched along with great deliberateness he was

like a dark comet with a long spreading tail of a thousand bright dresses in the twilight.

When the last stragglers were in and the last woman had dropped her handbag and Copey had said warningly, "Now if you ladies will get a firm grip on everything," he was ready to read. But the mosquitoes bothered him, and he tried also to make war on them. While he sat with his eyes intent upon the page, he slowly lifted an open palm until it was poised just above his head, and read in resonant, deliberate voice,

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" —

Smack! And on into the next stanza.

He noticed the titters and suppressed laughter, and in the course of the next poem, he lifted his hand again, and the titters spread all over the hall. But this time he did not bring his hand down. And after he had finished the poem and was leafing ahead in the volume for the next one, his face revealed the faintest trace of a smile.

Clearly enough, I was in the presence of some sort of extraordinary person. I went to hear him whenever he read. But for months I regarded him only from afar.

Then one day when the frosts of autumn were upon the Yard and gusts of wind were denuding the old buildings of their brilliant ivy, a friendly professor suggested that Copey might be able to help me with some seventeenth-century letters in which I had become interested. The next afternoon at four o'clock I climbed the stairs in Hollis Hall to Copey's rooms. I knocked. I heard no one. I knocked again. Then I heard what seemed to be shuffling slippered feet, and the turning of the lock in the door. Then the door swung open, and there stood Copey like a thunder cloud.

"Damn it, young man, don't you know that I never see anybody until after ten in the evening? Why do you disturb me at this time of day?"

I drew desperately upon my resources: I explained that I had really been sent by one of his colleagues, who had said nothing about hours.

"Well, then, since you are here, come on in. But you must be brief. I have only five minutes. Sit down there and tell me what your errand is."

I stumbled through a hasty explanation of my interest in the letters.

"Oh! Oh!" And I could see the cloud stealing from his face. "So that is it." And the deliberate voice became almost intimate. "But I am not at all sure that I can be of the least help."

Then for an hour I listened to the most illuminating and brilliant talk my provincial young ears had ever heard. He completely forgot that I had come at the wrong time.

When I was ready to go and was making a floundering effort to express my appreciation, I said, "But you gave me no chance to tell you my name. It is Brown."

"Mine's Copeland!" he replied in his resonant platform voice, and then smiled as if we both must know that that was pretty good.

"And now since we have been properly introduced, why don't you come and see me some evening after ten o'clock? Just look for a light in that window over there in the corner. And if you see it, come on up."

2

IT WAS the beginning of a friendship destined to be without end. And as I saw more and more of Copey I came to understand how almost anything said about him by anyone who had ever seen him might express one facet of truth. For his stringent exterior and his quick sallies of wit and sarcasm were capable of such proportioning that he could be casually interpreted almost as one chose. He repelled many, and with such energy that they became eloquent. To these he was cranky; he was artificial, even in voice; he was a charlatan in the world of scholars. George Santayana, in speaking of his own official career at Harvard, referred to Copey as an "elocutionist" who "by declaiming" provided a "spiritual debauch" for "the many well-disposed waifs at Harvard living under difficult conditions."

Those who became Copey's followers were the ones who by friendly intuition or fortunate chance were led to see that Santayana and Copey constituted a head-on collision in philosophies. Santayana, by his own confession on various occasions, preferred to remain in the quiet backwaters and watch the main stream of very imperfect human beings go by. The "well-disposed waifs" at Harvard did not interest him deeply. And they did interest Copey — the ones who would not be scared off. These found themselves getting excited over discoveries that Copey helped them to make. They found themselves feeling adequate to discover thereafter whatever they needed or much wished. And they were filled with a robust gratitude. Copey's eccentricities became for them matters of affectionate regard; the undergraduate indignities suffered at his hands had to be talked about, and matched, and laughed at again and again as so many embellishments of the less obvious and greater Copey — until he became one of the company of picturesque legendary figures in three centuries of Harvard history.

Of course his followers had to linger long over his wit. Henry Ware Eliot wrote in *Harvard Celebrities*,

"If wit and madness be as like as Pope and others tell, Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes the padded cell."

Copey criticized the lines by reminding Eliot that it was not Pope but Dryden. Eliot thought that was only a technicality. "Dryden" would not fit into the line.

And every Copey disciple knew that Eliot was right. The fundamental truth was there: Copey was full of wit — of his own special brand. Or if it could

not always be called wit, it could be called whatever one liked. It was the expression of Copey.

There were countless examples — without drawing upon anything apocryphal. There was, for instance, that story — in many versions, but grounded solidly in fact — about Copey's reply to the maid. When he went to see his sister, Mrs. Dunbar, on Highland Street in Cambridge, and the Irish maid unexpectedly ran into him, threw up her hands in consternation, and exclaimed, "Jesus!" Copey very calmly replied, "No, no! Just Mrs. Dunbar's brother." When a student who felt sure that he would never become a writer asked Copey somewhat worshipfully how many of his former students had dedicated books to him, Copey proudly gave him the number — a large one. Then he added: "But Bill, I can tell you something else. I have had six kids named for me. So if you cannot qualify in one respect, perhaps you can in another." He was afraid that much of the current graduate study in English was only a process in de-education. So when he was told that a man who was seeking an assistantship in English already had his Ph.D., Copey turned and asked in stentorian voice: "And does he have the Ph.D. death rattle?"

Sometimes students found it difficult to appreciate his notions of what was amusing. When an undergraduate who was one of my friends arrived five minutes late at his first conference with Copey, Copey asked severely, "What are you doing here at this hour, my young man? I have no conference with anyone at 3.05." The "young man" apologized very humbly, and Copey used up the remainder of the time in telling him what students might expect in his courses if they undervalued promptitude. The next time the student arrived early, and Copey asked, as though puzzled: "What can I do for you, young man?"

"I came for my conference."

"But I have no conference with anyone at 2.55."

"It is for 3.00, but I didn't want to be late this time."

"Well, just go out and walk under the elms until 3.00."

A senior who all in all had an excellent college record, but had been careless in his course under Copey and was in danger of failing, and therefore losing his diploma, went to Copey somewhat too belatedly, somewhat too desperately. He came away with a brief report: "Copey called me a toad."

Sometimes he attached to his own experience a uniqueness that his most devoted friends did not find in it. Many years after my own university days were over I stopped at Hollis Hall to see Copey for a few minutes when he was having a year of leave. He lay upon a couch with a heavy towel that had been dipped in ice water on his forehead, and with his hands folded so neatly that he looked like a corpse.

"Do you suppose I am ever to be well again?" he asked.

"Of course you are — just as soon as you get away from here and quit thinking about students and lectures and themes and conferences."

"But you must remember that I am sixty-three years old."

"Now let me see," I replied in an effort to be comforting; "that is just twenty-six years younger than President Eliot, isn't it?"

The corpse sprang up, full of furious life. "My God! Don't you dare mention that man to me! The Lord just made him to show to people!"

Five minutes later I met Dean L. B. R. Briggs in the Yard, and he asked, "Have you seen Copey recently?"

"Just now." And I told him what Copey had said about being sixty-three years old.

"Why," the Dean replied with a tolerant beaming smile, "there have been several other people as old as that."

Nor did Copey hesitate to let it be known that he welcomed appreciation, and praise, and the widest possible publicity for anything he had done, or was doing, or was contemplating. He once told me that he had heard I meant to write a sketch of him, and asked me why I hadn't done it. I explained that I had had such a pleasant project in mind, but had deferred to a common friend who wished to write the sketch if ever he could get to it — though he did not. "But," Copey asked reprovingly, "would it be calamitous if both of you should write about me?"

Always there were stories about how this or that person had outshone Copey in brightness — about the class in English at Radcliffe that put twenty-three glasses of water (one for each girl) on his desk at the next meeting after he had requested one of the girls — "as though she were just a Harvard student" — to go and find the glass of water which he always required; about the girl dressed for tea when she came late to his afternoon course whom he asked, "One lump or two, Miss Smith?" and who retorted, "I'll have two, thank you, and no lemon"; about the tailor required by Copey to make him a new checked coat to take the place of one that had suffered a speck of damage in the course of pressing, who had the new coat delivered by a Negro boy wearing Copey's old coat of identical pattern; about the sharp-eyed little woman who had been scolded out of the audience by Copey because she could not stop coughing, who slipped in early to his next reading and sprinkled cayenne pepper all over the top of his desk and evened the score. Some of the many stories of this kind had a basis of fact. Some were only what somebody had thought of the next day or the next week and wished he had said or done on the spur of the moment. But whether they were the ones based on fact or the ones only savored with the reminiscent wish that it had been like that, they were truthful comments on the man for whom they were intended.

All such things were part of the miscellany that in

one way or another revealed something of Copey. But they were no more the complete expression of him than the stories of Whistler's wisecracks were the complete expression of Whistler the artist. Essentially Copey was in earnest. He enjoyed participating in the mighty enterprise of awakening young men. When once a student had discovered that, and had begun to know his own part in the experience, he looked upon Copey as an eccentric but devoted revealer of gifts from heaven.

There were conditions to be met. Everyone within the circle of his life had to come to full alertness. He required undivided attention, and would resort to any expedient, even a theatrical one, in order to get it. When he went, for instance, to one of his Summer School courses — open to men and women — and found a great body of pleasant but casual-looking students waiting for him, he wondered — very eloquently — if some of them had not got into the wrong room. After other preliminaries designed to create expectancy, he remarked, "My Uncle Toby once said" — and then he cast a commanding eye over the room and asked, "But who is 'my Uncle Toby'?"

He waited a few seconds, displayed impatience, and then became impetuous. "Am I to understand that no one here knows 'my Uncle Toby'?"

A young man lifted his hand timidly and ventured: "*Twelfth Night*?"

"No! No! My God, no! Not *Twelfth Night*! Where did you go to college — tell me?"

The man told him.

"And do you mean to say that you never heard about 'my Uncle Toby'? Who were your teachers of English?"

After a fearful silence, a young woman in the rear of the room lifted her hand, and Copey noticed.

"And will you tell us where 'my Uncle Toby' is?"

"In Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*."

"Why, of course! Of course! Of course! Here is a young lady who can tell us who 'my Uncle Toby' is. And where did you go to college?"

"Radcliffe."

"Radcliffe! The young lady who tells us where to find 'my Uncle Toby' is from Radcliffe! And did you have any courses with me while you were there?"

She mentioned two.

"Now you see! It is one of my own Radcliffe students who is able to tell us about 'my Uncle Toby.'"

And with an atmosphere of humility and awesomeness filling the room, he was ready to proceed into the hour and on into all the hours of the summer session.

3

HE HAD become master of two seemingly simple yet difficult means of teaching, and his chief hold upon students was through these: he read literature to them — in large groups; and he talked to them — one at a time, or in small groups. The era had not yet

come when professors asked, "But if I use my time in talking to students, when am I to get my work done?"

Copey's own commentary in his classroom lectures seemed never to be claiming his entire concern, though he was witty and discerning. But when he pushed aside the few sheets of lecture notes and took up the literature itself to read, he came to full life. His reading was so vivid, so complete an expression of the author read, that nobody could forget it. Men listened to him and wondered how they had in their own reading been so incompletely present. And that was precisely how Copey had planned to have it work out.

He liked the literature that read well aloud — and eventually compiled an enormous anthology called *The Copeland Reader*. In consequence, men went about in the Yard — and after — with their heads ringing with Dr. Johnson, and Blake, and Wordsworth, and Scott, and Lamb, and George Borrow, and Tennyson, and Dickens, and Hardy, and Stevenson, and Conrad, and Francis Thompson, and Kipling, and Walter de la Mare, and Masfield, and Abraham Lincoln, and Thoreau, and Whitman, and Mark Twain, and many and many another.

Such lecturing and such reading constituted only the workaday giving of courses. But when Copey announced a special evening reading, an hour that had for its sole purpose the giving of delight through profound or subtle revelation, that was an event in academic annals.

Of course there were certain to be amusing preliminaries and accompaniments. These were expected. Many a student would have felt cheated if Copey had sat down becomingly and read. At the appointed hour somebody had to lock the door against late-comers; somebody had to open a window — or close it — or open one and close another — or open or close two or three; somebody had to see that a glass of water was on the desk just the right distance away — and in the right direction; everybody had to choke off all coughing; and Copey himself had to readjust the reading light time after time.

To the uninitiated these matters were artificial and sometimes annoying. But where was there another man who could fill a lecture hall to overflowing with university students of every degree of sophistication, just to hear him read? They knew that they were not being deceived. Copey read so imaginatively, he was so vivid himself, that students had the enjoyable feeling of seeing luminously what they had before been wholly unaware of, or had felt but vaguely. It was something to see: a hall packed with students listening intently to a man read for an hour from the Old Testament, and finding themselves moved to the verge of tears as he closed: —

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

One could not forget his reading. Yet it was in his other means of bringing students to aliveness, his talking to them in his conference room or study, that many found the chief good of his teaching. In his course in writing, after a student had done all else that was required, he sat in Copey's presence and read his theme, broke out in a cold sweat to see how less than perfect it was, now that he read it in the presence of the Mighty Conscience, and heard the criticism that Copey dictated and that he himself wrote on the outside of the theme. "And put down an A with a long minus." Or it might be "a B with a big plus," or "two B's."

But in his talk as well as in his reading it was when he was half or wholly away from the workaday that he became most completely unforgettable. When the light was in the window after ten o'clock, men made their way up the wooden stairs that had thus resounded to the tramp of feet since before the building had been used as barracks in the Revolutionary War, past rooms that had been occupied by a long succession of men more or less known in America, and finally to a room in which Ralph Waldo Emerson had broken the ice in the washbasin on winter mornings one year while he was in college.

Sometimes Copey welcomed them personally. Sometimes he was already sitting erect in the good-sized chair close at one side of the fireplace — where he always seemed to be on a dais — and an earlier student opened the door, or hurried back into the next room to bring out one more chair.

"Sit right there!" Copey would command from his place of eminence, and the late arrival obeyed.

One evening a hesitant freshman ventured in when the only chair left was a small painted one opposite Copey almost in the fireplace. "Right there!" Copey directed. "Sit right there!"

His brilliance that evening was extraordinary even for him, and everyone sat intent and inquiring. Suddenly Copey broke off in the middle of a sentence with a "My God, young man!"

The fire had steadily grown hotter, the paint on the chair was smoking and blistering, and the freshman's face looked as if he himself were in danger of bursting into flame. "You do know how to hold the fort, don't you?"

Very privately some of Copey's followers believed that he kept the little painted chair there close against the fireplace as an initial test of loyalty. Men who could stand such a scorching would be sure to come again.

No one — not even Copey himself — knew the direction the talk might take. It might begin in some such conventional way as, "And where are you from?"

"From Ohio — southeastern Ohio."

"But you do not have the Midwestern guttural r-r-r-r!"

"Half of my family came over the mountains from Virginia."

"Ah! that explains it." And since regions all over

the United States were represented in the bright room, the interesting question of migrations and regional speech might claim the greater part of the evening.

But students were always hoping that the talk could be turned to Copey's own experience — to literary gossip, to the great actors and actresses that Copey had come to know when he was writing for the *Boston Post* before he came to Harvard. He had written a life of Edwin Booth in the *Beacon Biographies*, and always somebody was ready to ask him about Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth — if there were a half-chance. And Ellen Terry, and Duse, and Bernhardt, and Mrs. Fiske — would Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe ever equal them? Or somebody started him off on the Harvard men of only yesterday who were already distinguished — a heavy percentage of them, it seemed, Copey's own students. Teddy Roosevelt had to be considered also, and what he was doing with the big stick. And did everybody know that the tall young Roosevelt in the Yard at the time was Teddy's cousin? And who were some of the recent poets who deserved to survive? Sometimes Copey had to take down two or three volumes and read a little to make clear just why he believed as he did.

In such talk, in the presence of a dozen men who had come because their own enthusiasm had brought them, Copey's mind and tongue were freed. But almost more interesting still, the students began to find their own minds and tongues freed, so that they expressed themselves with a clearness and a certainty that until a moment ago they did not know they could command.

Before midnight some of those nearest the door slipped very unobtrusively away. After a time, when several had gone in this manner in order not to break the current of the conversation, all the others were standing and having — or hearing — a final word, and saying good-bye. One or two carried the chairs back and put them where they belonged; and then there was a bulge of cheerful voices on the stairs as the last of the group descended.

4

THUS the procession of Copey's awakened ones grew and reached farther and farther until it had spread all over the United States and more or less over the world. In such a center as New York City they became so numerous that they felt called upon to have Copey come to them. At first he refused. To a man who had never been "farther west than Philadelphia, or farther south than Philadelphia," even New York seemed remote. But one day in the Yard at the northwest corner of University Hall, the same man who had once prevailed upon Copey to give up Sever and go to the New Lecture Hall to read, prevailed upon him to go to his former students in New York.

It became an annual pilgrimage — a kind of royal progress, since each year the committee in charge tried to outdo the committee of the preceding year in devising sumptuous ways of expressing appreciation. Copey rode in state; he saw what he wished to see; he refused to see whatever he thought he would not care for; he was let alone when he wished to have quiet; and then at a grand dinner in the Harvard Club, he read to the men who had named themselves The Charles Townsend Copeland Association. Before many spring seasons had passed, men were traveling from other regions to the New York meeting — down from Boston and up from Philadelphia and Washington.

Especially after he had retired from the faculty at Harvard — where late he was elevated to the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory to succeed Dean L. B. R. Briggs, in a succession that began with John Quincy Adams — did his former students crowd in upon him on special occasions, and remember him on his birthday as if he were a President of the United States. He was happy to hear from so many, to know with great certitude that he had been influential in so many lives — and no small number of them very distinguished lives.

But he hated to have to remember that he was growing old. Being a retired teacher was not quite the same as being a teacher. He missed the cheerful voices on the resounding stairs of Hollis Hall. He missed Hollis itself — after he had moved into a complicated apartment house equipped with all such contrivances as door telephones, elevators, and garbage incinerators.

He had preoccupations that were revealed in unpredictable ways. He had never met Edwin Arlington Robinson, though both were from Maine. Once when "E.A." was coming to our house on his way through Boston and Cambridge I arranged to take him to Copey's apartment. It would be interesting just to sit back and hear these two discuss poetry and poets.

As we crossed the Cambridge Common, Robinson said, as if he might be the least bit nervous, "I wish I were a good talker — like Frost — for I know Copey is. But I am not, and never was. So I've just tried to put the best of myself into my poems and let it go at that."

Copey, though, made everything easy. He greeted us at the door with, "Now no introduction is necessary. Come right in, and sit right down, for we must have all the time for talk."

But the talk took a strange direction. Copey told us that he had been sitting there reading something

that his mother had written when she was well toward four score years old. She was in a calm frame of mind, she said, yet she saw there in the room with her at the moment her own mother, who had been dead many years.

"Now what do you make of that?" Copey asked Robinson. And they were away on a lively discussion of immortality that occupied the entire evening. Not one word was said about any literary matter until just as we were leaving. "Here, come back for a moment," Copey commanded, "and write your name opposite this poem of yours that I like particularly."

The years advanced, and Copey did not like the fact. He was resistant. One morning when he was taking his accustomed walk in the Cambridge Common, I said when I met him: "Why, Copey, I haven't seen you looking so well in ten years."

"Yes, I know," he replied; "but you see, I am eighty-two years old — God damn it!"

Yet he lived right on, and had a pretty good time, thank you. Always there were his students — those countless expressions of something that at least in small part was himself. I met them wherever I went — and covered the backs of envelopes with messages to carry to Copey. On a train between San Francisco and Seattle the man across the table in the dining car was reading a book — an interesting book. "A teacher I had in college started me off at this," he explained, "and I have never stopped." It came out that the teacher was Copey. In southern France one afternoon while I basked in the sun on the mountainside above Montpellier with a man whom I had not met until that morning — a man of importance today in the world of letters — he told me that when he was not finding it easy to earn food and shoe soles in college, he had a great friend in a professor who could say to one, "Well, God bless you, my boy," and slip two or three five-dollar bills into one's palm with his firm handshake and never cause the slightest twinge of embarrassment. And a man back from the Aleutians said, "Funny thing, though I imagine there must be others who have had the same experience; but I always got a bit of a lift just from being with Copey."

If one could see the map of the world as it is, there would be unbreakable and shining threads running back from spots of Copey's influence everywhere to Cambridge, Massachusetts. Nobody knows this better than Copey himself. That is how he lives. He does not need to peruse what someone has written in a book about the abiding satisfactions of life.

THE MAN OF FEAR

by CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON

I

THE man of fear is well known to the reading public of America. He is patronized by the advertising agencies, who believe that he reads the cheaper family magazines, the ones with the big circulations of which *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* are typical. Not only do he and his wife read the stories and the short editorials; they also glance through the advertisements and on occasion spend part of their small income according to what they read.

The man of whom I write is a matter of deep and costly speculation to those who spend so much money in their attempts to influence his purchases. They have made it their business to find out how he feels towards his wife and his car; they know of his ambitions, and above all they know of his fears. They have in fact made him as he is, and now they talk to him. He, a modern but polite Frankenstein monster, returns the compliment by making their businesses profitable. What he purchases he uses. He is the man for whom and on whom the whole of our mercantile society exists. Uncle Sam was run over by a train, shortly after Appomattox. Babbitt lost his money in the depression and now spends a disgraced old age in Mid-West seclusion. Their successor, who may or may not be their heir, has inherited a few of their traits, but in essentials he is a very different man.

He belongs, to use a quaint old phrase, to the lower middle class, the class that makes magazine circulation run into the millions. Such social distinctions, however, have long been almost meaningless in this country, and he can better be described as being educated to a point slightly below that at which intelligent criticism begins. Frankly, he is rather stupid. What is worse, he suspects that he is not too bright, for his salary shows him what society thinks of him. Let us follow his curious career.

He springs to light, in the advertisements, like Pallas Athene, fully clothed and aged about sixteen. Thus deprived of the joys of childhood, he is con-

fronted immediately with the problem of securing a mate, a problem which appears to be almost insoluble. His first girl turns him down — even though she has described him as a fine hunk of American manhood — because he uses a mouthwash of which she does not approve. His next flame, a callous little number, cannot stand a man with dirty shoes. Still hopeful, he hurries off to the approved drugstore, that dear old symbol of His Way of Life, where he buys the recommended shoe soap.

But he has been looking at his feet too long. He has absent-mindedly bought a hair tonic which makes him look “sappy,” and his next girl, a nasty-minded creature, suspects him of unnatural vice. He realizes now that it is high time he pulled himself together. With clean shoes and the proper sort of collar, his hair neither on end nor flattened down, perfectly shaven and smelling slightly of peppermint, ready, as he thinks, for anything, he invites the girl of his choice for a ride in his automobile. Surely now, when she is about to embark for Cythera — surely, at last? But no. He has forgotten to clean his car with the correct car cleaner.

You may think these minxes cruel and thoughtless. You must, in charity, realize that they are being continually exacerbated by irritating personal problems of their own. For one thing, they sweat all the time. They need laxatives, but do not know how to buy them until a friend offers a helpful suggestion. Before they discover the restorative qualities of a certain type of fruit juice, they are frequently so tired that they cannot even play tennis, let alone accept a mate. And, once a month, they are confronted with an intimate problem so embarrassing to their pure minds that many a tear-soaked pillow bears witness to the misery endured at the previous evening's dance.

It may seem remarkable that such people manage to procreate at all. Yet somehow it is done, and the sweet-smelling bride, her blushes hidden by thick layers of approved cosmetics, is led by the handsome, unconstipated groom to the altar in the dear little church on the hill. At this point the stories for which the magazine is ostensibly published usually come to an end, the wife preparing her little secret, the husband puffing contentedly at his pipe. But in those advertisements which surround the later and less ac-

“On my return to the U.S. after seven years spent in various armies overseas,” writes CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON, “certain things which one had previously taken for granted now seem very peculiar. I have tried to make an objective study of the nauseous side of contemporary advertising.”

cessible parts of the stories, their troubles have only just begun. There is no contentment for them.

For one thing, the husband lives in imminent terror of losing his job. He is tired, cannot make those important snap decisions. His wife saves the family fortunes in the nick of time by changing to a new breakfast food. But he is still frightened. His thoughts begin to wander from his ledger, particularly in hot weather, and although she fills him as full of bran as a prize-winning hog, it is only iced coffee, of all things, that can save him now. Luckily he happens to come across a glass of the delicious, nourishing beverage; immediately he can face a whole room of pink-faced executives without even bothering to consult his notes. This is just as well, since he has no brief case and, as usual, has left his notes on the streetcar. It is really more by luck than good management that he succeeds in feeding his family at all.

2

BUT there is one ray of sunshine in his life. His wife, you will be pleased to hear, is a good wife to him. It is never even suggested that she might run off with a devil-may-care he-man or a vice-president of General Motors who smells like a Gloire de Dijon rose. She loves her husband. She is thoughtful. Because she buys him the sort of underwear men like, he loves her more and more. That she should continue to be so kind to him, in spite of her own not inconsiderable worries, shows what she has learned since those nervous prenuptial days.

In the first place there are the children. The difficulties she has had in bringing up those two unattractive brats are appalling. Getting the right jars for the baby food was not easy. Then Junior, at the age of four, nearly died of a blister on his thumb. His little sister would more than once have been mangled into sausage meat had her mother-in-law not recommended a safe wringer. And eat! The greedy little things have snacks at all hours of the day, with vitamins. Her worries are never over. If Junior, at midnight, decides that he wants a glass of double-enriched milk and a lump of cheese the size of a football, then Junior gets just that. But Mother makes sure that the cheese is wrapped in a type of cellophane which is sanitary and which keeps the tasty food from contamination.

They dote on their children, do these two. The only sign of domestic horror which ever appears is implied, not stated. It is an allusion to the way the dear little things behave on trains. Father, afterwards, finds it easier to travel with the family by plane, and mother is delighted when she hears that it is no more expensive that way.

So much for their home life. Their pleasures, I regret to say, are sad and few, and forever influenced by worry. Motoring, just driving in a car, seems to be their main form of relaxation, their only other being an occasional stuffy bridge party. They are

both frightened of their motorcar. Each new one fills them with delight, but soon the well-known symptoms reappear. The tires are likely to blow out; the windshield wiper does not guarantee safety; the whole thing is likely to burst into flames when Father forgets to put in fresh brake fluid. One awful night, when Father was changing tires in the middle of a snowstorm, it was only the fact that he possessed a new-type flashlight that saved him from being run over. It is odd that two Americans should be so frightened when traveling by car today.

Then, of course, there are the questions of the neighbors, peeping and sneering from behind their lace curtains. Naturally Father and Mother want to appear richer than they are. This is achieved quite simply. The floors are covered with linoleum and the house is filled with glass. A long mirror is installed opposite the front door, the place where father usually ties his tie. But soon a sort of social schizophrenia appears, a quandary of snobberies which is difficult to resolve.

On the one hand, they want to be different from other people. They become interested in gracious living. Mother prides herself on her discriminating taste and buys a Chippendale radio-phonograph. They cease to use their attic as an attic. It is turned into a showpiece, which the neighbors admire with suitable gasps of astonishment.

So far so good. But it is difficult to mix such ostentation with their other social ambition, a heritage from Babbitt, a desire to be exactly like everybody else. In general, it may be said, they achieve an uneasy compromise. They alternate between drinks of distinction and whiskey which fairly reeks of the corner saloon. And when Mother says, with a smile, that a certain railroad makes her feel like a princess, Father chucks her under the chin and tells her that he has bought some insurance, because millions do.

Father and Mother become less clear-cut as they approach middle age. Old age merely exists as they visualize it when young. They do not look forward to it with pleasure. Can you blame them, after all they have been through? There is the overhanging threat that something may happen to Father. It is surprising that he is not more cheered at the prospect, for he must realize the horrors of old age. He has only to observe the spectacle of Grandma being laughed at by Junior because she does not wear a modern hearing aid.

And this interminable business about insurance. Father, as we know, carries some on social grounds, but hardly enough. His father-in-law, to whom he refers as "the old gentleman," has had to come and live with them because of his lack of enlightenment when young, and that sort of thing leads to awkward questions from the children. Now Mother's eyesight begins to fail. She is missing things. This, for some reason, depresses her. Then Father discovers that, because of his neglect in not buying metal supports, the whole floor is in danger of falling through into the cellar. On this ominous note, and to the accompani-

ment of a distant rattle of dental plates, they disappear into an old age which will doubtless be as miserable as their frustrated youth and insecure maturity. One wonders whether they will even be able to afford a decent funeral.

There is only one more word to be said about them, and that deals with the faith which has supported them through their hard lives. Though we are led to understand that they belong to some church or another — at least they were married in one — their real belief is in witchcraft. Not the cheerful witchcraft of Walpurgisnacht and the sticking of pins into wax figures, but an open-mouthed acceptance of anything bearing a resemblance to the "science" which they were taught to worship at school. A few examples will suffice. Father buys a tobacco because it has been "proved in a laboratory" that it can be inhaled. When they were first married, Mother chose the bed-springs because they had been tested at the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, although for what they were tested she never knew. Their eye lotion is a scientific blend of seven ingredients; the ingredients are not specified. Their food and their medicines are covered with abracadabra, incantations to their cold divinity. Father, in his nervous manner, can recite percentages by the hour. Even their dog nearly died of a "new malady only recently discovered by science."

All this is somewhat unfair. I have ignored the considerable number (29 per cent) of advertisements which are more, rather than less, straightforward — the type which claims that the thing advertised is good, cheap, or desirable, and nothing more. It should be noted that such advertisements usually occupy very little space and deal in general with useful items such as carpenters' tools or playing cards. To sell such articles must, in any case, be comparatively simple. It is the selling of the unnecessary

commodities on which the ingenuity of the advertising agencies is most lavishly expended.

The fear advertisements constitute the biggest proportion (34 per cent), with fear of death leading the field, followed closely by fear of social disgrace, and with sexual fear running a good third. To frighten a mother about her children also appears to be good salesmanship.

Sex in a positive aspect, as opposed to the negative one of sexual fear, has a surprisingly low place in this type of family magazine. The deformed pin-up girl is there, but she manages only to effect a statistical tie with gracious-living snobbery (again, the reverse side of social fear) at 10 per cent.

What I have called witchcraft gets 8 per cent. Gluttony, with its multicolored plates of enormous meals flanked by passages of purple prose, gets 3 per cent. The Get Rich Quick appeal (correspondence courses; flashier clothes for the more successful salesman) ties with the Progress Myth ("this year's car is entirely different from last year's") at a surprisingly low 2 per cent.

Finally there are the miscellaneous advertisements, of which the greater proportion are based on rather weak jokes. They run to 10 per cent of the total.

It may be noticed that the percentage total is 108. This is accounted for by the fact that some advertisers are not content with one bullet. Thus a character who uses a greasy hair tonic gets knocked down by a passing he-man. Later he switches to the approved scalp dressing and wins himself a girl with watermelon breasts.

There can be no doubt that in the minds of the bigger advertisers the best emotion for encouraging the buying of useless goods is fear. There can also be no doubt that such advertisers know their public. Their formula appears to be simple: Get them frightened and keep them down.





AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE BLIND GODDESS

by VITTORIA DI SERMONETA

THIS tale was written in times when it would have been dangerous to publish it, for levity was not allowed in connection with Fascism. Now war has swept over Italy, Mussolini has gone, and Frascati and the other fair towns of the Alban Hills are clusters of desolate ruins. But the state lottery still exists, and Romans continue to play it as in happier days. — THE AUTHOR

IT happened in Rome, during the days of Mussolini's power. Miss Julia Duncan and her guest, the old Marchesa del Carmine, had just sat down to luncheon in the former's apartment in Rome when a violent clamor of passionate female voices arose, proceeding from the kitchen and penetrating to the sanctity of the dining room. Miss Julia, dismayed, stared at her faithful butler Giuseppe, who shook his head and departed on a punitive expedition towards the back premises. But, strangely enough, his voice was heard added to the others in shrill exclamations, and when he returned to where the two ladies, with unfolded napkins, sat waiting for their *risotto ai fegatini*, he was in a state of excitement bordering on collapse.

"Signora!" he panted. "Something terrible has happened!"

Miss Duncan, who was gray-haired and eminently respectable, turned quite pale. She had come to Italy as a tourist soon after the First World War and had fallen deeply in love with the whole country. After wandering about from hotel to hotel in Milan, Bologna, Firenze, Perugia, Lucca, and many

other towns, like a bee in a herbaceous border, she finally settled down in Rome; and, as she adored local color and disliked everything modern, she rented a small apartment in an old Palazzo.

The plumbing and the sanitary arrangements were very sketchy and the geyser in the shabby bathroom blew up periodically with a truly frightening explosion, but the drawing room was vast, with a lofty ceiling exquisitely decorated with frescoes. On a vine-covered trellis, festooned with pale-green and purple grapes, peacocks and monkeys were pursued by agile *amorini*, while small birds flew across the spaces of azure sky. This ceiling gave Miss Duncan much pleasure and she never failed to point out the quaintest monkey and the prettiest *amorino* to her visitors.

Her chief pride was neither of these, however, but her brother, who was a bishop. She talked of him whenever it was possible to bring him into the conversation, and it was remarkable how often this occurred. Whether you spoke of cabbages or kings, Miss Duncan would begin: "As my brother the Bishop wrote to me the other day —" and she was off, perfectly happy, vaunting his sagacity and saintliness.

It was therefore natural, when the faithful Giuseppe was about to announce a catastrophe, that her thoughts should fly to the person she cared for most.

"My brother the Bishop —" she faltered, and could say no more.

"No, no," groaned Giuseppe, "it is Maddalena. What a calamity for us all, *che disgrazia!*"

"Just my luck!" thought the old Marchesa, who knew that Maddalena was the cook.

Miss Duncan rose from her chair. "Has she been taken ill, poor thing?" she exclaimed. "I must go to her."

Except in the war years, VITTORIA COLONNA, DUCHESS OF SERMONETA, has wintered in Rome and summered in England, since her early youth. She was brought up in the Palazzo Colonna and was married in 1901 to Leone Caetani — later Duke of Sermoneta. The marriage united two of the last three existing "baronial" families, whose records go back to the year 1000. Her autobiography, *Things Past*, was published by Appleton in 1929.

But the butler threw out his hands.

"There is nothing to be done, it is too late," he answered, and Miss Duncan sank back half fainting. "Not dead?" she whispered.

"Signora, what an idea! She is perfectly well, but she forgot to play at the Lotto yesterday."

Miss Duncan did not know what he was talking about, but the Marchesa del Carmine was suddenly galvanized into intense interest. She turned her ferret nose in the direction of the butler.

"And did her numbers come out?" she inquired eagerly.

"Every one of them, Signora Marchesa, all four! It would have been the *quaterna*, just think! She was going to play ten lire for herself and five lire each for Lisetta and myself. We had given her the money to do so. But when she went out marketing yesterday, it rained so hard she hurried home and forgot to pass by the Banco di Lotto. *Che disgrazia!*"

"It is a real *disgrazia*," said the Marchesa with awed sympathy. "You would all have been rich today."

Giuseppe assented; then remembering his duties he braced himself, wiped his forehead, and vanished behind the screen, reappearing shortly afterwards with a steaming dish of *risotto*.

"What on earth does he mean?" asked Miss Duncan.

"Do you mean to say you have never heard of the Lotto, *mia cara*? It is the state lottery, and a very great number of people play it every week."

"I don't know anything about it," murmured the British spinster.

"It's like this: if you choose two numbers and they come out, you get a small sum and that is called an *ambo*; if you guess three right it is a *terno* and you win a great deal more; but if you are lucky enough to play four numbers and they all come out, it is the *quaterna* — which very rarely occurs — and you win an enormous sum. Of course your winnings are in proportion to what you stake." The Marchesa looked up at Giuseppe, who by now was presenting her with the dish of rice. "Who gave the cook those numbers?" she inquired.

"Her dead mother three nights ago," answered Giuseppe sorrowfully. "It would have been the *quaterna secca*, too."

"*Seccal!*" screamed the Marchesa. "*Maria santissima!*"

"Yes, Signora Marchesa. Maddalena dreamed of her mother on Wednesday. The good soul came to ask her daughter if she was happy and she said yes, but that she would like to have more money, and added: 'Give me some numbers to play at the Lotto.' So her mother gave her four numbers."

The Marchesa was so shocked that she was unable to swallow her rice. "Do you mean to say that *after that* she did not play them?"

"The poor woman has no head," said Giuseppe, "and that has been our ruin. When she told us of her dream, we knew it meant a fortune for us all.

It is so very rare that someone in a dream gives you four numbers, is it not, Signora Marchesa?"

"Very, and if they do, one seldom can remember them next morning; one should always sleep with a pencil and paper near one's bed."

"The Signora Marchesa is right. This was so clear that we felt it was a genuine message, and then that poor fool forgot to stop at the Lotto and play!"

"It is incredible!" said the Marchesa, and Giuseppe sighed gustily.

2

WHEN their guest left, the butler made a formal apology to Miss Duncan. He was an excellent servant, well trained and friendly, as all Italians are, and he felt remorseful that all this excitement had disturbed the Signora Mees Duncan's luncheon. He never called her the Signorina Duncan, as he considered it too frivolous a title for a dignified lady who was sister to a bishop.

"It didn't really matter, Giuseppe," said Miss Duncan, graciously accepting his apology. "The subject seemed to interest the Marchesa very much. Do you often play the Lotto?"

"One lira every Saturday morning, Signora. I have done so all my life, and once, in 1907, I won a *terno*. It gives me something to look forward to."

"I think I must go and tell Maddalena how sorry I am for her," said Miss Duncan, who was very fond of her three servants.

There seemed to be a reception, almost of an official character, going on in the kitchen. Two handsome youths in gray-green breeches and black shirts wheeled about and flung up their right arms in the Fascist salute as she opened the door.

"They are my brother and my cousin," said the little housemaid.

"Already in the Army?" asked Miss Duncan.

"Not quite, Signora, they are still *Avanguardisti*."

A boy of about twelve, also in uniform, stepped forward and saluted smartly. "This *Babilla* is my son," said Giuseppe, "and this *Giovane Italiana* is my daughter." He pushed forward a little girl dressed in a white shirt and black skirt with a becoming cap. "And this is my brother Antonio. He is in the *Milizia*."

A middle-aged man, with a decided paunch, rose from his chair. He was also in uniform. Miss Duncan shook hands all round, and then a very small boy indeed popped out from behind Maddalena's petticoats. He was a toddler of six, but he also wore uniform and threw up his right arm.

"My niece's son: he is a *Figlio della Lupa*," said the cook sadly, still thinking of her lost fortune. The Son of the Wolf, untroubled by financial cares, grinned chubbily.

"There was a review in the *Via dell' Impero* this morning," explained Giuseppe, "and they all had to take part in it. They came on here afterwards to

tell us how well they had marched past the Duce. They think he was very pleased with them."

"I'm sure he was," said kind Miss Duncan. "Maddalena, I'm very sorry to hear of your bad luck."

Maddalena's sobs rose noisily to the surface once more. "The good soul of my mother will be so angry with me!" she wailed. "She will never trouble to come back again and give me other numbers!"

"She might," said Miss Duncan soothingly. "She may not mind just one mistake." But all the others looked extremely doubtful.

"If only it had not rained and if I had not worn my new coat that has just been turned, I would not have forgotten." The tears were rolling down Maddalena's cheeks.

"Well, it's no good worrying about it any more," remarked Miss Duncan. "Why don't you take all these young people to the cinema? I'll pay for the tickets."

So they all eventually departed en masse, smiling, thanking, saluting, and Miss Duncan soon afterwards went out herself to leave her card at the British Embassy.

The story of the missed fortune had made a great impression on Miss Duncan, and for two or three days she repressed a growing desire to try her own luck at the Lotto.

One evening when her butler came into the drawing room to bring her the usual tumbler of hot water with a slice of lemon, which she enjoyed sipping just before bedtime, she plucked up courage to say:—

"Do you know, Giuseppe, I think it would amuse me to play at the Lotto this week."

It was a relief to find that he received this announcement as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Certainly, Signora. If you write down the numbers for me I will take them to the Banco myself."

So the worst was over, but Miss Duncan did not understand how the Lotto worked, and Giuseppe had to give her further information on the subject. He fetched last Saturday's newspaper and found the sheet containing the Lotto results of that day. They both put on their spectacles and the two gray heads bent over the *Giornale d'Italia* together.

"Look, Signora," said Giuseppe, pointing at this announcement:—

LOTTO PUBLICO

Milano	57-88-34-38-58
Bari	41-21-90-84-71
Firenze	70-81- 3-34-69
Napoli	2-23-72-78-82
Palermo	20-55-59-85- 2
Roma	69-21-32-83- 1
Torino	30-86-72-27-70
Venezia	43-28-27-77-84

"You see, the numbers are extracted in eight different towns. You can play on 'all the extractions,' which gives you eight times as many chances to win, but of course then you get less. But if you choose only one 'wheel,' as we call it, or town, and

if your numbers come out and you have guessed right, you win eight times more. That was the terrible thing that happened to us all the other day: Maddalena's mother had distinctly told her to play the four numbers on the wheel of Rome, and it would have been the *quaterna secca*. It is almost impossible to get."

"Then must I choose a town as well as the numbers?" asked Miss Duncan anxiously.

"I don't think so," said Giuseppe thoughtfully. "It is so rare that one can guess the right one. I would play 'all the extractions' to begin with, if I were the Signora."

So she followed his advice and wrote down the first three numbers that came into her head, 6, 12, 17, and handed the slip of paper together with a five-lire piece to her butler.

3

THE next few days passed with a sense of pleasurable anticipation. As Giuseppe had very rightly said, it gave one something to look forward to. Miss Duncan basked in the sunshine of the Pincio in the morning, paid her little visits in the afternoon, and knitted cozily in her armchair in the evening, with the constant thought at the back of her mind that something nice might happen on Saturday.

And it did. On Saturday the butler burst into the drawing room with the *Giornale d'Italia* in his hand.

"Signora!" he announced with intense delight. "You have won your *terno*. The numbers came out at Bari."

There it was in black and white:—

Bari 19-6-12-39-17

The line contained her three numbers; it was wonderful.

"And if the Signora had only thought of one number more, say 39, it would have been the *quaterna*! And if I had thought of Bari, it would have been the *quaterna secca*! I should have done so, for I had an uncle who died ten years ago and who kept a restaurant there. *Peccato*!"

All the same, Miss Duncan won 2666 lire. Giuseppe went off to fetch her winnings and she gave a hundred lire to each of her three servants, so everyone was happy.

After this successful start, gambling at the Lotto became a regular habit with Miss Duncan. She risked only small sums, usually trying two or three different combinations for the *terno*, and it seemed as though Saturdays never came round fast enough—it was so exciting looking up the numbers in the paper or seeing them posted up over the door of the little Banco di Lotto offices. But after the first day, luck deserted her and poor Miss Duncan never managed to win again.

Giuseppe was anxious and sympathetic. He said

it seemed as though they were doing it on purpose.

"The Signora should not choose any number that comes into her head," he finally advised, forgetting that it was by that method she had won before. "Everything that happens is connected with a number, and it is all recorded in print. With the Signora's permission I will lend her the book."

He left the room and presently returned with a much thumbed paper volume that he presented ceremoniously on a salver. Miss Duncan picked it up gingerly. Its title was: *Il libro dei Sogni ossia l'Eco della Fortuna, per i giuocatori di Lotto* — "The book of Dreams or the Echo of Fortune, for the players of Lotto."

On the cover was a picture of a gentleman with a black mustache, asleep in bed — a very grand bed surmounted by a lofty canopy and draped with rose-colored curtains — while the Goddess of Fortune, represented as an auburn-haired lady, securely blindfolded but inadequately clothed in a sea-green tunic, showered golden coins out of a cornucopia all over the counterpane.

"If the Signora likes to keep it to study, she is welcome, for it requires a good deal of thought. If she dreamed of anything, say a little white dog or a dish of spaghetti, she will find the corresponding number to it in the book."

"But I never dream!" cried Miss Duncan despairingly.

"It is the same if some event happens. One should make use of it. When I won my *terno* in 1907 my aunt had fallen down and broken her leg. As soon as they took her to the hospital I looked up the numbers in my book and played 45 (Aunt), 5 (Leg), and 24 (Accident). They all came out in Firenze, where the accident occurred, and of course I had played on the Firenze wheel."

It was the one bright memory of Giuseppe's life and he referred to it as often as Miss Duncan referred to her brother the Bishop.

Miss Duncan spent her solitary evenings reading Giuseppe's book with the help of a dictionary to understand the more unusual words. It was a most engrossing occupation.

To dream of eating apricots means health, pleasure, and content. Play: 25-40-70.

To dream of monkeys means that enemies are attempting to harm you. Play: 13-29-48.

To dream that your hips have become wider and stronger than usual means you will have fine children. Play: 5-30-44.

To dream of finding lice in your hair means a great deal of money. Play: 14-22-64.

Sometimes Miss Duncan blushed and turned over the page hurriedly: practically every contingency in life had been foreseen. In another part of the volume was a long list of the most unexpected words. All had their corresponding numbers.

Meanwhile the weeks slipped away. Every morning when Lisetta drew back the curtains and wished Miss Duncan "*Buon giorno*," she inquired mean-

ingly if she had slept well, and the spinster, sitting up in her chaste little bed, patted down her gray locks and answered: "Too soundly. I dreamed of nothing at all."

Lisetta would sigh, and later on as she dusted the drawing room could be heard singing in a sad little voice: "*Cara piccina, no, cosi non va. . .*"

4

IN April a letter from her brother the Bishop threw Miss Duncan into a flutter of pleasurable anticipation, for he announced his long-promised visit to Rome. The flat was immediately swept and garnished, the one spare bedroom aired, and Lisetta was given a new black frock with some muslin aprons. In the excitement of these preparations Miss Duncan forgot all about the Lotto that week, but Giuseppe, who kept his head, played 61 (Bishop) and 17 (Journey), trying for a modest *ambo*. Unfortunately, 61 alone came out, but next to it was 55, which means Brother; so Giuseppe was dreadfully upset and cursed himself for a fool, for he should have known that the fact of the Bishop's being Miss Duncan's brother was more important than that of his traveling. His mistaken judgment was severely censured by Maddalena and Lisetta, who made it the chief topic of conversation for a whole evening in the kitchen.

When the Bishop arrived, life became very full indeed for Miss Duncan. He was anxious to do all the sight-seeing he could and, being of a gregarious disposition, was quite willing to accompany his sister to the various tea parties and luncheons to which they were both invited. The Palatine, the Forum, the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and all the big churches were visited in turn by the Bishop, with his sister as an eager and happy guide.

For the last day of his stay Miss Duncan decided that they should make an excursion to Frascati and picnic on the Tusculum Hill amid the ruins. She declared the view was lovely and the grass full of wild-flowers. The Bishop said it sounded charming and he spent the evening reading about it in Baedeker.

The next morning was brilliantly clear and fresh. Miss Duncan was as pleased as a child at the promise of a fine day for her picnic, and the three servants entered into all the preparation with zest. Maddalena exercised her ingenuity and skill in the confection of several types of sandwiches; there were some made with eggs and others of anchovies, while a third contained succulent slices of cold chicken. Giuseppe added to them a bottle of red wine.

"I don't think we need that," said Miss Duncan, who was a teetotaler. "It will be so tiresome to carry."

But the Bishop said that it would be more prudent to take it, as the drinking water might be bad. So Lisetta produced a little basket into which every-

thing fitted beautifully, and they caught the Frascati tram in the Via Principe Umberto and settled comfortably in it, for it was not overcrowded.

The car rattled swiftly towards the line of pale-blue hills: the grass of the campagna was thick with buttercups and daisies, and they passed many wine carts lumbering along, with their drivers asleep under the gayly painted hoods. They had left the Via Appia Nuova and went speeding along the Via Tusculana, ascending towards the little town.

Because of the basket, they decided to take a little *carrozza* to the top of the hill, or at least as far as anything on wheels could get. It was a delightful drive. The man was devoted to his horse and, to spare him, got down from the box and walked alongside most of the way, smoking a *toscano* and conversing cheerfully with Miss Duncan.

The view became lovelier and lovelier the higher they climbed. Now there were purple and crimson anemones in the grass and clumps of sweet-smelling cyclamens under the trees. They reached a grass plateau beyond which the little cab could go no further. Miss Duncan said they would get out and have their picnic there; the driver declared he would wait for them while they had their luncheon, and take them down again without extra charge, but the Bishop said no, it would be a charming walk, so the man was paid off with a generous tip and the *carrozza* rattled down the hill.

They had the whole of the Tusculo to themselves, which was very nice. They enjoyed their sandwiches, and even Miss Duncan partook of a little of the red wine, which she found quite invigorating. It was altogether a perfect day.

5

AFTER luncheon Miss Duncan thriftily repacked the half-empty bottle and all the bits of paper and string in her little basket, and soon afterwards they started on their downhill return.

It was a very pleasant walk. There was a certain amount of scrambling to be done, but nothing too alarming, until they came to a wire fence that completely barred their way.

"How provoking!" said the Bishop. "It is intolerable to have to climb up the hill again."

"Oh, we won't do that!" exclaimed Miss Duncan, her sporting spirit aroused. "We *must* get over it!"

The obstacle was more in the nature of a barbed-wire entanglement than an ordinary fence. The Bishop was tall and strong and his sister small and light, so he was able to pick her up and swing her over quite easily, which made her laugh with delight. But as far as he was concerned it was a more difficult undertaking. He took off his coat and began collecting a number of big flat stones which he piled in a heap. The Bishop, pausing at intervals to mop his face, went on increasing the pile until he judged that it was high enough for him to stand on and

then spring over the obstacle; in his youth he had been good at athletics. He threw his coat over to his sister. "Catch," he exclaimed playfully, "and then watch!" as he balanced precariously on the summit of his heap of stones.

But the jump went wrong, the Bishop's foot caught in the top wire, he gave a half spin and fell flat on his face at Miss Duncan's feet.

"It is nothing, I am all right!" he answered to her anxious inquiries and sat up in the grass. But he could not get up, for he realized that his trousers were ripped at the back from waist to heel, and the grass he was sitting on felt strangely cool and fresh.

"Is your ankle sprained?" asked Miss Duncan after uttering a little cry of dismay.

If it had been, it would not have seemed more painful or awkward than the present situation, and in either case, if the Bishop had been alone, it is likely that he would have continued to sit on the ground indefinitely until some kind soul discovered him and sent an ambulance to take him away. But when Miss Duncan understood what had happened, all the resourcefulness of her womanly nature came to the rescue. She said, in the quiet way that has made the British Empire what it is:—

"Don't worry, I will arrange everything, but it may take some time."

The Bishop had to lie face downwards while Miss Duncan sat on the grass near him. She produced a penknife from her pocket and all the bits of string she had saved from the sandwich parcels and stored in her little basket. With the point of the blade she made holes in the torn trousers and, deftly inserting the string, drew the two sides of the cloth together with a neat little knot. She had to repeat the operation a great many times—in fact, until she had used up all the string. Now and then the Bishop wriggled, for Miss Duncan's fingers were cold with anxiety, but by the time she had finished her work the trousers were fastened securely all the way down with a series of red, white, and green knots, and the Bishop was able to rise to his feet and walk. His appearance was now comparatively decent, but when he moved, patches of exceptionally white skin revealed themselves between the gayly colored fastenings.

"I cannot possibly enter Frascati like this!" said the Bishop plaintively, screwing round his head in a vain attempt to view his appearance from behind.

Miss Duncan, though she had done her best, was forced to agree with him. When they reached the outskirts of the town, he sat on a wall while his sister went down to the piazza to secure a taxi. When she returned with it he got in very hurriedly, and if the driver noticed anything peculiar in the episcopal garb, he was far too polite to mention it.

It was an expensive way of getting back to Rome, but the Bishop paid without demur. By then night had fallen, and he managed to reach his room before the servants caught sight of his trousers.

The Bishop was leaving by the midnight train

that evening, and before his departure the Marchesa del Carmine gave a little dinner party in his honor. It was a most agreeable party; farewell toasts were exchanged, courteously and cordially, in *Asti spumante*, and when the time came, everyone went to see the Bishop off at the station.

Miss Duncan, who was used to dining off a cup of tea and two thin slices of bread and butter, had certainly eaten more than she was accustomed to in the evening. Owing to the richness of the Marchesa's food and the varied emotions she had been through during the day, she had a restless and agitated night.

6

NEXT morning, when Lisetta entered her mistress's room and opened her curtains, she found her with a bad headache and somewhat feverish.

"Come mai, signora?" she inquired anxiously, leaning over the bed.

"I must have got overtired yesterday," explained Miss Duncan, "or perhaps it was the cheese soufflé. I really had a very bad night, with a dreadful nightmare."

Lisetta pricked up her ears and departed to the kitchen. The news flew round the little flat very quickly. Maddalena decided she would bring Miss Duncan her morning cup of tea personally, as she considered her own tact more subtle than that of the younger woman.

"La Signora ha fatto un brutto sogno?" she asked, presenting her little tray and adjusting Miss Duncan's pillows.

Yes, the lady had had a very bad dream, such a dreadful one she couldn't even bear to think of it.

"And the Signora never dreams!" said Maddalena meaningly. "It is very curious."

Miss Duncan sighed and closed her eyes. The cook lingered a little by the bedside but then decided to let her have a little rest before pursuing the subject. The three servants whispered eagerly to one another in the kitchen, like a knot of conspirators.

Giuseppe was the next to approach Miss Duncan. They decided it was best, for he was a man and had more experience of the world. Grasping a silver salver on which he had placed the morning paper, he tapped at her bedroom door. "It is the *Messaggero*, Signora," he announced.

"Come in!" said Miss Duncan feebly.

"I hope the Signora is better," said Giuseppe anxiously. "How is it that she has had such a bad night?"

"I may have eaten something that disagreed with me at the Marchesa's dinner," answered the spinster plaintively. "I never remember having such a nightmare."

"The Signora had a bad dream?"

"A horrible one!"

There was a little pause, then the butler said meaningly: "It is Friday today. In case the Signora

wants to play at the Lotto, I will bring the book."

He placed the volume on Miss Duncan's bed and departed, closing the door gently behind him.

Miss Duncan clasped her forehead with both hands. Never, never, as long as she lived, would she tell anyone what her dream had been. How strange, how vivid, how truly terrible. She did not know that one could suffer so much shame and anxiety just in a dream.

It had begun in such a lifelike manner: they seemed to be still on the slope of the Tusculum Hill and she had finished repairing, as far as was possible with the limited means at her disposal, the damage done to the Bishop's trousers. She had tied the last knot and he had risen to his feet. But instead of saying, "I cannot possibly enter Frascati like this," this time he remarked laughingly, "That is very pretty: I will start a new fashion!" And they walked on down the hill and boarded the tramcar that was waiting on the piazza.

The car was so full that there was only standing room for them, and Miss Duncan saw every head turn in their direction and all eyes glued on the Bishop's trousers. This cumulative stare seemed to have an occult power, for one by one the knots of red, white, and green string began to move and untwist, swelling as they did so, until they fused and transformed themselves into an Italian flag, and the Bishop's trousers fell to the ground.

Then she saw that the car had become longer than an express train and that everyone in it wore black shirts. There were men of the *Milizia*, middle-aged and stern-looking, smart young *Avanguardisti*, sturdy *Balilla*, *Giovani Italiane* with their glossy ringlets and little black caps, and rows of diminutive *Figli della Lupa*. She recognized among them the relations of the servants whom she had seen in the kitchen, and they were all laughing at the Bishop's naked limbs as he stood in the middle of the crowd. She could see countless white teeth flashing; and yet, far from sharing her dismay, he was quite unashamed and cheerful. Then the biggest man of the *Milizia* and the tiniest *Figlio della Lupa* picked up the Italian flag by its two ends and wrapped it round the Bishop. It plastered itself immediately all over his body and then disintegrated like the patterns in a kaleidoscope, transforming itself into the tight-fitting costume of a harlequin.

"Whoopee!" cried the Bishop and leaped out of the tram, followed by a horde of black shirts. They were now in Rome and the Bishop was racing round the Colosseum with the agility of an antelope and all the *Fascisti* were after him. By some strange power, Miss Duncan was given strength to keep up in the front row of the pursuers. After circling the Colosseum three times, the Bishop sped down the Via dell' Impero at a gay polka step and all the crowd linked arms and pranced behind him. The worst of it was that he seemed to be enjoying himself so much. Miss Duncan struggled agonizingly to call out, but she was unable to utter a sound.

By then they had reached Piazza di Venezia and could see the great Palazzo in the background. There was a solitary figure standing on its monumental balcony looking down at the scene, a figure that was awe-inspiring in its stern immobility. The leaping harlequin and his pursuers came to a halt, and now the crowd were singing "Giovinezza" and throwing up their right arms in the Roman salute. Somehow Miss Duncan was aware that her brother had been ordered to sing a hymn: it was an imperative command that could not be disregarded. He stood by himself in an open space. Though he was dressed as a harlequin, he still wore his clerical hat and collar, and was quite composed, with his hands folded in front of him. He coughed a little, appeared to think, and then began singing:—

"The voice that breathed o'er Eden. . . ."

As soon as the last word of the verse had fallen on the air there was a terrible roar from the crowd and it swayed and surged forward. Then the people all melted away and nothing was left on the ground but the Italian flag and a clerical hat.

It had been horrid while it lasted, but after all, it was only a dream. As her hands dropped from her forehead they fell on the volume Giuseppe had deposited on her bed. She picked it up and soon was absorbed in the study of numbers.

7

TOWARDS eleven Miss Duncan rang her bell and told Lisetta she felt better and would like to have her bath prepared. The little housemaid saw that the Book of Dreams was lying open on the bed, and her heart was full of hope.

At lunchtime Miss Duncan handed Giuseppe a slip of paper containing three numbers.

"I would like to play this *terno* at the Lotto today," she said in her most dignified manner.

"Not a *quaterna*, Signora?" asked Giuseppe, respectfully receiving the document.

"No, I don't believe in the *quaterna*, it is too difficult to get. I prefer just playing a *terno*. Will you please go to the Banco di Lotto for me, and I will play ten lire this week."

The servants were too well-mannered to question Miss Duncan about her dream, if she did not think fit to tell them spontaneously. But the book was spirited away from her room to the kitchen and the three pored over it eagerly to find out what had inspired their mistress's choice of numbers.

"The 61 means Bishop," said Giuseppe, who remembered the number, having played it himself.

"But what can 68 stand for?" said the cook. She went through page after page, following the lines with a fat finger.

"*Arlecchinol*!" she suddenly exclaimed with wonder in her voice.

"Nonsense!" retorted the others. "What on earth has a harlequin to do with a bishop? You must have made a mistake." But there it was, in plain print: it could not be discussed.

"What is the third number?" asked Lisetta.

Giuseppe consulted his scrap of paper.

"It's—23!"

The servants gaped at each other with shocked dismay. Every Roman knows what 23 means. But to connect it with the Bishop was unbelievable. Harlequin had been extraordinary enough, but this—

"The Signora must have made a mistake," said Giuseppe at last, after a painful silence.

"Maybe she meant to put down 33, which stands for Lunatic," suggested Lisetta hopefully.

"But she wrote 23 quite clearly. Look at it there on the paper!"

"If we could only ask her why she chose it!" murmured Maddalena.

"Well, we can't!" snapped Giuseppe indignantly, "so it's no good talking like that. Can you hear me saying: 'Signora, would you be good enough to tell me why you chose 23 to play at the Lotto?' I have too much respect for her and besides I would die of shame. No, the Signora has chosen, and that is enough."

"Look!" exclaimed Lisetta, who meanwhile had been studying the book attentively. "23 stands also for String."

They all looked: sure enough, there it was: "*Spago*—23."

"She may have meant string after all."

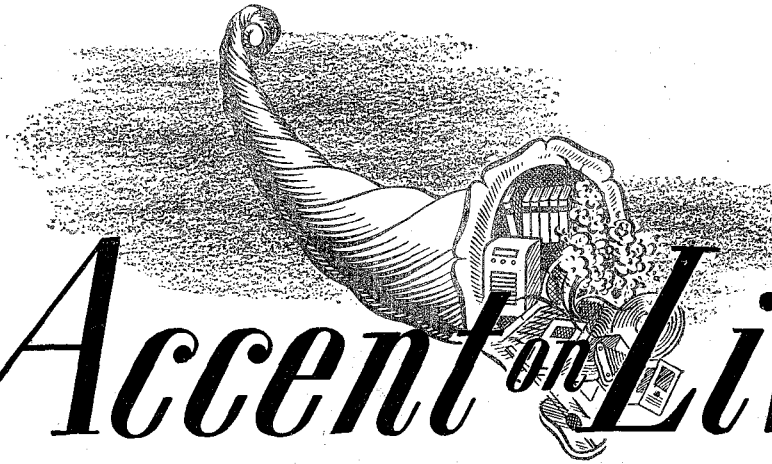
They clutched at the idea. It seemed far more probable that Miss Duncan would select String sooner than the other unmentionable word. They were all much relieved.

"I am now going to the Banco di Lotto," said Giuseppe briskly. "Do any of you want to play too?"

There was a good deal of discussion, but in the end they all decided to trust the Signora's inspiration and play a lira each on the same *terno*, though for the life of them they couldn't see the connection between the Bishop and a harlequin and some string. And as their mistress had said she would play the *terno secco* on the Roman wheel, they followed her blindly also in this.

Their faithful trust was rewarded by all three numbers being extracted in Rome next day, accompanied by two others that, if Miss Duncan had only thought of them as well, would have brought them all untold riches. For the other two numbers were 20 and 1, which stand respectively for Flag and Colosseum. She discovered this afterwards, on studying the book once more.

"One must not be too greedy, though," thought Miss Duncan, and since she did not wish to embitter the servants' delight by telling them how they could have won a far greater sum, she kept this knowledge to herself.



Accent on Living

This Month

We had the good fortune some years ago to take to dinner the author of a musical comedy. His show was to open a pre-New York tryout that night and the man was in a great state of jitters. We have never regretted walking out, at 9.45 P.M., on the show, which subsequently was a sellout for two years, and we have always been grateful to the author for telling us about Gordon Kahn (page 95). It seemed to cheer him up to remember Kahn.

Kahn, our guest said, was the greatest conversationalist he had ever met. Author of numberless screen plays, Kahn could become a stylized screen character, any character, at will. He could talk along effectively and make perfectly good sense as the Lone Ranger. He could make himself sound like a movie district attorney, sinful financier, Colonel de la Légion Étrangère. Shifting gears he would become Lord Greystoke chatting with his simian followers, or faithful Tonto, he of the meaningful grunts.

The musical comedy author was doing a fair job of it himself, impersonating Gordon Kahn. It was a merry meal. We wrote to Kahn the very next day and he has been the *Atlantic's* Hollywood correspondent ever since. We have yet to hear his voice, but his letters are the most richly allusive of all that reach our desk.

Kahn is likely to begin with some such line as: "A native boy has just run up the hill bearing your message in a cleft stick." The rest of the letter goes on to explain the delay in his next piece for the *Atlantic*. A rare disease, nothing serious but enough to have held up production, is usually the cause. In recent months Kahn has convalesced — so his letters have asserted — from a touch of the African rinderpest, the Plague of Justinian, just plain dis-

temper, St. Anthony's Fire, "a streptococcus in the pharynx," a fever picked up from "a toxic porringer" in a San Francisco hotel. Only one of these maladies warranted the services of what Kahn calls "my leech," and most of them, we judge, are no more than Kahn's way of saying "the pressure of other duties" or, at the very worst, the vapors. We mention all this only to account to our readers for his occasional absence from these pages.

There is nothing to match foreign travel as a source of agreeable illusions. After a pleasure jaunt in another land, the glamour seems to predominate, the frustrations of the trip itself to fade and disappear. Years later, a tour of almost any place is

recalled in terms of its best meal or its most charming scene, never for lesser rewards. The returned traveler is bound to be complacent in what he has done, dwelling more on his triumphs than his unwisdom.

The traveler is thus one to be envied — if not for his trip, at least for his misconception of it.

The riskiest illusion of the traveler strikes him while the trip is still going on. It stems from the broad circumstance that most foreign countries have their own national currency, some of them at a handsome discount from the dollar. On getting foreign money at about half price, the visitor quickly begins to rationalize all his expenditures as bargains. What with the discount and import duties, the 40-cent cigar would cost him twice that at home, he reasons. Where in New York could one stand the whole café orchestra to the drinks for a mere \$4.115? Soon the traveler is grandly telling newsboys to keep the change; his scale of outlay becomes pegged to a high style in which a morning paper costs him a quarter and his tips to cab drivers often exceed the fares. It takes him only a day or



two to convince himself that the local currency has no value whatever and that he has plenty of it. He becomes a sort of one-man UNRRA mission, an expensive frame of mind.

When he gets home, the traveler will talk mostly of how cheap everything was.

The most reassuring daydream from a trip abroad is gained by the discovery of the place where the traveler can retire in his old age on nothing a year. All tourists set out with the vague idea of happening

upon it — the all-expense refuge where one lives abundantly for \$5 a week, *boissons compris*. (Five dollars a week equals two hundred and sixty dollars a year equals twenty-six hundred dollars for ten years . . .) Great tidings of such import kept trickling across the Atlantic, before the war, from every hamlet of Europe. Griffin Barry gives us the first hint that air castles are nearing a state of decontrol, when he reports lodgings, all found, in western Eire at \$6 to \$10 a week.

C. W. M.



TRAVEL

Tourist in Ireland

By GRIFFIN BARRY

I took ship for Eire by way of England last March, the only route available, and in the only craft. Once she had gone on world cruises, lately had been a troopship, and now the hoofprints of a returning army were on her. Furniture sagged, paneling was notched; but on this eastward voyage the tourist trade put out an early tendril. A few of us were civilians, out to rediscover a cockeyed world. We paid \$176.50 for a single eastward passage; no round-trip ticket was available and a warning was given that Army priorities would block our way home until late in 1946. A thousand war brides, many with nursing babies, waited in Europe to take our places on the way back.

Visa applications had been received doubtfully. Errands had to be made very clear; wartime suspicion still held as to who traveled and why. Moreover, tourists are notorious consumers, and consumers' goods were in short supply everywhere. So was the American dollar.

Even in the late neutral countries, relatively well stocked, it was an open debate whether to part with goods that a rationed public wanted, or to annex as many tourist dollars as possible for uncertain days to come.

I had seen tourist literature from Eire that beckoned, decidedly. The Irish Tourist Board is not the Irish Ministry for External Affairs however, though both are government organs. Twice at my expense my credentials were cabled to Dublin, once from New York and once from London. I waited a fortnight in London for the Dublin bureaucrats to get together and was then grandly offered either a

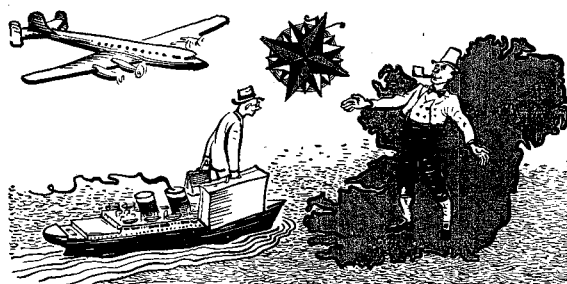
\$2 visa or a \$10 visa, one for three months, one indefinite. I crossed the Irish Sea in a local rush of the rationed British, bound for the Irish larder.

One watched the rise of world circulation from Dublin thereafter. In May the *Argentina* put into Cobh on her first post-war call. Passengers had paid \$225 for a single journey on this ex-troopship, somewhat cleaner than mine had been. Soon other carriers, released by the United States Army for the eastward trip only, turned up at Irish ports every day or so, American faces at the rail. The Dublin branch of Thos. Cook & Son extended its work hours. The American Express would reopen, someone said. Pan American Airways quoted a round-trip rate of \$515.43, New York-Shannon Airport — more than \$100 under the round-trip rate New York-London,

fixed by the Civil Aeronautics Board. Eire's dissent from that international pact was showing results. In September, from a third to a half of the transatlantic passenger traffic terminated on the Shannon, I was told. Passengers to other points in Europe often pause in Eire, too, profitably to the Irish.

Other visitors than American put in an appearance as the summer came on — early birds on a westward flight. The Europeans were slightly gaunt — at first. Clothes were pre-war, until the Dublin shops were visited. Escape from this or that immured nation had been early for these privileged people. Switzerland, though stocked, is costly to stay in. Portugal and Sweden are not on the main thoroughfare. Eire lies between hemispheres — a crossroads. Paris became three air hours away in July as the lines linked up; New York remained at about twelve. Three transatlantic American lines competed for custom. Five cross-ocean European lines, subsidized by their governments, scheduled stops at Shannon Airport in September.

Rationed England will be uncomfortable, while confusion lasts in Europe, for a world crossroads community. But one was growing in pretty Eire.



GRIFFIN BARRY is a Wisconsin-born newspaperman who served for many years as foreign correspondent on the European staff of the London *Daily Herald*. He was engaged in short-wave monitoring during the war in the Washington headquarters of the FCC and is now in Eire.

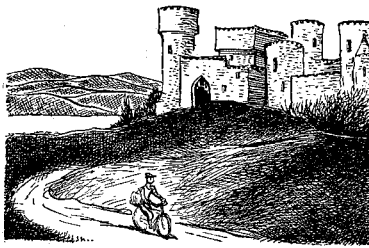
Here are a few findings: —

Controlled hotel rates, moderate; food bountiful and coarse; a peasantry comfort in most hotel rooms but no heat — and even in summer look out for a chill mist that reaches the bone. Bus or train transit everywhere but to the more remote boglands, in equipment that very largely dates from an era preceding the last world war but one. Private motor transportation, too, on main roads that are fairly good, though beyond these the going is rough. A Dublin "Drive Yourself" concern lets you have a vehicle, for not less than a week, at a weekly rate of \$34 to \$42, depending on the size of the car. A roomy limousine is at your disposal for 27 cents a mile. (Make your own bargain with the chauffeur for his keep while you are en route.) You can bring in your own car. Gasoline sells at 22 cents a gallon now. The monthly ration is at the rate of 20 gallons for a 16 hp. car.

If you would see the country as the Irish do, bring a bicycle or rent one here. Cyclists are on every road. Customs will make sure, of course, that any vehicle you bring is not for sale.

Society is stratified; the nineteenth century is still with you; physical equipment is back there, mostly, too. In places the scenery is heroic. History (Irish) is unforbidden. From recent eruptive phases of the world's history, all but a few eyes are turned away. The government intends this isolation; it has been skillfully managed. Note, along with that, an eagerness to get at the foreigner's mind and person. Invitations from strangers to share their own pockets of comfort are not unknown when, on a public vehicle, your accent identifies you. Payment will be expected not in money, but in talk. Note the prevalent bright eye and red cheek. Not all the Irish eggs and meat and butter were sold to England during the war. For some time butter, tea, and sugar have been the only food rationed — and liberally.

A confusion-worn London friend warned that in Dublin I might find myself unloading possessions from train to hand-truck and pushing the lot to a hotel. Not so. A taxi stood in rank; bags and a trunk were conveyed across the city with their owner for \$2.20, including tip. I had wisely reserved a room through a London tourist agency. It turned out to be in a clean middle-class hotel; prices came to \$1.90 a day for bed and breakfast, with other meals at 60 to 90 cents each. Hot water flowed into a room basin, a hot bath was available down the corridor, the bed was huge and soft. Breakfast, ample and sometimes hot, I had in my room without extra charge. I booked a room for English friends at the best family hotel in Dublin (the Royal Hibernian) for a July holiday. That weekly rate was \$36 and covered three meals a day out of an international cuisine.



In hotels which the Irish frequent, ham or bacon and eggs, coffee or tea with cold toast and jam, are the time-honored breakfast; flanks of the cow or sheep invariably appear at other meals, with insufficient vegetables, badly cooked. (Don't expect much of any Irish cooking.) A middle-class Dubliner pays for his restaurant dinner about 55 cents today, and he adds a 5-cent tip. In the two fancy Dublin restaurants — one French, one Austrian — a tasty repast, offering fresh salmon or game in season, will cost you between \$1.50 and \$2.75 to \$3.00.

Wine is obtainable, from standard marks like Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape at about \$3.00 a bottle to a memorable Burgundy for which I paid \$3.80 at the old Shelbourne Hotel in the capital. Sherry and port are plentiful. At any bar you'll get an outsize portion of Irish whiskey, but not much Scotch, for 40 cents. Guinness's Stout, the bitter yeasty beer that has gone round the world for generations from a Dublin brewery owned by a family of peers, costs 11 cents a bottle.

Here are the chance events of a tourist's day in the summer of 1946 — leading, as things turned out, to a view of national preparations for the tourists of 1947. The biographer of W. B. Yeats had given us tea in his walled garden. The invitation came on casual acquaintance, usual in a country where tradition is looked to and hospitality is the tradition. We emerged on a hill overlooking Dublin, wanting supper.

A sign pointed to a pretty whitewashed farmhouse that called itself a hotel; from this garden the voices of English trippers arose. These we avoided. However my companion, a native of Cork, came upon one of the friends who await Corkmen on all the corners of Eire. He was a Dublin doctor, son of a peasant farmer, like many newly successful men here. Up came the farmer. All his life he had harrowed this hilltop. With him was an American son, also doing very well, just in by air from East 58th Street, New York. Father and sons were hugely proud of one another. Whiskey wetted the meeting of two Americans, myself and the other. Soon all were borne in the doctor's car to a "club" on the next hill. There perspectives opened as to the operation of assisted free enterprise in 1946 Eire.

My neighbor at dinner, an *hôte* who acts for the government, explained. Early this year the Dail voted £125,000,000 to establish — particularly in Eire's sightly parts — hotels that will be tourist bait. Standards were set up and circulated, training schools opened for hotel workers. The Dail appropriation is drawn on by businessmen who can convince the Ministry of Industry and Commerce that an enterprise will pay for years to come.



So far, mainly luxury establishments have drawn the subsidies. Six are open. Next year there will be ten or twelve more. We were dining at Kilcronee Club, the one nearest Dublin. It is a many-roomed chateau, gaudily designed in the Victorian age; it has a wide-stretching sea view, a golf course, a swimming pool, grass tennis courts. A small initiation fee makes the place a club. Foreigners pay a monthly fee of \$12.30 for the use of the amenities; for a weekly \$42 a room and good meals are added. Rates are pegged at that level in other top-grade establishments. The enforcing agency, with legal powers, is the Irish Tourist Board.

The ITB stretches a wing over the historical estates and over the country places of the departed rich. Where legends, old-fashioned private elegance, and modern comfort have not yet met, they are brought together. On the Lake of Killarney, Sir Maurice O'Connell, Bart., descendant of the "Liberator" of the last century, has turned over his mansion and estate. There's a delightful smallish place called Cahir House Lodge on the salmon-packed River Suir in County Tipperary. In a corner of this parked estate the owner, a Londoner, still lives and allows fishing rights to the hotel guests. A friend recently paid 90 cents for a bottle of Liebfraumilch 1934 there.

There's Ballynahinch Castle on the Galway coast, where the Indian cricket champion of another day, Ranjat Singh, once filled his fifty bedrooms with guests. The country was Ireland then, and a playground for the British Empire's rich men, a state of affairs to which Eire is returning. Ashford Castle at Cong, also in County Galway, is a restored medieval pile whose owner, the Earl of Iveagh, incontinently fired the game beaters that wanted more pay on the eve of a hunt arranged for George V and, in the twenties, turned over his estate to the nation. On the northwest coast of Connemara, overlooking the Atlantic, is Renvyle House, where the proprietor is Oliver St. John Gogarty, the Dublin wit and surgeon. Dr. Gogarty built the hotel with the compensation he received from the Cosgrave government of the twenties for the burning of his country house by the Irish Republican Army — whose parliamentary leader, then in hiding, was Eamon de Valera.

Seclusion is one thing, mobility another. It is the mobile who get to know the Irish. For their accommodation the Irish Tourist Board registers moderate-priced hotels through the country. Not many good hotels in Eire are off this register. Often a student from the government schools for hotel workers supervises these places. I took a day's ride — \$3.20 worth — in a cross-Eire bus recently; talkers

abounded and I drank deep of the Irish mind. At night I put up in what they called the station hotel, ITB-registered, in a Mayo market town. Bed and breakfast came to \$1.70, daily rates with all meals were \$2.90. Station hotels in the United States and Britain are grim places, but in Eire they are the best. A chain of them was built, shrewdly enough, away from the railroad yards, years ago by the railroad companies.

Urban intelligentsia show a marked homesickness for the mud always, and the ould sod stays on Irish boots. Writers and painters flock to this country in the summer — to the western counties, facing the ocean, where life is timeless and the people are poor. Tiny green farms are at your back and in front is sheer Atlantic distance, peered into from great cliffs. The station hotel at Mallaranny, County Mayo, became a Poet's Pub in 1946, cycled to in the evenings over the long hills. Writing and painting folk lodged with cottagers along the Mayo and Connemara coast as far as Achill Island, a thrust of land far to the west, paying \$6 to \$10 a week in 1946, all found. City people fetched water from a well, watched a woman with features stylized like a face on a coin cook over a turf fire. Turf burns silently, without a whisper. The woman wore a skirt spun from her own sheep, spoke a strange English thickened with Gaelic.

One Irish trick, known to their poets for ages, is a sudden flight into a forgotten dimension. Hardly any newcomer is immune.

Snow Prints

By MYRTLE ADAMS

DEEP in the pillow's fold,
In the still night, the ears hold
A scurrying windless sound
On the snowy ground.

And the eyes above the sheet
See how the printed feet
Crisscross to left and right,
Pattern the white.

Then stir the senses, drowsed,
Not awake, nor yet roused
To the faint rhythmic tread
On the moon-veiled bed.

Then the night-dreams keep
Tryst with wonder in sleep,
Aware how little feet run
Under no sun —

How light as a feather's mark
Are little feet in the dark,
Are little feet in the snow,
That come and go.



Doves in the Detonator

By LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

DURING the Second World War, a lot of people made the observation that aerial bombardment would be much more effective if the bombs could be made to hit the target.

In spite of all the fancy talk about bombsights, good bombing is difficult. I know a professor of physics who, for a long time, was a pilot in a reserve bomber squadron that used to fly on week-ends. One Sunday afternoon he met the pastor of his church, who remarked that he hadn't seen the professor at the services that morning.

"No," said the professor. "I was out practicing bombing." Well, this exercised the pastor a good deal. He made a little speech about the evil of desecrating the Sabbath by any such goings on. He wound up with a ringing denunciation of bombing, no matter what day of the week it was. "Imagine!" he said, with scorn in his voice. "Riding in ease and comfort miles in the air while you rain destruction and bloody death on any chosen spot below."

"Wait a minute," the professor broke in. "About that chosen spot stuff. You have to allow for the ballistics of the bomb, for the speed, altitude, and crabbing angle of the plane, for the winds at all levels on the way down, and for the motion of the target. It's not as easy as you think."

That's the way it is with bombing. It's not as easy as you think. Because of the large national investment that every country was putting into bombing during the war, a great deal of thought and effort was expended on the problem of getting the bombs closer to their target.

If a pilot could ride along with the bomb and fly it into the target, the results ought to be better. We never tried this, but the Japanese did. The scheme worked pretty well when the pilot could keep himself brave and skillful all the way down. Our side used some electronically guided bombs you have read about in the papers. These could be steered a little during their flight by signals from the plane that had dropped them. Since, in wartime, no direction of attack on an important problem should be overlooked, there was also a proposal for a bomb flown by birds.

The fellow who dreamed this up will be called Ramsay. He reasoned that if he could train an animal to perform some simple operation which would give information on the line of sight between bomb and target, the flight controls of a steerable bomb could be hooked up with the animal, and the bomb would be caused to home on the target. As the animal, he chose the homing pigeon; I suppose he



wanted a bird because birds are accustomed to viewing the ground from a considerable altitude, and are familiar with the problems of flight.

At first, Ramsay tried to train the pigeons to look fixedly at the "target." (He used for targets photographs of such objects as ships on the sea.) He arranged a little cap for the bird to wear, so that when the bird turned its head to keep its eye trained on the target, the flight controls would respond in the proper way to bring the bomb back onto its collision course with the target.

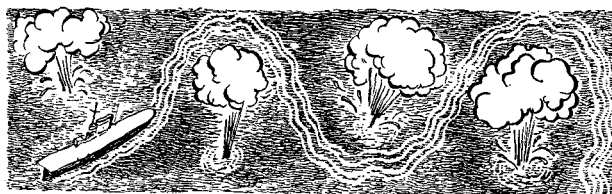


The bug in this scheme, as it turned out, was that a bird does not have binocular vision. Its eyes look out in independent directions on opposite sides of its head. One of Ramsay's pigeons could be trained to fix its attention on the battleship, all right. But, about halfway through the twenty or thirty seconds that represent the time of fall of a bomb from high altitude, the eye the pigeon was using would get tired. The bird would then turn its head and shift to the other eye, thus moving the flight controls all the way over and putting the bomb into a wild swoop in entirely the wrong direction.

Ramsay went back to the drawing board, and in no time at all he had his next idea. He was looking for some function that the bird could perform to specify the target location in a unique way. At the same time, this function had to be one that was reasonably natural to the bird. Ramsay thought of pecking.

He made a little optical system which could be put into the nose of a bomb. It threw an image of what was in front of the bomb onto a screen in front of the bird. The bird was trained to peck at the image of the battleship or other target. The screen at which the bird was pecking had four electrical contacts, one at each corner. One pair worked the rudder of the bomb, to steer it right or left; the other pair worked the elevator, and steered the missile up or down. As long as the bird was pecking exactly at the center of the screen, each of the four contacts was closed for about the same time as were the others, and the bomb stayed on course. If the image moved away from the center of the screen, the bird's pecking would close one set of contacts more than the other set, and this moved the flight controls in the proper direction to bring the bomb back on such a course that the target was in the center of the screen.

I should have explained earlier that Ramsay is a



Professor of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, LOUIS N. RIDENOUR served during the war on the staff of the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is the second of a series of three short articles dealing with certain of the more bizarre problems of wartime research.

very thorough fellow. He worked out all the details of the project, even quite small ones like that of a standard container for the pigeons. A bird has a very complicated shape, with legs and wings and feathers sticking out all over it. If a bird is to be fitted into a mechanism, it should desirably be done up into a neat package, with only the head, which is used for pecking, sticking out. Ramsay found that if he cut off the toe of a man's sock and put the bird into the top of the sock, head first, he had just the sort of package he wanted.

Another thing that Ramsay wondered about was the effect on his pigeons of the low air pressure at high altitude. He put some birds into an altitude chamber and "sent them up" to 30,000 feet by pumping the air out of the chamber. Then he let the air back in at a rate that simulated the fall of a bomb from that altitude. All the time the birds went on pecking as reliably as ever.

He worried about the effect on pecking that might occur because of the sidewise accelerations experienced by a bomb in flight. To study the effect of acceleration, he whirled some birds in a centrifuge almost to the point where they were "blackened out." They went right on pecking.

Ramsay found that he could train birds on almost any type of target that was optically distinguishable. He got aerial photographs of typical cities, and he found that he could train the pigeons even to peck at a particular street intersection or prominent building in the city, ignoring all other details. I don't know whether he ever tried an aerial photograph of a pickle barrel. In order to avoid confusing the birds, he would train each individual bird only on one class of target. Thus he had not just Tokyo pigeons; he had Emperor's-palace pigeons, and Mitsubishi-factory pigeons, and so on. He had battleship pigeons and destroyer pigeons and pigeons trained to peck at aircraft carriers, which no doubt is material for a pun about carrier carrier pigeons. The inflexibility thus introduced into the bomb load of any given airplane worried him somewhat, but he figured that bombing missions are carefully prepared in advance, and not many bombs are expended on targets of opportunity.

As we have seen, most of the basic problems were now licked, but there still remained one serious technical difficulty. The steering information applied to the bomb flowed around a closed loop, from pigeon to flight controls to bomb position, and thus back to the pigeon, since a change in bomb position moved the little target image that the pigeon was pecking at. Most automatic control systems are of this closed sort, and engineers refer to such a system as a "servo" system. Now one of the biggest problems in designing a servo system is to make sure that it does not oscillate violently, or "hunt," about the position to which the control mechanism is trying to bring it.

I apologize for mentioning these intricacies, but it is necessary to explain why Ramsay found that his pigeons weren't pecking fast enough to keep the bomb from hunting. He simply needed control signals, or pecks, with a frequency greater than the two per second at which his pigeons pecked.

Being a resourceful man, he first tried doping the birds with a little marihuana. This looked very promising at the beginning; when a bird got "high" on the stuff, it would peck at a greatly increased rate of speed, and the control system was stable. But the emotional reactions of the birds were unpredictable in the doped state. Often, before half the bomb's time of fall had elapsed, a pigeon full of hashish would quit pecking entirely, lean its head over on its shoulder, and abandon itself to its dreams.

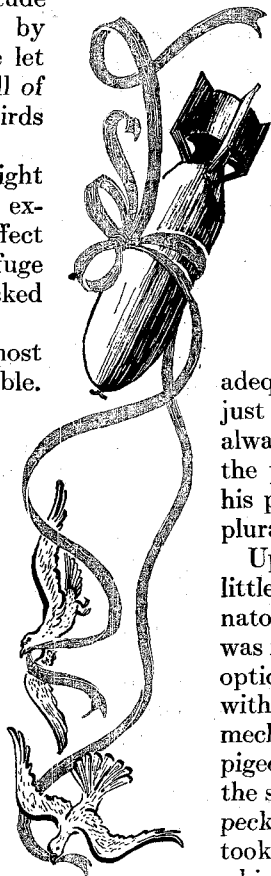
When this happened, there was nothing left to do but to use the brute-force method of solving the problem. If one pigeon would not peck with sufficient frequency to work the flight controls stably, more pigeons would. To be sure that he got his control signals with

adequate frequency, Ramsay put in not just two or three but ten pigeons. I have always been enchanted by the music of the phrase that must have been used in his patent to describe this technique: "a plurality of pigeons."

Up in the nose of the bomb, then, in a little ring around the fuze and the detonator, was this plurality of pigeons. Each was in a toeless sock, and each had its own optical system, ending in a little screen with four electrical contacts. The control mechanism received signals from all the pigeons and made use of them just as if the signals were coming from a single bird pecking at a faster rate. The mechanism took a sort of consensus as to the way in which the pigeons thought, on the average,

the bomb ought to go, and acted on it.

Well, this is about the stage the project had reached when I left the country and lost sight of it. The technical problems seemed to be pretty well in hand. Of course, there remained the operational problems. Things like adding a Signal Corps Pigeon Company to the T/O of a heavy bomb group, and putting pigeon lofts and birdseed in the T/E. The Standard Operating Procedure would have to be changed, too, by including such items as the list furnished each bombardier, at the briefing, of the target on which the pigeons in each of his bombs for that mission had been trained. Maybe the aggregate of these operational problems loomed so large that the Air Forces decided they'd rather wait for the atomic bomb, which you don't have to be very accurate with. I just don't know.



HOLLYWOOD

Tours to the Studio

By GORDON KAHN

THE happy tourist days that were, before the motion picture studios were sealed with seven seals, are here again. Once more the freeways of la Ciudad de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles, or the Pearl of U.S. Highway 66, are full of the coming and going of license tabs from forty-eight states and three territories.

Burbling along behind a package of cylinders fresh off the assembly line, there's a Pa at every helm, with a Ma beside him navigating from a souvenir map and a 1938 edition of the Duncan Hines guidebook to the eating places. Seen through tinted sunglasses their California is a chartreuse happyland with woodsprites under beach umbrellas every hundred feet along the Camino Real, offering popcorn and "Tours to the Studios—Visit the Movie Stars' Homes—Your Car or Mine!"

Soon enough they learn that the studios are neither resorts nor museums, but plants where people work with calculating machines as well as panchromatic make-up, and that they rear the same frowning gray bulk as the harvester works back home. Also that film stars are no more hospitable to unbidden callers than are bankers.

From that point on they can wallop around on the Little Tour: between the enchilada stalls of Olvera Street and the midget auto races, with side trips to the Catalina bird farm and the world's largest olive press. And when the time comes to turn the noses of their Chevies homeward, flying the fox-tail burgee, very few, perhaps a tenth of the pilgrims, will have absorbed enough movie glamour to twitch the needle of a Geiger counter.

The film companies have no desire to be exclusive, but when a pack of 350 tourists slips the leash, as it did recently at RKO, and overruns every holy place, they have to lower the boom. Seven major companies swore a compact that they would admit only 200 trippers a day between them.

One studio alone accommodates 80 a day without a scratch, in two flights, morning and afternoon by motorbus. Once inside the compound their feet never touch the ground. The charabanc whips through the lot like a Buck Rogers space ship. The muffled halloos from within, which may even be pleas for oxygen, are regarded by the actors with no more concern than a brakeman gives a cattle car shunted through the yards.

Later, when they compare notes, the tourists wonder if the barker wasn't mistaken a little. Why would Bette Davis be lugging a mop and bucket into the Administration Building? It also occurs to them that the animal he pointed out as Lassie seemed to behave with the insouciance of a laddie.

GORDON KAHN is a frequent contributor, from Hollywood, to the *Atlantic*.

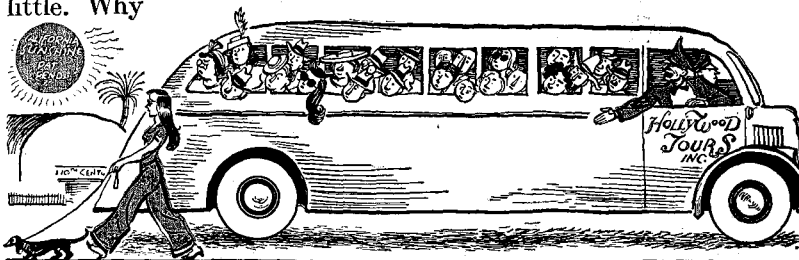
The wanderers' fantastic appetites, which they naturally prefer to allay where film people eat, had been capitalized upon for years by the concessionaire of the restaurant at Universal, when that studio was trying to stay afloat. He decoyed them with a big electric sign reading: "Meet and Eat With the Stars," and in two years they ate the studio back on its feet. But its new owners, Universal-International, took the sign down and walled up the street entrance to the studio café so that its mummies can break a chop without halting at every bite to endorse greasy menus and antique laundry lists.

Since so many actors cannot live by bread alone unless it is buttered on both sides by *aves* and cries of *Gaudeamus!* they wander off the reservation to front tables reserved for them in a number of public restaurants. It is in these places that Pa and Ma take their worst licking—right in the pad of traveler's checks.

Part of the *Drang nach Kalifornien* is the prospect of at least one lunch in a studio commissary within sight of, well, Walter Pidgeon, for Ma's sake, and within sound of his high-altar voice. And for Pa to be in the same dining room with Greer Garson—well, sir, that would be something! That, however, is a privilege authorized only for high-priority tourists. War veterans in uniform stand AAA at Warner Brothers and church dignitaries the same at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; financiers at RKO; prominent Southerners at Paramount. Politicians, particularly those with a voice in foreign and tax affairs, are seated above the salt everywhere.

It must be noted that in most studios there are three refectory levels: one for the white-collar and overalled crafts; one for the professionals such as directors, actors, and writers; and a third for the members of management and production. At MGM there are five, the three lower echelons being served from the same kitchen. The upper two are an executives' dining room for luncheon and dinner conferences and a salon with a separate culinary staff, where L. B. Mayer fares alone or vis-à-vis his closest associates.

Foreigners, unless they are British, military, and high in *Burke's Peerage*, are not encouraged by the studios. They had more than they bargained for with Vittorio Mussolini, Leni Riefenstahl, brothers of Hirohito, a Burmese premier who was nailed as a Jap spy, and every eel-slick phoney who ever signed the guest book at Pickfair. The bane of one studio is bearded foreigners who speak no English.



Here it befell that one of these, an important French industrialist with a fine curly bush, lost his guide. An assistant director shouting, "Hey, you with the muff! Over on Stage Nine!" collared him. Convinced by the man's shouts of "*M'daider!*" that here was a "subversive" thumping for May Day, the assistant hazed him into a mob scene where he was forced to shout, "*À la lanterne!*" For a while there things looked pretty tough.

Men of science are presumed to be above or immune to glamour. Yet with few exceptions those who come to California to provoke the atom or tune up the cyclotron, display a concurrent interest in the White Marys of the chorus line. One celebrated physicist, who could slug it out to a draw with Einstein, kept a lot of fissionable material stewing in the cooker while he posed for photographs with a starlet on each arm.

The hundreds daily who can't get into the basilicas to see the stars, form patrols, stalking the outside of night clubs like tigers on the scent of valerian. Fetishism sends them to the residential sections to catch, if they can, a glimpse of a star's husband or wife, his house or his dog. They will snatch the advertising folders off his lawn and dip water from his lily pond.

Having reached ivied maturity, Beverly Hills is no longer the most popular colony, but professional guides still lead their clients into it, deeding houses left and right with bland disregard for the facts. My own hogan has no doubt been tabbed by the guild of Hollywood dragomen to describe as they will. One week it is the house where William Desmond Taylor, a film director, was killed in the early 1920's. The shooting actually took place eight miles away in a bungalow court. Another jarvey points it out as having once been a luxurious opium den catering to stars and featured players.

The last time, it was pointed out as the honeymoon cottage of a celebrated pair of lovers. My two boys had to choose that moment during their game of Baby-Face Nelson to lam out of the front gate.

"Hers," said the guide, "by a former alliance."

That made something to gum over with dandelion wine and icebox cookies when they got back to Kansas. That or something just as rubbishy.

While that stack of Series E bonds is still intact, it's better by far to know that Humphrey and Errol and Irene and Betty love you all. And that you would love *them* less if you had to watch a two-hour rehearsal of a scene that will run for only one minute on the screen at the Bijou.

Well, you say, there are no immigration bars at the California border. That's right. And what's more,

the sidewalks even in front of the movie studios are just as free.

The Chamber of Commerce and the All-Year Club say come. Why shouldn't they? They've got things to sell. And the tags say, "Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies."

If you'll settle for the Dream Girl's kissing the tip of her glove once for each hundred of you — or your Idol's giving you that apostolic "Hi, folks" followed by a snootful of exhaust from his roadster —

Oh, you're not! You'd better visit the folks in Springfield? That's the other way — towards Mecca. And you won't be needing that map — or those sunglasses!

Bell Mare in the Hills

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

THE bell about the bell mare's throat
Lets drop its brazen note on note,
And ripples on the silence run
To oceans of oblivion.

I see one star, lost in the night;
The aspens hush and huddle tight
Against the weight of years and space
That weigh upon this camping place.

A man doubts that he's real, in bed
Outside where miles climb overhead
And silence sings of other men
Who wondered here and won't again.
What makes a man? What holds him in?
What makes him say: Now here is sin,
There virtue; Lord, let me be strong . . . ?
The ages smile at right and wrong.
The world apart from men leaves me
Like Adam or the last man free
To fast or wanton, work or mope,
To follow saint or lycanthrope.

The clapper counts the horse's strides;
The silence ripples and subsides.

At least my talents, weak or strong,
To all the universe belong;
The grandeur felt, the felt design
As much as other men's are mine.
The star dims and the aspens brood,
Subdued like me by solitude,
Each part made orphan by the all.
The dark-arched mountains are a wall
To rim awareness to a glow
Against a night not mine to know.

The bell lets drip its drop of sound;
The ripples run their fretful round,
And farther, fainter, somewhere blend
With oceans where all voices end.



LIFE WITHOUT FATHER

by HARRY LEVIN

1

WHEN a play runs for several seasons, we may justifiably assume that it performs some kind of public ritual. Thus *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which scored the longest run in the annals of our stage, re-enacts the tensest issue in our history. Comparably, within much narrower precincts, the appeal of *Abie's Irish Rose* was grounded upon its stage-managed relaxations of racial tension. More recently *Tobacco Road* has been sending its audiences home to their kitchenette apartments with renewed confidence in the metropolitan way of life. And *Oklahoma!*, seen through the other end of the opera glass, has revived the city dweller's pastoral dream—that sempiternal urge toward folksiness which produces royal milkmaids in one age and drugstore cowboys in another. In realistic drama the only escape, known as catharsis to Aristotelians and Freudians alike, comes at the exit to the theater. A more popular formula, neatly achieved in the Guild's horse-operetta, uses the proscenium to frame our fantasies. The question is whether we are escaping from, or escaping to, ourselves.

Now there is an escapism in time as well as place, and it is most effective when it carries us back to the period where our memories begin. This may fluctuate anywhere between Only Yesterday and the Gay Nineties. (What, by the way, was so terribly gay about them? To one who cannot judge them except by their works, they seem rather pessimistic and consciously decadent.) Out of the past half century there can scarcely be a corny song or a gingerbread gadget, an eccentric character or an outmoded costume, that has not been resurrected on stage, screen, and radio, re-exploited in fiction,

HARRY LEVIN took his A.B. in 1933 at Harvard, where he has just been appointed Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature. An Associate Professor of English, he is taking a leading part in the courses in General Education which have been recommended by the Harvard Report and which are now being given for the first time in Cambridge.

He will contribute a series of critical essays to the *Atlantic* in the course of this year; the first of them, "James Joyce," appeared in our December issue.

non-fiction, and advertising. Few epochs can have sentimentalized their immediate predecessors so fulsomely. Why? Because Prohibition created a cultural gap which Repeal filled in with beery reminiscence? Possibly. Because the Second World War re-created the emotional atmosphere of the First? To some extent. But the elemental reason is that we now look back—through both wars and the intervening crises—toward our lost youth, our native innocence, our unchallenged security.

Hence *Life with Father* has gradually reached the proportions of a national institution. Several generations of child-actors have outgrown their parts; a whole dynasty has mugged its way through the title role; and, although the play itself has not yet faded into retrospect, it is being gloriously re-processed by the nostalgia mills of Hollywood. Crowds will long continue to apply at the box office for admission, as it were, to the family circle. There they will enjoy a twofold satisfaction, not less intense because it is self-contradictory. The first response is not unlike the condescending reception that we sometimes vouchsafe to dime novels or old-fashioned melodramas: it reinforces our sense of superiority, superficially confirms our belief in progress. At last, after all these years, we have grown up. Father is dead, and we can laugh at all the things he used to take so seriously. How small the world is, and how big we are! Yet we cannot claim to have profited from the discovery that there is no Santa Claus.

The second response is touched off somewhere within the deeper recesses of our experience. Here is Father again, larger than life and more opinionated than ever, making up our minds for us with the same irascible gusto, sheltering us from the world with all the old substantial comforts! Blending the professional sophistication of the *New Yorker* school with the childlike sensibility of a chronic invalid, Clarence Day was specially endowed to attain and sustain this highly ambivalent mood. His adapters, Messrs. Crouse and Lindsay, by concentrating upon

the episode of Father's baptism, follow the most deeply rooted of dramatic traditions; for the mystery plays too were based on the sacraments, and Father's relationship with God — like Abraham's — is peculiarly direct and personal. *Life with Father* therefore transcends our crazy domestic drama. The walls may fall down in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, but Father's house is still standing. The family may go dizzily to pieces in *You Can't Take It with You*, but Father remains untouched by the Depression.

For Father, all-wise and all-powerful, was above all a good provider. If he has become the culture hero of our time, it is because — like the Fool in *King Lear* — he lived before our time. Hounded on every side by doubts and insecurities, we posthumously venerate him because we very poignantly miss him. But we must admit that his apotheosis has come too late to help us. In earlier and more hard-boiled repertoires, we must remember, he played an ignominiously comic role: the cuckold, the heavy, the pantaloone, deceived by his wife, defied by his children, defrauded by servants and parasites. It must have been his success in business which, sooner or later, earned him a more respectful treatment: in Molière's comedies, even as in *Bringing Up Father*, he is the bourgeois spokesman for common sense, sturdily resisting the affectations of his bluestocking wife and his social-climbing daughters. Here, as Voltaire pointed out, was a man of tremendous potentialities: "*Un père de famille est capable de tout . . .*"

Yet the father-image is ultimately a tragic conception. It centers upon a protagonist who, owing his position to his seniority, stands closer to death than those whose lives he dominates. Their tragedy commences where his leaves off. Once his rivals, now his heirs, they temper their grief with a certain degree of relief, which in turn is mingled with consciousness of guilt. Reproaching themselves, they trace a whole grim train of consequences to the destiny that Œdipus so vainly tried to avoid — the murder of a father. The classic myth, in which psychoanalysis would discern the very pattern of children's attitudes toward their parents, grossly exaggerates the situation. Such impulses can fortunately be cushioned in private life; the function of drama, however, is to bring them out. Synge's poltroon cannot be a hero, in *The Playboy of the Western World*, until he has "destroyed his da." Thereupon his triumph is short-lived. Nemesis soon reappears in the shape of the indestructible old man, a battered god in a tragicomic machine.

2

THESE ties and conflicts, which originally assert themselves within the bosom of the family, are repeated by society at large, thereby setting the larger patterns of loyalty and disaffection. Periods

of social stability, of feudal hierarchies or Chinese dynasties, rest upon a substructure of filial obedience. Beneath the restless individualism of the moderns, the accelerating effort of each new generation to outdistance the last, lies a fundamental questioning of paternal authority. A hundred years ago Balzac, diagnosing this trend as a consequence of the French Revolution, illustrated it with his unforgettable portraits of old men in decline and young men on the make. Appropriately in 1859, the year of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* depicted the breakdown of a rigidly paternalistic system, frustrated by the perennially youthful forces of nature. Two or three years later, in *Fathers and Sons*, Turgenev brought the antagonism to a head by arranging a duel between an old-fashioned liberal and a callow nihilist. That issue, never settled, is fought again on an international scale by the rival ideologues of Mann's *Magic Mountain*.

Movements and manifestoes, revolutions and counterrevolutions, are thus propelled by the cycle of crabbed age and youth: the juniors repudiating their elders, then waxing middle-aged and academic, and being repudiated by ever brighter juniors. Generation succeeds generation with mounting rivalry as the twentieth century succeeds the nineteenth. The unfilial impiety of Samuel Butler supplies a posthumous postscript, *The Way of All Flesh*, which Bernard Shaw described as "patricide and matricide long drawn out." Matricide is perhaps the best description of our retrospective attitude toward the age of Queen Victoria. Lytton Strachey, by immolating the eminent Victorians, inaugurated the debunking of the twenties. Today the *enfants terribles* who survived that decade are older but not yet mature. The characteristic heroes of English literature, from A. E. Housman to P. G. Wodehouse, have been golden lads, mamma's boys, playboys who never grew up. On the playing fields, they seem to have acquired, not the humanistic wisdom of their forefathers, but the paradoxical whimsey of their bachelor uncles — the Lewis Carrolls and Edward Lear.

It is life with Mother, apparently, that obsesses our British contemporaries. They no longer even struggle against it as D. H. Lawrence did in *Sons and Lovers*. The fatherly refugee of *Prater Violet* tells the narrator, Christopher Isherwood, that too many Englishmen are in love with their mothers. Cyril Connolly, in his intimate journal, tells the public that his notion of happiness is "a womb with a view." This is, to put it mildly, a retrogressive position; this is second childhood with a vengeance. Whereas paternity is largely a cultural influence, which should lead via education toward independence, maternity is the explicit symbol of the child's dependence on the parent, since it embodies their biological connection. But that is another story, closely related and perversely complicated — a long-drawn-out story which Proust would call

"the profanation of the mother." And Proust, whose most revealing essay is called "Filial Sentiments of a Parricide," was himself the most devoted of sons. Such devotion, transferred from his family to his art, remains the one absolute in his world of shifting appearances and corrupted values.

Our sketch of the artist as a parricide, killing the things he loves, finds its most impressive model in Dostoevsky, whose own father was actually murdered by rebellious serfs, and whose lifework is consequently overcast by the mood of self-accusation. Transferring his sense of guilt from a personal to a political sphere, he repented in Siberia for having conspired against — whom but the Little Father of Russia, the Tsar? It is this abrupt transition from revolution to reaction, from rationalism to mysticism, from Western to Eastern ideals, that makes his fiction a casebook for our times. The skeptical Ivan assumes the moral responsibility for the murder of old Karamazov, while the youngest brother, Alyosha, seeks another father in the saintly Zossima and another home in the Orthodox Church. The Satanic, the Titanic, the Byronic archetypes of intellectual rebellion — theirs is the tragic pride that goes before a fall. After the fall — which is accompanied, in Dostoevsky's case, by symptoms of "the falling sickness" — comes a humility too abject to be elevated by anything short of Divine Grace.

But Dostoevsky is peculiarly dynamic because he embraces extremes; he juxtaposes the icon and the iconoclast. Before we agree with the many discerning critics who maintain that his twentieth-century successor is Franz Kafka, we must make one significant reservation. Where Dostoevsky's heroes both act and suffer, Kafka's merely suffer; where the former are ruthless experimentalists, the latter are sleepwalking masochists. This means, of course, that the forces of opposition have increased; that the opposing authorities have become more unfathomable and overwhelming than ever. Though Kafka is likewise preoccupied with family matters, his diffident scions no longer dare to oppose their stern progenitors. In a typical story, "The Judgment," a son informs his father of his engagement, is thereupon ordered to kill himself, and ends by dutifully complying. All of his stories, Kafka said, could be summed up as an attempt to escape from his father. Yet he never completely escaped, for his apologia takes the form of a "Letter to My Father." Life without him was quite as impossible as life with him.

As a consumptive Jew, a German writer in a Slavic country, an uprooted artist among entrenched burghers, Kafka was well qualified to represent the displaced person, to present the Central European nightmare. Few of his fragmentary writings were published during his brief career; most of them, dating from the First World War and its aftermath, prophetically foreshadow the causes and effects of the Second. Homeless, his characters wander through

abandoned streets; helpless, they are shunted into prison camps. Officers, officials, detectives, judges, domineer at every level of the bureaucracy — from father to *Führer*. A salesman, suddenly turning into an insect, worries chiefly about his boss's disapproval. An educated ape congratulates himself on escaping from the intolerable freedom of the jungle to the restrictions of civilization. A telephone rings, but somehow communication is never established. A prisoner is summoned, but the charge against him is never specified. The ironic parable that consummates *The Trial* has many meanings: one of them, surely, is that we are weak-kneed fools to let an officious doorkeeper prevent us from entering an open door.

3

IN the face of augmenting combinations of circumstance which seem to defy all rational human control, the stature of the individual has shrunk pathetically. This process of attrition is reflected throughout modern fiction — most powerfully in the novels and stories of Kafka, perhaps, but not less ubiquitously in the little magazines and the comic strips. Albert Camus has suggested that we model our composite hero upon Sisyphus, the classical prototype of ineffectuality, rolling his absurd stone up an endless hill. Whatever his name or disguise — Leopold Bloom, Miss Lonelyhearts, Caspar Milquetoast — he is recognizably the Little Man. Fatherless and father-ridden, childless and childlike, he is old enough but not wise enough for parenthood; he carries into his adult years the frustrations and hesitations of adolescence. Against a sea of troubles, on his own initiative, he is incapable of taking arms; but he can muddle through his appointed task, like the Sad Sack, whenever the Sergeant stands *in loco parentis*.

Turning from war to religion, he discovers that the theologians have already debated his problem. The controversy that most sharply divided the churches of the East and the West involved the filial-paternal relationship under its most universal aspect. Characteristically the Patriarchate insisted on the primacy of the Father, while Catholics upheld the doctrine of *filioque*, which implies an equal status for the Son. Though Protestants rejected the cult of the Madonna, and attacked the Mariolatry of the Roman Church, the central tradition of Western Christianity has been its humanized conception of Jesus Christ: the Son of man to whom a heavenly Father has given "authority to execute judgment." Latter-day religious thinkers, however, have re-emphasized the concept of fatherhood — not so much the benign providence of the Paternoster as the terrifying and inscrutable Jehovah of the Old Testament. In *Fear and Trembling*, a book which profoundly influenced Kafka, the Danish philosopher Kierkegaard envisages man's relation to God in Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. But Isaac is happily

saved by divine intervention; where in Oriental versions of the theme, notably in the story of Sohrab and Rustum, the son is fated to be slain by the father.

Our range of awareness extends from the first man we know, whose impact ordinarily determines our relations with our fellow men, to the ultimately unknowable, which we anthropomorphically drape with paternal attributes. At historical intervals, like the names of begetters in Biblical genealogies, our horizon is peopled with quasi-paternal figures: prophets and priests, sages and saints, captains and kings, emperors and popes. To the extent that they receive our veneration and reward our prayers, they satisfy our tribal need for an intercessor. On the political plane, in a somewhat oversimplified form, the *patria potestas* is known as "the leader principle," and is equally valid for ward bosses and Roman Senators. His clients or heelers, whom he calls "the boys," refer to their leader as "the old man." His fatherland, if he happens to be its eldest statesman, proudly salutes him as the Father of his Country. If he has taken part in the framing of its constitution, his fame is enshrined among the ashes of the Founding Fathers.

Much of the greatness of the late President Roosevelt was due to his superb interpretation in the sympathetic role of Paterfamilias. This was evident, not merely in his own large family and fatherly presence, but particularly in his mastery of radio technique. That reassuring voice, at every crisis for more than a dozen years, penetrated millions of homes, dominated millions of firesides, left millions with the feeling that their personal interests were not being neglected. The most widespread response to the shock of his death was: "I feel as if I had lost a father." Winston Churchill, admirably performing a similar part, combined the inflections of his eighteenth-century ancestors with the conventional gestures of John Bull. Significantly, these Great White Fathers of wartime have now been replaced by two incarnate Little Men. And, if Messrs. Truman and Attlee are less authoritative than their precursors, they are also more democratic, since they more directly represent our uncertainties and weaknesses. In a house divided, lacking domestic supervision, the Boy Debaters emerge, the Deweys and Stassens, aping the mannerisms of the departed sire.

Where in this scheme of things can we place the Hitlers, the Mussolinis, the fascist dictators? Obviously, they are the Wicked Stepfathers of folklore and legend. Originally the black sheep, the scapegrace sons, they become the heads of households through some default, and retain the uneasy psychology of the interloper. They press their authoritarian claims without fulfilling their parental responsibilities; instead they seek broader and ever more destructive channels for their adolescent aggressiveness. Without quite daring to apply their own genetic theories, we might declare them unfit

for fatherhood. At the other extreme we encounter the clinching case of Stalin, who — whatever he isn't — is indeed a patriarch. Hence he is the one effectual ruler in the world today. Doubtless his priestly training and Tsarist backdrop have served to accentuate the paternalism of his regime. Certainly his icon has pervaded Russian thought as the views of the iconoclastic Trotsky could never have done. Behind them both looms the Marxist tradition, parricidal in its revolutionary origins, patriarchal in its social consequences.

It is scarcely a coincidence that the socialist movement and the psychoanalytic school should follow the same pattern of development: an initial revelation, an apostolic succession, division among the disciples, revision of the master's teaching. Freud may look darkly backward toward Moses while Marx looks hopefully ahead to the Messiah, but each attains his particular comprehensiveness by treating all mankind as one big unhappy family. Both are increasingly influential because, in an epoch of collective irresponsibility, they stress the bonds between men as well as the barriers. May we not conclude, in the light of these comparative patristics, that every man is potentially a father-slayer and a father-seeker? Whether he proceeds in a radical or conservative direction will depend upon the repulsions and attractions that authority exerts for him. Wherever he confronts vested interests, strained prerogatives, undue repressions, he welcomes change. Wherever he meets scanted obligations, crumbling institutions, maladjusted efforts, he longs for permanence. He thereby reduces the ups and downs of history to the dimensions of a family quarrel.

4

EVERY moment may be unique in its way, just as every age is an age of transition; but there are certain factors, converging upon the present moment, which make it uniquely transitional. The impetus of liberalism, strengthened during the nineteenth century by science, seems to have spent itself in the period of critical realism between the two wars. The recent war, with its temporary dictatorships, has established a far from stable equilibrium; still another could start a chain reaction which would end in total explosion. Totalitarianism, far from being extinguished, comes closer to home than before. Meanwhile a so-called failure of nerve has been driving prodigal sons back to their respective hearths and sanctuaries. The air is heavy with conversion and recantation. In the absence of original artistic creations, reprints and revivals flourish. We reread the novels of Trollope, and relive the warmth and comfort of the Mid-Victorians. Only a literary businessman, who had to live down his mother's radicalism and his father's improvidence, could have conjured up such substantial fantasies.

The homelessness of this post-war generation is

not confined to the spiritual realm; it is a desperately practical problem. Small wonder that tree-lined vistas of pre-war villages, back yards and front porches, Burchfield houses and period pieces, should harbor such elusive charm. Our nostalgia culminates in the homage we pay to Clarence Day's only begetter. Orphaned like David Copperfield, our world is torn between competing foster-fathers: between the grim efficiency of an autocratic Mr. Murdstone and the genial incompetence of a democratic Mr. Micawber. The plight we share with Kafka's waif-like characters, the avoidance of responsibility at all costs, has been well analyzed by Erich Fromm in a volume suggestively entitled *Escape from Freedom*. If our escapes to the past were purely imaginary, they would simply be harmless escapades. But we have lately been reminded that Greece, though never able to get along with its king, has been unable to get along without him. And we have educators who solemnly aver that, since Saint Thomas Aquinas could answer the questions he himself propounded, he offers a solution to all of our perplexities.

The demand for an up-to-date universal doctor is variously supplied (Father Divine, "Pappy" O'Daniel, Mr. Anthony). It's a wise child that knows, in this pandemonium of free advice, whom to listen for. The filial instinct seems so deeply ingrained that it is bound to find some expression or other. Even in tribes where mother-right prevails, anthropologists inform us, the father's perquisites are accorded to the maternal uncle. In more complex societies, church and state organize the means of appeal to higher authority. Roman Catholicism and Soviet Communism, perhaps because both are constructed on the bedrock of paternalistic discipline, are among the few institutions that command much devotion today. Conversely, each turns out its unfilial quota of heretics and rebels. But apostasy is usually the beginning of a private quest for confessors or commissars. Samuel Butler, having committed his symbolic patricide, made a tutelary deity of Darwin, whom he later discarded in favor of Lamarek. Stendhal, having disinherited his natural father, deified Napoleon; and, forswearing politics when his idol fell, set up a new pantheon of artists and writers.

Since we must look up toward something, our constant effort is to discover objects worthy of admiration: other men's fathers if not our own, heroes if not divinities. The pitfalls of indiscriminate hero-worship, in the Century of the Common Man, hardly need to be pointed out. Wistfully we contemplate the elderly demigods of the schoolroom, the bearded poets and side-whiskered statesmen. What sort of confidence can our household gods, our boyish crooners and beardless pitchers, inspire? Our actors — those who perchance do not play

Father — remain juveniles until late in life. Our copywriters bask in their golden legends of eternal youth. Only our whiskey advertisers seem willing to recognize the capabilities of middle age. Most precocious of all, however, our atomic scientists, appalled by the results of their latest mischief, show sudden promise of accepting the leadership their guilty knowledge imposes upon them. Their humanistic colleagues, gathering the experience of countless generations of fathers, must bring it to bear upon our contemporary needs.

Every dilemma has two ways out. Thus the continuous path that leads through adolescence to maturity is education. We like to recall, as we revise our curricula, that the teacher is the traditional surrogate for the parent. Yet there is another consideration which, since it invokes a law of nature, is still more fundamental. Children do grow up; sons in their turn become fathers; and cultural changes revolve with the biological cycle. Literature offers few more striking illustrations than the career of James Joyce. A rebellious young artist, he portrayed himself as Icarus, the son who presumptuously tried his father's wings. When his trial flight succeeded, the rebel identified himself with the creator, Dedalus, who devised among other things a notorious labyrinth. *Ulysses* expounds the heresy that every son should become his own father. Assuming gigantic stature in *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce could still express childish bewilderment: "Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair!" But the dominant image is the father comforting his child at night (and, incidentally, the exile remembering Ireland): "Sonly all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic nation, dim of mind!"

The search is predestined, then, to guide us to ourselves; and for this conclusion we are not altogether prepared. Schools have prolonged our infancy, sports have promoted our infantilism, publicists have kept us in a state of arrested development. Our own novelists, from Hemingway to Steinbeck, have dealt with problem children rather than adults, with white mice rather than men. While there are youth and experiment, there ought to be hope — hope for what Van Wyck Brooks, before he became an ancestor-worshiper, called "America's Coming-of-Age." But the rites of passage cannot be delayed much longer; no indulgent father stands ready to bear the responsibilities we shirk; and we ourselves are old enough to know better. The king is dead, long live the king! The armored figure that stalks across the battlement, after all, is only a ghost. The young prince, if he would come into his kingdom, must learn to make his own decisions, to think and act for himself. And, unless he acts quickly, his vacant throne may be occupied by some usurper.

MISS PERKINS LOOKS AT F.D.R.

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

SMALL men have now succeeded great men in the United States, but small problems have not succeeded great problems. Those who were used to taking their cue from Roosevelt fill the gap by wondering what Roosevelt would do if he were alive, and those who aspire to his role as leader of American liberalism invoke his memory in order to strengthen their own cases.

The problem which agitates too many liberals, of course, is whether Roosevelt would have backed the policy of Mr. Byrnes or the policy of Mr. Wallace. In a fundamental sense this is a mischievous question, not just because it poses a false alternative, but because responsible people have no business making up their minds on such a basis. Yet anxieties have created the need, and pamphleteers rush in where historians fear to tread.

The reports, needless to say, are widely divergent. Louis Adamic, employing his own special form of extra-sensory perception, assures us in *Dinner at the White House* that Roosevelt could not but have supported Russia in its unequal struggle with that overshadowing world menace, the British Empire; and Elliott Roosevelt's *As He Saw It* adorns this thesis with a profusion of direct quotations which few are in a position to deny.

Yet, for all its positiveness, *As He Saw It* raises delicate questions. Elliott was not just the Roosevelt who didn't go to Harvard; he was also, of all the sons, the one who played the most equivocal role in New Deal days and who showed least sign of sympathizing with his father's reform program. On the record he appears an unlikely repository of his father's political testament; and the very different stand taken by the New Deal members of the family increases one's misgivings. Where Elliott's book ends with a play-by-play endorsement of the current Communist line on foreign policy, Anna and Franklin, Jr., have publicly denounced the

whole party-line racket, James has resigned from the Communist-tinged Independent Citizens Committee for the Arts, Sciences and Professions, and Eleanor Roosevelt has been active in repelling Communist high-handedness in the American liberal movement as well as in the United Nations.

Roosevelt himself looms massively in the background; but the smoke and fury of the political battle obscure his lineaments. One fact remains clear: only a man of remarkable capacity and complexity could have held together the people who compete so bitterly for his memory. The intensity of their falling out is a measure of the many-sidedness of his leadership. F.D.R. managed to comprehend the differences among his followers. From each he drew what he needed; and conflict enlarged his resourcefulness, expanded his flexibility, and gave his decisions imagination and authority.

Frances Perkins in *The Roosevelt I Knew* provides by far the best portrait of Roosevelt up to now. The very title of the book makes an instructive contrast with Elliott Roosevelt's easy assurance: *As He Saw It — The Roosevelt I Knew*. The humility is not only becoming but indispensable. There were many Roosevelts. Different people and different situations elicited different versions of that protean personality. But Frances Perkins's account of the Roosevelt she knew has so much maturity, discernment, and wisdom that it affords essential clues for anyone's Roosevelt.

Miss Perkins has no delusions about the completeness of her understanding. "Franklin Roosevelt was not a simple man. . . . He was the most complicated human being I ever knew." Drives and compulsions sent him off on a dozen different tacks; his imaginative sympathies made it possible for him to identify himself with widely different people and situations. Yet this centrifugal dispersion of energy "did not result in neurotic stagnation, but in life and movement in many directions" and in "a capacity for living and growing that remained to his dying day."

Frances Perkins recalls the Roosevelt of 1910, that unpromising young man with high collar and pince-nez whose somewhat priggish air of superiority infuriated most of the Democrats in the New York state legislature. She watched him grow

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through the Wilson administration and the campaign of 1920. She saw illness purge him of his arrogance: "the man emerged completely warmhearted, with humility of spirit and with a deeper philosophy." Al Smith talked him into running for governor in 1928, and the unhappy but necessary break between the two men provided the next step toward psychological maturity. Miss Perkins comments with characteristic insight: "If Governor Al could only have realized that Roosevelt, because he had been a sick man, needed more than most men to demonstrate that he could and would do it alone, he would not have attempted to handle him by remote control."

The lively and informative chapters on the early days of the New Deal make somewhat wry reading. The fertility of ideas and resource with which America attacked the depression stands in such melancholy contrast to the weariness and sterility which pervade Washington today in face of more urgent problems. Miss Perkins has, of course, an inescapable vested interest in many of the transactions she describes; and others who took part in the development of NRA or the Wagner Act or the wages-and-hours legislation will occasionally quarrel with her emphasis. But she is neither pleading a case nor paying off grudges.

Hugh Johnson, that restless, dictatorial, neurotic figure, emerges with special vividness. He gave Miss Perkins a copy of Viglione's *The Corporate State*, and dreamed of NRA not just as an emergency agency but as "a permanent regulatory function of government" which would absorb the Departments of Labor and of Commerce and perhaps others too. Miss Perkins eventually began to wonder "whether he might be moving by emotion and indirection toward a dangerous pattern." But she estimates NRA more highly than some of its critics, valuing particularly the influence it had in educating the country to the feasibility of government regulation and in educating personnel (Winant, Leon Henderson, Hillman, Harriman, Stettinius, William H. Davis, Max Gardner) to the responsibilities of government service.

The book has less to say about labor than one might expect, but it does suggest the enormous strides that have taken place since 1933. In that year the great steel magnates, led by Taylor and Grace, Girdler and Weir, meeting at Miss Perkins's office for a session on the steel code, found themselves in the presence of William Green, whom Miss Perkins had brought in as general representative of the then unorganized steelworkers. The result was catastrophic. Confronted by this dynamic and revolutionary labor leader, "they backed away into a corner, like frightened boys. It was," Miss Perkins recalls, "the most embarrassing social experience of my life." On the other side, she provides glimpses of John L. Lewis which illustrate the consistency of robber baron operations, whatever the field of endeavor.

The years of the second New Deal and the war

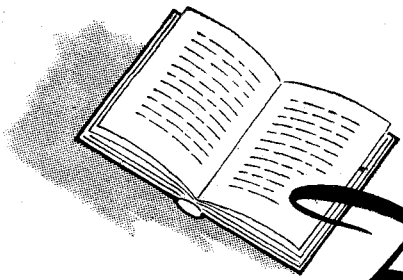
are sketched hastily in comparison with the treatment of the early 1930's. But the cumulative effect of the book is to draw a picture of Roosevelt's mind in operation, a picture unsurpassed elsewhere in detail or perception. It confirms the absence of intellectual rigor and of elegance of taste which one has always suspected. Here is a man who "was not very familiar with economic theory." Keynes observed cautiously to Miss Perkins after a chat with Roosevelt that he had expected the President to be "more literate, economically speaking." He knew little about the great social philosophies. For all his traditional concern with churchgoing, "he had little, if any, intellectual or theological understanding of the doctrinal basis of the major religions." His reading was scattered and impressionistic. His taste even in painting, food, and movies was indiscriminating.

Yet these are all the standards of the intellectual, and Miss Perkins is too wise to regard them as decisive. Roosevelt simply "did not enjoy the intellectual process for its own sake." When he thought about a subject, he used all his faculties — emotions, intuitions, moral bias, sense of right and wrong, as well as cold reason. He operated best on concrete cases; his mind always returned to the specific incident. He learned from conversation and experience, not from study and abstract analysis. When sickness and later the Presidency deprived him of the opportunity for direct contact, he relied on his wife, who extended her husband's experience by her own reports from the field.

In short, Roosevelt remained peculiarly American in his intellectual operations — pragmatic, sentimental, experimental, indifferent to metaphysics, mistrustful of pure logic, impressed by anecdote and fact. "The common people understood Franklin Roosevelt," Miss Perkins writes, "and he understood them, largely, I think, because their processes of looking at things and coming to conclusions were almost the same."

It is this fact which lends the final note of futility to the debate over what Roosevelt would do about the Russians. Nothing he might have told his son Elliott or anyone else in 1945 would necessarily dictate his attitude today. Miss Perkins warns against "a rigid 'Roosevelt legend.'" The whole point of Roosevelt was that "he was essentially adaptable to new circumstances, always quick . . . to vary his action to meet changing situations."

Roosevelt had no magic formula. The best we can do is what he would do: make up our minds ourselves on the basis of the facts as we see them. Death ought to have released F.D.R. from current politics. He belongs to history now, and the pamphleteers should leave him alone. Frances Perkins has discharged her obligation to historians with grace, fidelity, and insight. The temper and purpose of her book should serve as a model to the others who plan to write about the Roosevelts they knew.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.

So the old carol sings to us at this, the most open-minded season of the year. Between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night our thinking is freshly lit with generosity and hope, business is relegated to second place, and our personal relations are prompted by the resolution to meet the world on more considerate terms. While we are in the act of taking the pledge I should like to glance at five futurities, situations susceptible of trouble, which already exist on the American horizon and which may grow to be sore spots in our national life.

1. *Motor paralysis.* All of our cities are seriously suffering from motor paralysis. The disease is most noticeable at five o'clock quitting time: then as the main arteries, the bridges, and the tunnels jam up, the accidents begin. We are the most irascible drivers in the world. When we are held up, our temper makes us contemptuous of the man ahead and murderous of the man afoot. There are more cars on the road than ever before and many of them injuriously decrepit. It takes more than traffic cops to slow down this motorized fury; it takes better planning and more patience on the part of each individual.

2. *Waste.* Anyone really want to stop the reckless waste and defacement of this superb country? The pinelands cut over and left as fire hazards, the automobile graveyards that litter the suburbs, rivers as beautiful as the Hudson, the Connecticut, and the Penobscot polluted, the chestnuts and elms blighted for lack of sufficient precaution, tin cans and bed-springs in the creek where a boy once went swimming. Out of our forests last year came 20 billion tons of newsprint and in all this mass of advertising and

high-pressure talk not a single Audubon to tell us what we were throwing away.

3. *Our living wage.* "Gimme" rates higher than gumption. The pressure exerted by strikes, the farm bloc, and protected interests in Congress has thrown all wage scales out of line. Fishermen are reporting incomes of \$4000 and over for last summer's haul, striking truck drivers settled for a top of \$3700, and TVA pilots (whose flying expectancy is about fifteen years) struck for a top of \$15,000 a year. Speaking for the Screen Writers' Guild, Mr. Ernest Borneman reported in *Harper's* that six film writers "earned more than \$100,000 during the past fiscal year, eleven earned between \$100,000 and \$75,000, thirty-seven between \$75,000 and \$50,000, twenty-eight between \$50,000 and \$40,000, thirty-two between \$40,000 and \$30,000," and so on down the line. In the same year public school teachers in Massachusetts had their salaries raised from \$300 to \$400 to a high average of \$2500. Put librarians and ministers in the same income bracket; remember that we pay trained nurses not much more than we pay cooks and general maids, and ask yourself what is going to happen to the dedication and skill of such people who are left on the ground as prices and salaries continue to spiral upwards.

4. *Recrimination.* The time for "I told you so" is here. Now is the open season for official inquiry and recrimination. Some of this inquiry is long overdue: some of it, like the Mead Committee investigation of Representative May, is healthy; some of it, like Rankin's star chamber proceedings against Dr. Shapley, is outrageous. The contagion of the hue and cry throws people into an emotional state when hate has the commanding voice. If vindictiveness flares out as it may, people will do well to remember Republican Charles G. Dawes's testimony at the end of the First World War: "Hell Maria, we had to get the job done!"

The mal-effect of recrimination is that it will divide and slow us down when we ought to be forward-moving. Faultfinding, Red-baiting, tomato-throwing of that word "Communist" at anyone you disagree with, are not the behavior of responsible people.

Not every veteran came back with a matured



U. S. A.

By John Dos Passos
Illustrated by Reginald Marsh

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sense of responsibility. The majority did; the minority, strained, restless, easily exasperated, are the boys who need watching. When they fail to get what they want they will be disillusioned, suspicious, and inflammable, a fact which is known to the psychiatrists in the Veterans Bureaus and one which is being exploited by the leaders of the Klan, America First, the Communist Party, and by a multitude of veterans' organizations. In *The Plotters*, John Roy Carlson has given us his searching case-history of the blind leading the blind: a name and address record of those who since V-J Day have been misleading the veteran for all he is worth; a depressing revelation, and an honest warning of the risk we run through ignorance.

When in a sleepless night you examine your past it is with humility. There is one Inquiry, more dreadful than that of Pearl Harbor, we still have to face. A handful of Americans wiped out a hundred thousand lives. When I heard the Second Bomb had been dropped my immediate reaction was of relief, relief that the war would end. We unleashed that weapon; and having done so, it is our responsibility to reckon the consequences more clearly and humbly than those who have been hurt. In his small book *Hiroshima*, John Hersey tells what the bomb did to six of the luckiest in that city — if to survive is lucky — tells what it did to them and the thousands they saw and attended. The prose is stark and stirring in its revelation of fortitude. The Strategic Bombing Survey had given us the cold appalling facts, but here is the living tissue, the human behavior of Doomsday pictured as no American could imagine — or forget, once he has read. There but for the grace of God go we.

5. *Impotence*. The individual feels overpowered. What can you and I do about it? Nothing except to find a hide-out in Vermont, or the Grand Canyon, or Pukapuka; nothing, that is, unless you believe that the only defense against atomic disintegration is the cohesive attraction of mankind.

The ablest editorial writer in this country is E. B. White of the *New Yorker*, and if the Pulitzer Prize Committee were on their toes, they would give him a special award for the incomparable irony and the irrefutable logic with which he has attacked the growth of nationalism here and in Soviet Russia. In the spring of 1943, Mr. White, who has no infatuation for guns or dinosauric bigness, began quietly and insistently to proclaim that until we had leveled the walls and the suspicions of sovereignty, we could have no hope for lasting peace. The atomic blast which disturbed the brain fluid of most of us only intensified the urgency of what Mr. White had been saying. His new book, *The Wild Flag*, gives his searching commentary on our efforts to arrive at a unity of nations; it is alive with phrases that bite the mind. When he says that "The anatomy of loyalty is largely unexplored," or "The awful truth is, a world government would lack an enemy, and that is a deficiency not to be lightly dismissed,"

or "A big city is a noisy proof of man's ability to live at peace with strangers," or "It is stimulating to learn that the ones who have been doing the fighting have an extremely low opinion of the whole business"; when he nominates Dinosaur Park in the Black Hills as the perfect site for the assembly of prehistoric sovereign nations "who kept on fighting one another until they perished from the earth"; when he says that "The whole business of the bomb tests at Bikini is . . . almost enough in itself to start a bitter fight in the crazy arena of amorphous fear," Mr. White lifts our minds out of the despairing present and leads them at one leap to the Promised Land of World Government. He does not tell us how we are to cross the Red Sea. He makes us understand that we must.

The girl and the river

In the tone and quality of her writing Rumer Godden is in direct succession to Katherine Mansfield. In Miss Godden's novels, as in Miss Mansfield's short stories, there is an apprehensive interest in time and the change which it is effecting in the character, and in each case the characterization is made luminous by details chosen with skillful, feminine intimacy. In comparing Miss Godden's new novelette, *The River*, with either of Miss Mansfield's famous stories "To the Beach" or "The Garden Party," one notices the same natural nervous flush in the prose.

The River tells the story of one decisive winter in the life of Harriet, an adolescent English girl, half child, half woman, beginning to write, on the verge of calf love, deeply shocked by a death for which she is partly responsible, the sensitive, eager, curious youngster caught at the turning point in her self-revelation. Harriet's family live in India, operating a jute works on the bank of a river, with the children confined at home because of the war. Thus the household is enclosed within itself, and its reactions compose this story; Harriet is learning fast from her mother, from her critical older sister, Bea, from her clear, composed Indian nurse, Nan, and most of all from the sympathy of Captain John, a young soldier crippled and imprisoned by the Japs, who is searching, as Harriet is searching, for the key to life.

The India background is pastel and incidental. What concerns us in the foreground is the series of turns — the publishing of Harriet's piece, the cobra in the garden, the snatching of her diary, the flying of a kite, the last walk with Captain John — with which Harriet emerges from her cocoon.

This deft and delicate story is for those who relished *Take Three Tenses*.

Living it over

DEAR MR. WEEKS: —

You have put away your rod for the year and three thousand miles away a non-fishing reader mourns. All fishing season I turned to your page first. You evoked scenes I had almost forgotten. The Ipswich

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Thackeray is re-created here against the background of his age as vividly as his own Pendennis whom he so much resembled—from the time he came to England, a six-year-old boy from India, until his death in 1862.

"It cannot help but be entertaining for it reveals the vicissitudes of the never static career of a brilliant man of warm heart and courage, who loved life and people."—John P. Marquand, *The Book-of-the-Month Club News*. \$5.00

The Marble Man's Wife

Thomas Wolfe's Mother

by **HAYDEN NORWOOD**

This is a "conversational biography" of Thomas Wolfe's mother, introduced to hundreds of thousands of readers as "Eliza Gant" in her son's novels. As well as narrating the life of a very remarkable personality, *THE MARBLE MAN'S WIFE* also contains a hundred and one homey, pungent matters that concern a family made famous through Wolfe's imaginative pictures of them in his books. In the conversations, many of them reproduced verbatim, between Hayden Norwood and Mrs. Wolfe, are new facts about Tom Wolfe himself and an immense amount of information about the American backgrounds of his novels and their characters. \$2.75

Manhattan Kaleidoscope

by **FRANK WEITENKAMPF**

Here, in a warmly human and colorful book, is the chronicle of an epoch in American life. Through the eyes of a sensitive observer the reader is afforded a glimpse—now moving, now laughter-provoking, now nostalgic—of the shifting kaleidoscope of New York throughout the past seventy-five years. \$2.75

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SUSAN LEIGH BLACKFORD

Here is one of the real "source books" on life in the Civil War as seen through the correspondence between Captain Charles M. Blackford of the Confederate Army and his wife who lived in Charlottesville. The exciting incidents which Capt. Blackford recounts, as well as the trials and troubles his wife endured at home, make these letters a completely fascinating, intimate record of their times. \$3.50

Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt

*Edited, with an
Introduction and Prefaces, by* **WILL IRWIN**

These letters form a unique study in the relationship between an understanding father and a much loved son whose problems the father took seriously, whose development fascinated him. They are affectionate, vital and marked by the contagious good nature and sympathy characteristic of Kermit's father. \$3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

SCRIBNERS

River. New England hills, fields, woods. Familiar roads. Often, I think, one rebels against one's background at some time in life and then, as the years pass, one finds oneself returning to one's traditions, early habits, and most of all to memories of the scenes of childhood. Arizona is home to me now. I feel a thrill of homecoming when I first see the depthless turquoise sky, the wild rugged scenery. Yet of a summer evening, I love to sit and remember some spot — Rowley, Sunapee, Lynn Beach, Nahant, Moosehead, Champlain, Brandon, Woodstock — until I can smell its special scent and hear its sounds. I am grateful to you for many pleasant hours.

LOUISE HOLLES BLACK

It is hard to say which is the zenith of pleasure: whether it is the anticipation of the night before, when you choose your flies, wax your line, mount and whip the rod (being careful not to tip off the lamp shade), and go to sleep dreaming of the olive water in the early dawn; whether it is that instinctive action when you set the hook and the rod curves in its domination; or whether happiness really dwells in remembrance. Anglers like myself, who must hibernate until next April, will find food for imagination in *A Treasury of Fishing Stories*, selected by Charles E. Goodspeed. The quintessence of fishing, centuries of experience, American exaggeration, and the imperishable beauty of many streams flow through this sparkling current of Izaak's literature.

Here are the masters of the art: Audubon catching Ohio catfish; Richard Jefferies watching a London trout; Negley Farson surf-casting on the New Jersey coast; Bliss Perry and Henry van Dyke; Charles Dudley Warner in the Adirondacks; Ray Bergman confessing his first embarrassment with a plug; George Bosworth Churchill using a dry fly on the Miramichi; and Philip Wylie writing of the giant ray and the harpoon; Theocritus, John Masefield, and Don Marquis — all of them lovers of the green and gold, detectives of the swiftest mystery that swims. True stories and whoppers, prose and verse, and lovely black and whites by Everett Ward, this book is tonic beyond price for those who have to wait.

THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

The Golden Egg, by James S. Pollak (Holt, \$3.00), is the story of the rise and fall of a Hollywood dynasty, the characters playing the principal parts being commonly alluded to in ephemeral writings like this as "thinly disguised." I have always regarded this phrase as an insult to a writer; anyone who has ever tried to put a real person on paper knows why. The story is concerned with the growth of the motion picture business from its shoestring tackles at Fort Lee to the suburbs of Los Angeles, then a pretty corny locale, to the coming of sound, the building

of great studios and vast distribution organizations, the glacier-like infiltration of the bankers, the errors, the sins, the triumphs, the decay, and the final terse bounce off the lot. It is told, as stories are, and insofar as stories like this may be, through the medium of characters. They are pretty stock, but that doesn't mean they never lived. The splendor and delusion of tough Moe Korn and not quite so tough Louis Levinson and his son Willie are also rather stock by this time, as also are the wives and mothers, the sweethearts and paramours, some of them lush and some of them loyal, some of them tough and some of them true. There is the usual — or perhaps only usual to me — assortment of studio characters, technicians, hangers-on, grafters, and occasionally a guy with the gleam of vision in his eye.

Mr. Pollak has been around the picture business since 1930 and has probably lapped up as much of Hollywood as he can digest, and far more than he can put on paper. The book is written in what the jacket calls a "deceptive, fast-paced, racy and unpretentious style." I missed the deception, but I am a rather slow thinker. Fast-paced and racy are a matter of taste and definition. I found the style flat-footed. As for unpretentious, I think I should substitute unaware: an unawareness that the artistic use of language has been going on for a couple of thousand years. I do not ask for purple, but there is a lot of difference between a calculated economy of words and a ten-cent dictionary. Good writing, however spare, is like an iceberg. Only one ninth of it shows, but you know what lurks deep in the black water.

It would be insincere of me to suggest that this compilation contains no accurately reported speech, no fairly sharp little scenes, no credible events, no purpose, no hard work, and no lonely hours of doubt. It would be equally insincere of me to suggest that the result comes much closer to literature than butcher's paper comes to illuminated vellum. And by literature I mean quite simply any sort of writing at all that reaches a sufficient intensity of performance to glow with its own heat. That leaves out a lot of celebrated cold cuts that are still being peddled in full calf. It leaves out a great deal of contemporary literary art by whose standards Mr. Pollak might be proud to be judged. I can't help that; neither can those of the professional critics who have long since given up the pretense of reviewing such work with any other real purpose than to exploit their own very considerable virtuosity in writing around things which are not really worth writing about.

That tips off what I am trying to do now. For my real interest is in the Hollywood novel as a type. It interests me because it has never been licked and I want to suggest my own idea of why it has never been licked. It is invariably about the wrong things. The novel (I don't care how long it is) deals with persons in confined spaces, just as does the play. These persons, the characters, are oversim-

plified for emphasis and oversharpened for effect. That is to say, they are played in an artificial perspective. But the instant you make a huge and complicated industry the background of such an affair, your perspective is lost. You cannot write a novel about United States Steel and at the same time deal with the week-end binge of a third vice-president. You cannot make a close-up and a long shot in the same "take." There is no lens that will photograph it. And you cannot show the inner workings, the superb skills, the incredible idiocies, the glory, the opulence, the grandeur and the decay, the poignant humanity and the icy heartlessness of this magnificent yet childish colossus, the movie business, in the terms of a hot-pants actress, an egomaniac director, a snide executive, four frantic secretaries, and a sweet young thing in an open Cadillac.

You can only write about the waste, and the waste is not the story. *The Last Tycoon*, by far the best of them all, most clearly (perhaps for that very reason) reveals this futility. Monroe Stahr, its hero, is magnificent when he sticks to the business of dealing with pictures and the people he has to use to make them; the instant his personal life as a love-hungry and exhausted man enters the picture, he becomes just another guy with too much money and nowhere to go. Perhaps, had Scott Fitzgerald lived, he might have written the story and thrown out the nonsense. I do not think so, but the hope lies with his dust.

The story that is Hollywood will some day be written and it will not primarily be about people at all, but about a process, a very living and terrible and lovely process, the making of a single picture, almost any hard-fought and ambitious picture, but preferably a heartbreaker to almost everyone concerned. In that process will be all the agony and heroism of human affairs, and it will be all in focus, because the process will be the story. Everything that matters in Hollywood goes into this process. The rest is waste. Above all the vice is waste, and the vicious people, of whom there are many and always will be, because Hollywood is starved for talent, for a single facet of a single talent, and will pay the price in disgust, because it has to. Why should it not? The theater always has, and the theater is a pygmy compared with Hollywood.

To Scott Fitzgerald alone, so far as I know, goes the honor of having written a few brilliant, literate, and incisive chapters that showed where the story was. To Mr. Pollak goes the satisfaction, and I trust the reward, of having written 493 pages of what some persons may regard as absorbing fiction. As a fellow oarsman in the long galley I regret that I may not be numbered among them.

THE ANGELIC AVENGERS

Pierre Andrezel

\$3.00

RANDOM HOUSE

THE author of *The Angelic Avengers*, Pierre Andrezel, made, I suspect, the following plan. Why not double on everything that the public likes, thereby ensuring that his book be twice as popular. If one pure heroine in distress



AVERY DULLES

entered Harvard an agnostic, he left it a Catholic. What happened in between he tells in

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is a good ingredient, have two heroines twice as pure in really frightful troubles. As a villain must possess a terrible nature, multiply his sins with a couple of other startling characteristics. Of course give the girls two rich, titled, and handsome heroes, have Protestants and Catholics help the unhappy heroines with equal fervor, and just to be sure that everything is covered, have one girl a blonde with long hair, and the other a brunette with short hair.

The tale opens in 1840 with heroine number one, the blonde, Lucan Bedellen, an orphaned governess escaping from her employer, a widower who wishes to seduce her. Lucan joins a rich schoolmate, Zosine, the brunette, who the next day loses her fortune. The two lovely girls go out to make their living together.

They finally find positions with a saintly old British clergyman and his wife in France. In this position they do not work but merely study every day with the Reverend Pennhallow.

The two titled young men conveniently appear and even more conveniently disappear as the Reverend Pennhallow's true purposes are disclosed. The girls do not escape but remain in order to trap the Reverend Pennhallow and avenge the deeds he has perpetrated on other beautiful girls, though they know they will be murdered.

At that moment Olympia, Zosine's old mammy, shows up, accuses the Reverend Pennhallow of having *eaten* her little black baby some time before.

Now does Mr. Andrezel write this book with his tongue well placed in his cheek? Is it a satire? Is it a test made by the author, publisher, and book clubs to discover the final limits of the trash that the public can be shoved into buying? And will the public be shoved? And is that a justification for this incredible book?

GRETCHEN FINLETTER

EXPERIMENT IN REBELLION

\$3.75

Clifford Dowdey

DOUBLEDAY

IT IS an awesome and often disastrous leap for a novelist to turn to expository writing. Clifford Dowdey, widely known for his expert historical novels, has sprung into the non-fiction field and landed securely on both feet. In *Experiment in Rebellion* he has packed into close compass the story of the Confederate government, of the men who started it and who kept it going up to the last pulse-beat.

This unusual book is highly readable, thoughtful, speculative, and always vivid. Many will wish that Mr. Dowdey had expanded it to the multi-volumed scope of Freeman's *Lee's Lieutenants* — and this reviewer is among those many.

The key figure, of course, is Jefferson Davis, who appears in most lifelike tones — self-blinded by his dream of a superman class of landholders and by his conception of himself as a practical soldier. At his elbow, the figure of his wife, Varina Howell, emerges magnificently, utterly devoted to Davis and to the ideals that were his.

About this pair shuttle the strange fish who ruled in Richmond: the Sephardic Jew, J. P. Benjamin; Memminger, the German immigrant; Mallory, whose father was a Connecticut Yankee; Vice-President Stephens of Georgia; and the various other incumbents who drifted vaguely in and out of office. Some of them had little to do. All of them ran their departments in bland unconcern for their neighbors, State showing as little interest in War as War evinced toward Navy. And yet somehow the wheels of government turned.

All this is set forth against the war years. Not only do the people live, but the city of Richmond assumes a definite personality of its own.

With all the vitality of this book, the reader may be left slightly confused by the impressions that remain when the last page is turned. Few of the men come off well; indeed most of them come off badly. There seems more than a touch of derision for Benjamin, for Stephens, for Joe Johnston and Hood and Toombs. Davis himself is shown in an eternal self-created mist of delusion; hot fire is poured on most state governors, Brown of Georgia and Vance of North Carolina receiving the choicest atomic showers. No one will, I think, question Mr. Dowdey's research, facts, or presentation. But one is left puzzling over how such a Barque of State, "shipped by a crew of fools and mutineers," lasted even a month.

Other points bob up from time to time. Mr. Dowdey seems to feel that the defenseless South of 1861 faced a North that was prepared down to the last conventional gaiter-button. Actually the two sections started pretty much from scratch. Eyebrows may jump over his assertion that McClellan, in sparring with Johnston in '62, never made a mistake. It is, I think, demonstrable that McClellan turned out blunders in carload lots from the moment of his landing on the Yorktown Peninsula.

This is a book that will be provocative of much comment and argument. Let us hope that Mr. Dowdey will give us more — while not abandoning his novels.

BRUCE LANCASTER

IN THE FIRST WATCH

\$3.00

William McFee

RANDOM HOUSE

PERCHED in the mental conning tower of her London flat, Mrs. McFee ever preserved "an austere skepticism toward her son's way of life" and the old lady's maternal anxiety seems amply justified as we read the candid and delightful memories of her talented son. *In the First Watch* is a most engaging book, fresh as the breeze blowing the oily smells from the boiler room and lively as the winches when cargo comes aboard. The author does not say so, but Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle were among his authentic granddads. The beautifully literate engineer who drove the battered engines of the *Framfield* was the type, body, soul, and dungarees, of the rollicking salts who squared the yards generations before steam chased sail from the seven seas; but a certain underlying steadfastness came to McFee from the father who wrote his name with difficulty, but knew precisely what he was doing when he sat before his drawing board, and from the grave uncles, sailors ashore, who watched like lynxes over their ships and cargoes, and whose restraining influence hovered over the background of our hero's adventures.

McFee came up through the engine room, not the fo'c'sle. He began as an oiler and quit as Chief. It was in the years of the World War, when he was on the death route carrying chilled beef from Alexandria to Salonika, that he used to write the *Atlantic* of what life was like when torpedoes were about and the boilers needed help. Better letters never came from the sea. McFee has embalmed much of them in his books; but what a scholar he was I never knew till I read in this life's story that Goethe, Gibbon, James, and Flaubert were on the bookshelf in the corner of his cabin which his shipmates eyed so eerily.

Not Daumier nor Rowlandson has a surer eye for charac-

ter than he. Every figure comes alive: Captain Williams under the embarrassing encumbrance of his wife and baby; Chief Edes with his solid capacity and enigmatic background; Brown, who knew his way round with the ladies; the engaging Mr. Mair; Tinoso, the Spanish hustler in a town dead as a haddock, stick to the memory like oakum to a joint. There was fun to be had in port with the girls, but it was when the ancient tramp stood up to a gale that the wild joy of living took hold of McFee. Then a sense of responsibility steadied him, and thoughts of the novels he was going to write shone like meteors beyond the blackness.

"Mister, it was a beautiful life!" remarked the shellback bosun; and a beautiful book has McFee made of it.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

PAVILION OF WOMEN

\$3.00

Pearl S. Buck

JOHN DAY

IN THIS story an orthodox Chinese matriarch discovers the existence of loyalties higher than duty and preservation of the family name. Before her acquaintance with Brother André, an Italian mystic who deserted his family, his country, and the Catholic Church in his youth, Madame Wu glided quietly through a full domestic life directing the activities of her husband and four sons with chilling efficiency. After his arrival, she allows the reins of discipline to slip from her hands. This disintegration of the old way of life and Madame Wu's substitution of individual freedom and tolerance for blind tradition in the household are the theme of Miss Buck's latest novel. The picture is clearer before Brother André's appearance, for the author is happier among the complex family relationships, the ceremonial meals, and the orchid gardens contained within the Wu mansion walls than among the boundless intricacies of mysticism.

As a review of the manners and customs of one of China's old families, the book is rich and appealing in detail. One learns the delicacies involved in selecting a concubine for a husband and wives for sons, in choosing correct dress, food, and courtesies. As a treatise on the salvation of Madame Wu's soul, it is impressive but less successful. Brother André, whose teachings are a blend of Christianity and Taoism, has a profound emotional as well as spiritual effect on Madame Wu, so that it is difficult at times to distinguish her reactions as a religious disciple from those as a woman in love.

We see, nevertheless, within its Oriental frame, a comprehensive portrait of an intelligent woman struggling to escape from conventional formalities into a world circumscribed only by the limits of her own spirit and personality.

MARY PINCHOT

ANIMAL TALES

\$5.00

Ivan T. Sanderson

KNOPF

ALTHOUGH Ivan Sanderson calls his new book an anthology, it is actually more than a collection of stories about animals. The first chapter is a history and analysis of animal tales, and gives serious consideration to the place of such tales in the literature of the world. Classified, first, by their literary form, they are divided into eight groups, ranging from "scientific observation" to the "fantastic impossible."

Then Mr. Sanderson divides the earth into five great belts of vegetation and, breaking these into subdivisions, chooses each story with a different setting, to include



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by C. E. Kenneth Mees

This book is written to help you judge scientific progress with the intelligent realism demanded of each of us in this Atomic Age. It analyzes first the evolution of scientific thought and the social factors influencing that evolution. It tells clearly what is meant by the scientific method, and explains its use in developing modern physical, chemical, and biological ideas. In later chapters, the discussion centers on the present-day organization for scientific research, including applications of science to industry. The final chapter reviews the general relation of science to society, and discusses future possibilities for scientific study of sociology and politics.

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animals of all the regions of the earth: the lion, elephant, bear, wolf, jaguar; a host of smaller creatures, such as viscacha, koala, and fennec; birds of the air, whales of the Arctic Sea, and even luminous fishes a half mile down in tropical waters.

Mr. Sanderson has not chosen the obvious — Kipling, for one, is missing; but he has reprinted many old favorites as well as some that are new and less well known. Representing the older naturalists are Francis Buckland, Paul Du Chaillu, and Alfred Russel Wallace; the story of Bambi's childhood and the account of the arrival of Cherry Kearton's penguins are two of the more recent selections. One story is published here for the first time, "The Last Moon of Azu," a tale of the great West African forest told by Afa the Hunter to Ivan Sanderson.

He gives the geographic setting for each animal story; in warm and vivid tones he describes the forests, deserts, and prairies, as they were when the animals first inhabited them and as they are today, after man — or, in one instance, the beaver — has changed their aspect. These little introductory essays are done with humor and understanding. Of the African plains he writes: "The animals dominate the scene. They are more important than men and they often exceed the trees in number. . . . East Africa still gives us a glimpse of what many areas of our world must have been like at the close of the last geological age before man began his systematic slaughter of all living creatures."

A concise and sympathetic biography of the thirty-one authors included adds to the value of the anthology. Thirty-one enchanting brush paintings illustrate the book, which, with a story for every day in the month, will be as much of a "Treasure" on the naturalist's shelves as the earlier books of this gifted young artist and writer.

LUCILE Q. MANN

THE IDOLS OF THE CAVE

\$2.75

Frederic Prokosch

DOUBLEDAY

WITH a literary title, silent-screen dialogue, and narrative development which relies almost entirely on multiple encounter, Mr. Prokosch's new novel will strike many who are unfamiliar, or even familiar, with his early work as being an old-fashioned, highly suspect version of sophisticated New Yorkers living in and on the fringes of World War II. As a slick, japanned bid for the popular fiction lists, *The Idols of the Cave* must be judged solely on its ability to create interest within the touchy, narrow confines its author has imposed upon it.

These limitations, glaring when they come from the pen of so splendid a writer, seem even more exasperating when they extend with flat, stubborn technique as far south as the Yale Club and as far north, northeast, as a West Coast editorial law will allow. To be a character in *The Idols of the Cave* means a shuttle life between hotels, restaurants, a private home, Sherry's bar in the Metropolitan, and the Central Park Zoo. In all these habitats, a Prokosch hero is liable to swift, unhappy encounter with a Prokosch heroine. It may start off innocently enough, but it passes rapidly into a scene with refugees, six silver pheasants strolling through roses, and a Bavarian Cream which sounds unbelievably sinister when the author serves it up in French.

Aspects of the novel have been seen and felt — a caged lioness in the middle of the city; a discarded woman facing

north on Park Avenue. What the book lacks in selectivity, point of view, and drive has been amply made up for in shorthand transcriptions of a bridge game, interior decoration, and the imagery of Turtle Bay.

The Idols of the Cave remains a glittering display of skyscrapers reflected in the waters of a scenically fortuitous Central Park, a moody refusal to weed out an expert, overwritten story line which is at once plausibly exciting and patently uneventful.

T. E. DOREMUS

A BROTHER IS A STRANGER

\$3.75

Toru Matsumoto with Marion Olive Lerrigo JOHN DAY

A LEADER in Japan's student Christian movement and one of Tokyo's outstanding young liberals, Toru Matsumoto openly opposed the expansion of militarism in his homeland. Arrested and tortured by the "thought police" as a suspected Communist, which he decidedly was not, Toru was released and allowed to return to his college studies through the intervention of a descendant of the southern branch of the royal family who claimed to be the sole legitimate heir to the throne. Upon graduation, Toru came to this country to prepare himself at Union Theological Seminary for the life of a Christian educator. Again he was arrested; this time by the FBI on December 7, 1941.

As a civilian prisoner of war, Toru was given the choice of repatriation via the *Gripsholm* or internment for the duration. Most of his fellow prisoners elected to return to Japan, but Toru wanted to remain on the side of the United Nations, even if it meant supporting democracy from the inside of a barbed-wire enclosure and being condemned as a traitor by his friends at home. His reasons for his seeming disloyalty are given in *A Brother Is a Stranger*, an autobiographical account of the frustrations which beset any nonconformist in Japan who tries to put individual freedom ahead of ancient traditions.

Here is no vitriolic denunciation of a totalitarian country by an expatriate. Mr. Matsumoto loves his countrymen and has dedicated his life to the promotion of a liberal arts education in Japan. His book is a rational, well-tempered report on those inherent aspects of Japanese family, school, religious, and social life which nurtured fascism before 1941 and now stand in the way of post-war democracy. While admiring the changes wrought by General MacArthur's administration, he believes that Japan will still fail to become democratic unless certain fundamental psychological and religious stumbling blocks to democracy are removed. The nature of these stumbling blocks is clearly revealed in Toru's story of his own struggles against the oppression of a society in which no two persons consider themselves to be equals.

Toru was assisted in his writing by an American educator, Marion Olive Lerrigo, who harbored his wife and child during his internment and utilized her co-authorship to draw out the intimate answers to so many of the questions about Japan which trouble the Occidental layman. Prefacing the narrative, Pearl S. Buck states: "This is the truest and most complete book of life in Japan, with all its good and evil, that I have ever read." While I myself have only a foxhole acquaintanceship with anything Japanese, I should like to add that it certainly is the most readable, sincere, and human explanation of Japanese conduct which I have ever encountered.

EDGAR L. JONES



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

COMMAND DECISION

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

This is the fourth and final installment of *Command Decision*, a novel of the Army Air Forces in Europe. The *Atlantic* is proud to have published this explosive, masculine story dealing with a crucial phase of war, too little appreciated by the civilian. The story will appear as an Atlantic-Little, Brown book this month, and in play form it will be produced by Jed Harris.

The author, WILLIAM WISTER HAINES, served three and a half years in the Army Air Forces. Sent overseas in September, 1942, he spent thirty-three months on the Staffs of the 8th Air Force Composite Command, 8th Fighter Command, 8th Air Force and United States Strategic Air Forces, working the last eighteen months of the European War for that Command in the Office of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for Intelligence, Royal Air Force.

39

DENNIS had stood alone on the roof of a Group Ops tower to watch the take-off. Heavy ground mist had blanketed the lowlands during the night. It clung still like a three-dimensional blotter over everything. For brief seconds he had been alone in the damp grayness with a troubled, broken silence that swirled and eddied around him like the fingers of the mist itself.

Every plane motor on the field had been cut off after warming up. Through the enveloping background of the silence, he could hear occasionally the faint purring of the bowser engines pumping to replace in the plane tanks every drop of the precious gallons expended in the warming up of the plane motors.

Dennis had been raising his wrist watch closer to his eyes when he heard them. There was an explosion of muffled coughing padded with the whirring of starters. Then the reports deepened as motors caught. The noise blended rapidly into a cup of continuous thunder that pressed in around him from every side. The air, the roof, his clothes, his body, the universe itself, began to shake with a thunder of vibrations rising up and ever up beyond every former crescendo of man's imagining.

Around him the grayness of the mist tossed and danced in fitful homeless dislocation, swirling and opening and closing, lifting and falling and eddying in a demented frenzy of disintegration that tore the physical texture of the air. Then through the turbulence that beat itself away from the very bondage of the earth he had seen the spectral fans of the riding lights rolling around the perimeter track toward him.

The great beetles waddled heavily as they came.

Through the thunder cut the gnatlike squealing of brakes protesting the crushing momentum of bomb and gas loads. They came faster, running a little to catch up with each other and then checking themselves with clumsy jerks and half turns.

The compressed waiting line zigzagged back into the mist, which had become heavy with the acrid fumes of burning brake bands. Down the line Dennis could see the faces of the pilots and co-pilots and discern the tension under the long visors even through the blur of the universal vibrations. Some wiped endlessly with waste at the vapor on the plexiglas before them, some craned their necks anxiously out of windows before closing up another few inches.

From long habit Dennis counted as they came. The brakes on the last one were still squealing when he saw the blink of the Ops light. The heavy thunder of the column had abated now for economy of fuel. With the blinking of that light it broke over him again in all the final fury of the force that beat down gravity itself.

The lead plane lifted visibly in its tracks against the agonized rigidity of its brakes. The naked girl on the nose blurred, even her most prominent points of interest dissolving into one quivering pale blob of light against mottled green darkness. Mist leaped upward in flight from the thunder of the whole column. Through the sudden clarity Dennis saw space opening behind the lead ship, and saw that she was receding from him.

He knew that Ted should be busy at the radio desk. As always Dennis had driven Martin out to the parking stand in his own car. This morning the young pilot had had his crew drawn up at rigid at-

tention to await them, his eager face almost bursting with pride over their passenger.

"Good morning, sir. Would you like to go over anything?"

"Not with you, Luther," Martin had grinned. "Better tell 'em to get in."

They had both felt a reflex of the pleasure in the compliment as the crew scrambled rapidly out of sight. Martin had walked forward for a studious scrutiny of the girl on the nose before nodding approval. "She could fly us home with those in a pinch, Casey."

"Well, take care of 'em, Ted."

"Yeah."

They never shook hands. Martin had glanced once more at his watch, winked, and stepped briskly toward the hatch, when he had stopped and turned back, the grin gone from his face. "Casey, keep your head with that Congress, will you?"

"Sure. Keep your feet dry, Ted."

Now as the blurred flesh-colored blob of the girl rolled down the strip away from him, Dennis saw the young pilot's arm flash in farewell to him. He waved back at the boy with emotion.

The plane gathered speed rapidly; in three seconds she was rolling lightly. He strained his eyes, still waving as she began to lift into the mist itself and at the last second he clearly saw a new figure and another arm suddenly flash from the left waist gate. It comforted him.

As the ascending planes diminished, Dennis had felt again the familiar weight of anxiety descending upon him. The Ground Commander, delivering battle, can feel his way in, probing with a tentative, ordered sequence of patrols, platoons, companies, battalions. It is almost always his option to terminate the engagement if it appears unfavorable. Similarly Naval forces feel for the enemy with expendable tentacles before deliberately accepting irrevocable commitment.

But the offensive bomber force, crossing water, burns the bridges of retreat in its own gas tanks. Every maneuver of battle narrows the margin of its return. Even beyond battle itself lurk hazards of an equally final disaster. An unforeseen change of wind, a serious navigational mistake, or careless use of fuel for flight can force down an entire formation into grounded captivity.

Dennis and Martin had spent long hours with able help, weighing the Procrustean problems of wind, weather, altitude, speed, and daylight against the counterclaims of flak, fighters, and fatigue. Always the intermediate specter of disaster hovered over each beguiling illusion about the shortest distance between two points. They had emerged with a margin over which they had looked at each other in shocked silence until Martin had burst out laughing. "I'm going to take my toothbrush."

Gradually, as Dennis listened through the gray mist, the arcs of the sound became wider and wider. Once more it came back with a slight rise of force and

that time, as it began to recede, he knew it was fading with the finality of the course. He was starting into the Ops room when a last indulgence of nature rewarded his vigil.

40

FOR a fleeting second some capricious zephyr parted the mist and he had a brief view of the whole column, already miles above him. The upward angles of the early sun had caught their wings and bellies, paling the young daylight they cleft with an arching chain of iridescence.

They were still badly spread out. Ted would not waste a drop of gas to hurry the agonizing process of formation but they had taken their easterly heading. The long, loose procession spangled the sky with an arrowy scintillation through a brief and final gleam before Dennis stood alone again in the heavy mist their vibrations no longer troubled. He became aware of silence now as he had then and realized that Mr. Malcolm was repeating a question to him.

"Are they undeh fighteh coveh today, Gennel?"

"Not all the way. Fighters will take them to here" — he indicated the final turn-back point on the map — "and another relay will pick them up here, coming out. They'll be on their own the rest of the way."

"An' you sent them on youah own authority again?"

"Yes."

"Is theah any reason why you cain't fin' woyth-while tahgets undeh fighteh coveh like the otheh Gennels do?"

"These extension tanks were made to enable us to reach the most important targets in their range. We're doing it."

"You just sen' 'em regahdless of fighteh coveh?"

"I thought I'd explained, Mr. Malcolm, that our present fighters can't reach these targets."

"You ain't explained why you puhsonally are the onlies' one to sen' 'em beyon' fighteh coveh every time Gennel Kane got his back turned on otheh business. Neah as I can figuah out, mo' than half the losses of this whole Aih Ahmy come out of these heah recohd attacks fum this one Division. Lemme see that tonnage an' sohtie chaht again, Sahgeant."

Evans produced the chart grudgingly. He had cherished the illusion of independence for many years but he knew now that he had come to the end of it. In the Army, of all places, and to a General, of all human beings, he had come at last to the common burden of allegiance.

There was pride in it, pride that had made him whisper to himself: *I bet Dennis makes him sorry he ever stuck his head out of the swamp.* But there was pain in it too, the certain pain of the price Dennis would pay for this pleasure.

"I thought so," said Malcolm. "Every otheh Division has consistently increased sohties an' tonnages excep' —"

"If you're interested in sortie and tonnage figures, Mr. Malcolm," said Dennis, "I suggest you visit the training commands. They beat all the operational commands combined — that is, all but the training commands in your state do."

"What are you sayin' about my state?"

"That every airfield in it is under eighteen inches of water half the year and four to nine thousand feet of solid overcast for nine months. But every time we tried to move somewhere we could operate, the recommendations were blocked in your committee."

Evans held his breath, but unexpectedly the open laughter of Stone and Field checked the smoldering combustion in the room long enough for Kane to intervene. "You're straying from the subject, General. We all realize, Mr. Malcolm, that the country expects a rising scale of effort from us. We still have tomorrow to bring our monthly totals of sorties and tonnages to a new record high. It would be a great thing for public confidence if your delegation here were to make the announcement. I'm sure we can clear it with the Chief and I'm sure that Brockie here will help us with the press."

"Are you?" asked Brockhurst pointedly.

"Of course," said Kane.

Brockhurst subsided, but Malcolm knew appeasement when he heard it. "I'm suah that will help, Gennel. But the announcement the public is really waitin' for is the end of these muhderous long-range attacks. If I have anything to say about it —"

"This Division's operations are determined by military directive, Mr. Malcolm," said Dennis.

Malcolm turned truculently on Dennis and Evans's heart lifted. The Congressman was formidably larger than the General. One hostile gesture would justify any soldier's defense of his superior. Evans eyed the Congressman's crotch with an eager twitching in his heavy shoe. He had never found occasion to use all his Army education but the prospects looked promising. They were spoiled for the moment, however, by the entrance of Haley. "Red and blue forces now approaching objectives, sir."

41

As always the claim of the operation swept everything else from Dennis's mind. He had forgotten the Congressman towering above him at the first sight of Haley. "Getting any reaction?"

"Not yet, sir," said Haley reluctantly, "but they should bomb in about two minutes and a half."

"Gentlemen," said Kane, "I'm going to take you down to the radar plotting and signals room myself, but you will probably understand what you're seeing better if General Dennis gives us a quick résumé on this map first."

Dennis made short work of explaining the problem on which he had spent most of the night. Through this his visitors followed him attentively with sensible questions. Seen as three lines on a map the problem

looked simple. He omitted all mention of the factors of time correlation and gas consumption.

The details of the defenses appeared equally simple. It took little experience to see how quickly German fighters could converge from either side against that center course, how relatively few were the groups on the extremities that might, with luck, be lured into wasting effort on Endicott's and Salmond's short stabs in from the protective vastness of their ocean approach and withdrawal courses.

"When will your Fifth Division bomb, General?" asked Field.

"About fourteen minutes now, sir."

"And these other missions are essentially a diversion to prevent concentration of the defenses against your Division?"

"They serve two purposes," said Kane quickly. "They are attacking important Naval objectives. But of course they will help to split the defenses."

"Do you expect their diversionary purpose to succeed, General Dennis?" asked Stone.

"Not entirely, unless they've got a green controller on duty. It may help a little; it's the best we could do."

"Gentlemen, General Dennis will not wish to leave his office just now. If you'll come with me we'll rejoin him presently," said Kane.

It was a novelty to be forbidden his own plotting room, however subtly, but the order was unmistakable. Dennis watched them file out with a feeling of relief. But as the last of them stepped through the door and Haley began to lead them down the winding steps to the bombproof nerve center far underground, Kane lingered in the office, his aplomb collapsing in a frantic concern that ignored the presence of Evans. "Casey, for Christ's sake be careful!"

"Sir, you promised me Fendelhorst tomorrow."

"By tomorrow Malcolm could have us both in the Quartermaster Corps in Greenland. Is that citation ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a good lunch?"

"Yes, sir."

"And plenty to drink?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of it, sir."

"Hadn't thought of booze with Congressmen here? For God's sake, start thinking — in double triples."

He closed the door and fled after the party. Dennis allowed some of his indignation to explode into speech before he noticed Evans. "Booze! It's a god-damned wonder he doesn't want opium and slave girls!"

"We can start them on Benzedrine and Wacs, sir. Regular field conditions," said Evans.

"Evans, is there plenty in the officers' bar?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"What?"

"End of the month, sir. Quota's gone."

"Nothing?"

"Local beer, sir. I suppose Congressmen would drink it but —"

"How about the Medical Officer?"

"He hasn't been paid back for the time those Cabinet members were here, sir. He's still dry."

"God damn democracy!" said Dennis.

"Sir, there are the combat ration stocks."

"They're low, aren't they?"

"Enough for about six missions left, sir."

"All right. These bastards can go dry for one day. Maybe it'll kill them."

"Sir, General Kane ordered —"

"Damn it, Sergeant, I can't sweat whiskey!"

"Sir, just a little from the combat stocks —"

"Not a drop. Now get the hell out of here."

"I knew there was a catch in this job," said Evans.

Dennis watched with speechless stupefaction as the Sergeant, in direct disobedience of his order, walked calmly to the Division Flag Locker, unsnapped the padlock and, reaching inside, pulled out several bottles of excellent bourbon.

"Sergeant, where on earth —"

"Present from an admirer, sir. It's too good for the Congress but if we have to —"

"Look here," said Dennis. He pulled out his wallet, grateful for an excuse to cover his emotion. "You could get —"

"No, sir." Evans put the whiskey on the map table and shook his head with finality at the money. Then, a little hesitantly he spoke again. "I'd like one thing for it, sir."

"What?"

"To shake your hand."

Dennis extended a hand with the feeling that this transaction was becoming more improper every minute and a scandalized realization that he did not give a damn. "What's this for, Sergeant?"

"For telling that servant of the people what a son of a bitch he is," said Evans.

"Oh. Well, get some glasses and water."

But as he reached the door Evans heard the General's voice again. For the first time in his recollection it was not entirely steady.

"Sergeant, I appreciate this."

"Well, sir, I'd hate — breaking in a new General."

42

HALEY, returning from the hole, found Dennis staring at the whiskey on the map table with a warmth in his face the Colonel had never seen.

"Well?"

"Not a blip, sir. The Krauts are wise today. I'm afraid Ted's getting the whole dose."

"Nothing from him yet, of course?"

"He's not due for eleven minutes, sir. General Kane is showing his visitors around downstairs. I have some figures."

They were deep in arithmetic at the board when Garnett hurried into the office. "Casey, the Old Man says for God's sake —"

"Just a minute, Cliff. Hurry up, Haley."

"— and twenty-six of yesterday's battle damage —"

Watching the concentration with which Dennis agonized over every detail, Garnett wondered now how he could ever have envied him. Kane's original choice between them had bitterly disappointed Garnett. At the time it had been the best Air Command in the war for a Brigadier, and the whole service knew it.

Duty with the United Chiefs, however, had brought Garnett compensations. There had been time to study and analyze the global war. He had lived with invaluable foreknowledge of what was going to happen. Now, with momentous B-29 Commands on the near horizon, Garnett could bless the decision that had fixed Dennis so firmly here and left himself in a position of unique advantage for the last skirmishing for bigger prizes.

The specter of German jets, overhanging the already precarious position of this Command, accentuated Garnett's gratitude for his personal detachment from it. He understood the gravity of the threat and he admired the courage of Dennis's response to it. But Garnett had seen enough of the highest echelons to know that they required more than courage from subordinate Commanders. In the military world, as elsewhere, men sought and cherished subordinates whose successes seemed to reflect the brighter gleams of a favorable fortune.

Success with the countermeasure of Stitch would be an invisible success, won at gruesome cost. Failure would discredit American Air Power in this theater, dislocate the timetable, possibly reverse Global Strategy. For there was powerful opinion that the B-29's, under the right Command, could be decisive in the Pacific.

"— so we should be able to count on a margin of thirty-eight."

"Thanks," said Dennis. "Send Davis with the noon map."

As Haley scuttled out, Dennis apologized to Garnett. "Sorry, Cliff. I had to get a reading on tomorrow before that traveling circus gets back in here."

"The Old Man wants you to be more careful with the visiting Elks. Between ourselves, he's scared, Casey."

Dennis looked more sad than contemptuous. "A man who's held altitude records, scared of Congressmen!"

"Confidentially, Casey, he knows he's pretty close to that third star."

"I wonder if that's where it sets in?" Dennis smiled. "Let me know, will you?"

"You'll be likelier to let me know, with your record."

"Don't kid me," said Dennis. "Haven't you got one of those B-29 jobs sewed up?"

Garnett managed a deprecatory laugh. "I thought so till I suddenly got shunted over here without explanation. Of course it's only an observation tour

but some of that Washington competition is pretty rough. You're well out of it, Casey."

This time Garnett could see that Dennis was trying to cover a smile. It served him right. There was no use beating around the bush with a man who knew this business as well as he did. "Listen, old man, did Ted speak to you about this?"

"No."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt my chances a bit if the Chief knew Ted would like to be my Chief of Staff out there."

"Did you talk to him about it?"

"Casey, it isn't proselytizing when a guy's your own brother-in-law. It isn't your fault but we both know you'll never be able to give him more than Eagles in this job."

"What can you give him?"

"One star immediately. And the Pacific looks like a long war."

"Did he know this last night?"

"Yes."

Garnett watched while Dennis looked first at his watch and then intently at the map.

"I wish I had."

"I realize it was unorthodox of me to speak to him first but you know yourself you have to handle Ted with kid gloves."

Dennis appeared to be thinking this over for so long that Garnett was on the verge of elaborating when the reply came.

"Cliff, just don't try to handle him. He does that fine."

"You mean it's all right? I can have him?"

"For that job? Of course."

"And you'll persuade him?"

"Yes."

"Casey, if you knew what this means to me —"

"Save it, Cliff. I'm not doing it for you."

Garnett gulped and recovered fast. There was no rancor in the reply but Dennis had withdrawn into his shell.

"You don't understand. I'm thanking you for Ted, old man."

"I'm not doing it for him entirely. Those B-29's need Ted."

"Don't worry, Casey, we'll make 'em sing. After the example you fellows have given us over here —"

The return of Haley and Davis with the weather map disembarassed Dennis. At first sight of them he forgot everything else. He had spread the map on the table and was already scrutinizing it before he spoke again. "Well?"

"The mass is denser but that's slowing it up, sir. It's eighty-four miles behind expected drift now."

"How much longer will that give us?"

"The Continent will be cavu all day, sir. But at present drift this will start closing the bases in by 1500."

"How would that fit, Haley?"

"Lacks about twenty minutes, sir."

Dennis nodded and walked a slow circle around the

room, deep in thought. Garnett glanced at the map. "Can't you just start them that much earlier?"

Dennis did not answer. Haley coughed apologetically.

"It would mean forming in the dark, with that gas and bomb load. We have observed that sometimes early collisions have a demoralizing effect upon a whole mission, sir."

Dennis came back to the table, still oblivious of Garnett. "But even by 1600 they could clearly see where the Island is — from, say, fifteen thousand?"

"Yes, sir," said Davis. "It'll stack up over the Island like froth on a beer till it cools enough to move on. That's the trouble."

"Bring me the 1400 map as soon as it's done and anything special as it comes. Haley, wait a minute."

Dennis waited until the door closed on Davis.

"Have every spare parachute in the Division repacked this afternoon. Tonight repack enough from the Groups till you can fill out with fresh packs tomorrow."

Garnett saw Haley stiffen with the impact of the order but his discipline did not fail him. He replied with a steady "Yes, sir," and left the room at once.

"Casey, what are you thinking of?"

"Paratroops do it."

"But the planes —"

"They're expendable, Cliff."

"A whole Division for one target?"

"All they're made for is to hit the right targets."

"But have you thought what they'll say in Washington?"

"I'm thinking what they'll say in Berlin. They count on weather like this."

43

BROCKHURST, entering just then, could not be sure whether he saw or only wished to see that Garnett was staring at Dennis with an awed respect. He decided that it was imagination. It was the essence of the whole ghastly tragedy that none of the little men whom the accidents of rank had placed around Dennis ever would understand him. In all fairness Brockhurst had to acknowledge that only yesterday he himself had thought Dennis a blundering butcher.

"General Garnett, General Kane asked me to ask you if you would come down to the hole at once."

He watched Garnett spring for the door with the instinctive, unthinking obedience that was at once the strength and the ruin of the service. Dennis put on the formality with which he always shielded himself from strangers. "Did General Kane want me?"

"No," said Brockhurst, "nor me either. That's the point."

He had hoped to invite curiosity and through it a moment of intimacy for personal amends, but the next remark showed him what he should have known: Dennis did not rise to civilian innuendoes.

"Did he tell you to loaf in here?"

"General, I owe you a personal apology."

"These are my working hours, Mr. Brockhurst."

"You see, General Kane has double-crossed me."

"Please take your grievance against my boss to him."

"But that's not what's important. He's double-crossing you."

"You're speaking of my superior, Mr. Brockhurst."

"He's ordering a recall signal on your mission."

This did shake that stony impassivity. Dennis glanced at his watch and then at the map, but his lips remained locked.

"I know it's too late to save losses," said Brockhurst. "They're probably fighting now. But it puts Kane on record. What happens now is your rap."

"And my business," said Dennis evenly.

"It's the country's business, if the country could know. He's sacrificing the whole operation, taking the losses without getting the result — just from fear."

"Commanders have to fear losses, Mr. Brockhurst."

Momentarily Dennis had become more responsive than the correspondent had ever known him. But the armor of his uniform still seemed impenetrable.

"He isn't afraid of losses and you know it. He isn't afraid of Germany or Washington or even those goddamned Congressmen. There's only one thing in the world Kane is afraid of now and that's you."

"Me?" At least the surprise was genuine.

"You. Because you're doing what's right and Kane has lived long enough to know that someone always pays a hell of a price for that."

"The boys are paying that, Mr. Brockhurst."

"Not all of it. Kane's got you framed like a picture."

Dennis spoke patiently, as if to a troublesome child. "You don't understand the Army."

"It's only people in uniform. I understand people."

"No it isn't. People only shout for soldiers after they've blundered themselves into danger they can't cope with as people. Then they accept the uniform."

"Nuts. Even military decisions have to be made on the opinions of men. When you know yours are right —"

"It's your duty to persuade your superior as forcibly as you can. After that it's your duty to execute his decision."

"Even when you know he's shirking the decision?"

"You don't know it. He may be acting on information you don't have. This whole bombardment program may be only a diversion or holding attack in the higher strategy. I'm paid to serve General Kane; others are paid to judge him."

"You have faith they're better at the top?"

"We keep Chaplains for questions of faith, Mr. Brockhurst."

"You keep everything; you've got it all taped,

haven't you? Your own Chaplains, Judge Advocates, food, pay, promotion, decoration, and unlimited free coffins. You've made a separate world out of it with everything a man —"

"Everything but freedom," Dennis smiled wryly now, "but I've read, in your press, that we're fighting for that."

"And your personal part in this?"

"Is very simple. Life without freedom is. I am responsible to make this Command inflict maximum injury on the enemy, within orders."

"And when the orders are deliberately ambiguous?"

"Your superior may be receiving the same kind."

Brockhurst nodded wearily. "Okay, General, you get a hundred on the rules. But don't ask me to think you believe in them against everything in reason."

"That's what war is, Mr. Brockhurst. If we win, reason may get another chance."

The teleprinter in the next room burst into frenzied clattering now and its first accents claimed Dennis with instant reversion to the harsh reality of the mission.

Brockhurst watched him disappear through the door. He realized, as he knew Dennis had, that Kane's recall signal to the mission marked a turning point. Up to then the Senior Commander had, at least negatively, countenanced Dennis's course of action. Now he had made mechanical preparation for an adroit jettison. It was plain premeditated dissociation from the risk he had permitted Dennis to take.

Yet Brockhurst knew now that the fate of Dennis was only a fragment, a shadow, of the larger catastrophe he was witnessing. Dennis himself was safely beyond pity. Brockhurst's brief glimpse inside the uniform had shown him a man who could carry himself, as he carried his convictions, inviolable through momentary changes of fortune.

The darker tragedy hid behind the form of Dennis, behind the Army itself. The Army was only the projected form of a deeper malignance. It had been created as a shield against a more highly developed tyranny than its own; it would survive by a superior ferocity.

It was futile to pity Dennis, to hate Kane, to rage at his own helplessness in the face of the Army's stupidity and venality; they were all manifestations of what had made them. It was not the weaknesses, the faults, the mistakes of armies; it was their existence that proclaimed the tragedy of mankind.

44

As General Kane's party returned from the hole Malcolm paused on the threshold of the door, pointing like a bird dog, while a beaming, beatific grin overspread his heavy face. "Drinkin' whiskey fum Gawd's own country!"

He hurried to the bar which Evans had improvised out of the map table, and raised a bottle for inspection. "Gennel Kane, I declah youah a min' readeh. Wheah in the worl' did you get this oveh heah?"

Kane hesitated but Evans did not. "It was a present to General Dennis from an admirer, sir."

Brockhurst noticed the whiskey for the first time now. A rueful grin softened his face. "Yes, Sergeant, it is," he said.

The others thronged forward to it eagerly. Kane made the most of the prevailing satisfaction to report to Dennis what he had done, covering his evident sense of unease with formality. "General, as you know, I pride myself on never interfering with normal operations. But today's diversions were so obviously unsuccessful that I felt it my duty to signal Colonel Martin discretion to abandon his primary objective for a target of opportunity under fighter cover if he chose."

"Did you get a reply, sir?" asked Dennis evenly. "Not yet. He's probably preserving radio silence."

Prescott appeared now with a glass for Kane. Over by the bar Brockhurst was watching with amusement the completion of a cycle. For, intent as they were upon the whiskey, the Congressmen had not allowed it to eclipse their own horizons. Discovering Evans no longer in mute attendance upon Kane, they had turned to the earnest courtship of the potential voter in the Sergeant's bemedaled blouse.

"An' may I ask which of ouah great states has the honoh of producin' a man whose country has rewahded him with medals like them?" inquired Malcolm.

"You can but I'd rather not say," said Evans.

"Not say? You mean you ain't proud of youah home state?"

"I wasn't till I saw what some of the others put out."

"I declah! Gennel, youah Sahgen's not only a hero: he's a wit. Come on, tell us wheah you fum, son."

"If I did you'd quit sucking around for my next vote."

Dennis looked at his watch.

"General Kane, we've had relays from General Endicott and General Salmond. Both report their targets successfully attacked."

"Gentlemen," said Kane hastily. "We have had very gratifying strike reports from the other missions. To two very successful attacks."

He raised his glass and the others joined him heartily. Malcolm handed his back to Evans with careful instructions for refilling it, before he turned on Dennis. "You don't drink to youah colleagues' success, Gennel?"

"I'm waiting to drink to the whole Operation. Did you enjoy the hole, gentlemen?"

"I was fascinated but I was bewildered, too," said Field.

"It was impressive but too much for the layman," said Stone.

"They wasn't nothin' to it but them girls at the tables movin' little pieces of cahdboahd an' them damn shoht-circuit spahks on the screen an' the whole place coldeh than Chris'mas." Malcolm shivered and took more whiskey in a long gulp.

Brockhurst saw both Dennis and Kane look at their watches now. Even through his modest share of his own whiskey he could feel tension tightening in the room. He saw Dennis start, visibly, as the teleprinter suddenly began to clatter again in the Ops room, but Stone had pinned the Brigadier down now with earnest questioning.

"But we did understand, correctly, that the main purpose of these other attacks was diversionary?"

"They were very important Naval objectives," said Kane quickly. "Of course we did hope to split the enemy fighters."

"And you considered that hope had failed, General?"

Kane hesitated perceptibly. "You can't be certain. But the screen is reasonably accurate at that range and the technicians identified no fighters. What do you think, General?"

"The other strike signals would have mentioned any significant scale of fighting, sir."

"So you had to assume, in fact, that the main enemy forces are free to strike our central attack?"

"We had to assume it to begin with, sir," said Dennis. "The diversions were only a hope — the best we could do but still a hope."

"Well," persisted Stone, "if the main force had already gone so far —"

"You mean *been sent* so fah," said Malcolm. He had brought his glass over to join the argument now and his voice had taken on truculence with the whiskey, "An' it had been sent by Gennel Dennis when he knew his own self that his divehsions probably wouldn't succeed. Am I not correct, Gennel?"

"You are."

45

HALEY appeared in the doorway with teleprint paper in his hand. "Liaison message from an RAF recce plane, sir."

"Read it."

Haley lifted the paper and read aloud, his flat unemotional accents falling like stones into the silence.

"Twelve hundred thirty-nine sighted large formation of USAAF Boeings approx ten forty east fifty forty north, altitude twenty-two thousand, heading ninety-eight —"

"Ninety-eight!" exclaimed Kane. "He's still going into Germany!"

Haley waited but no one spoke. He resumed. "Unescorted under heavy attack, formations good over. That's all, sir."

He executed a sharp about-face and closed the door behind him, muffling a little the teleprinter, which had begun to clatter again. The men looked

at each other blankly. Dennis lifted an eye from his wrist watch for a long look at the map. It was Malcolm who broke the silence. Liquor was dissolving the thin restraint over his natural volatility; he sounded nearly hysterical.

"Unescohted an' undehev heavy attack. Gennel Kane, I'm wahnin' you if you eveh let Gennel Dennis —"

"Aaathur, you better shut up," said Stone.

"I agree. If they think it's necessary —" said Field.

"Necessary! To slaughteh American youth foh one pigheaded Brigadiéh —"

He was walking toward Dennis. Evans quietly stepped to the side of the table, his foot itching hopefully again, when, unconsciously, they all froze with the cessation of sound from the teleprinter, the quick rasp of tearing paper, and then the approaching beat of Haley's feet. Entering, he looked uncertainly at Dennis.

"Message for you, sir."

"From Ted?"

"Not exactly, sir. Could you step out here?"

Dennis started for the door but Malcolm blocked him. "No you don't neitheh. You don't play no backroom games on me. Weah heah representin' the whole people an' I'm goin' to heah the whole story."

"Colonel, read the message aloud," barked Kane hastily.

Haley stepped through the door and read as unemotionally as before. "'Relay on administrative cable from Message Center London for Colonel Edward Martin in clear. New co-pilot made first successful landing four fourteen this morning. Everything fine. Helen.' There is no 'over,' sir, but they sometimes omit it on administrative messages," said Haley apologetically.

Brockhurst saw the strain in Dennis's face break into the first elation he had ever seen there.

"Jesus! Ted's got a son." He strode over to Garrett and extended a hand, his smile still widening. "Congratulations, Uncle!"

The Congressmen reacted to the news with a unanimous and purposeful convergence upon the bar. Prescott brought Kane another drink and even Haley unbent for comment. "I imagine the Colonel and Mrs. Martin will be pleased."

"Gentlemen," said Kane. "Colonel Martin's son."

The others raised their glasses. Dennis spoke quietly to Haley. "Get a copy ready to relay to Ted in the clear, Haley."

"It's being done, sir."

"But don't send it till we hear."

"No, sir."

"Till you heah what?" demanded Malcolm.

"His strike flash. It's due very soon now."

"You tellin' me this Cunnel out theah leadin' the attack been bohn a daddy an' you ain't even goin' to tell him?"

"He needs his mind on his work now."

"Gennel Kane, this the mos' inhuman thing —"

But to Evans's continuing disappointment Kane himself now appeared to be disgusted with the Congressman; his answer was short. "General Dennis is right. Colonel Martin must have gone ahead, on his own judgment, of course. How long do you make it now, General?"

"Seven if we're right on the wind, sir."

Kane nodded and summoned a conciliatory smile for the Congressmen. "Fortunately, gentlemen, war also has its pleasant duties. We have just time for one of them now. General Dennis, will you ask for your Adjutant and Captain Jenks?"

Brockhurst thought for a second that Dennis might refuse. For the briefest perceptible interval he appeared to be considering whether or not to obey. Then habit won. He turned swiftly to the Operations room. As he did Evans left the bar and stuck his head into the anteroom.

"Let's go," boys, he said.

46

IN response to Evans's request there now appeared from the anteroom three stalwart young soldiers. They were heavily armed with cameras and they swaggered with the arrogance men always take from the possession of significant weapons. Congressmen and officers alike made way for them and stood uneasily, adjusting blouses and ties, moving forward or back, meekly eying lenses and flashlight bulbs and the businesslike preparations of the young men.

In through the other door the Adjutant strutted with a sheaf of papers and a little box. Behind him, still sullen but clean-shaven now and clad in a beribboned blouse and freshly pressed pinks came Captain Jenks. He hesitated for one nervous glance at Dennis but the Brigadier had stepped quietly into the background and did not speak.

The Adjutant arranged himself and Jenks before Kane, who had taken up a position with both eyes studying the cameramen. The Congressmen maneuvered themselves into a happy position, facing the lenses through the opening between Jenks and Kane.

"Is everything —" queried Kane sharply.

"You're okay, General. Just pull that blouse down a little," said the head cameraman.

Kane smoothed the blouse about his hips, shot a quick glance around him, and cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen, few experiences in life are more gratifying than according proper recognition to a man who has fought for his country. Will Captain Jenks please step forward?"

Captain Jenks did. The soldiers raised their cameras, the room quieted with an expectant hush, and the Adjutant began to read from the paper in his hand.

"Captain Lucius Malcolm Jenks for outstandingly meritorious and heroic achievement —"

"Excuse me, General," interrupted Evans.

"What?" Kane regarded the Sergeant with impatience.

"Would the gentlemen from Congress like to put their glasses over here before the boys start photographing?"

The gentlemen from Congress looked at their glasses as if they held snakes, before marching solemnly around to deposit them on the map table. The camera detail now made ostentatious motions to assure the whole company that no lens would record the spectacle of that table.

As the Congressmen returned to their positions Malcolm stopped, with a chuckle, and clapped Evans on the back. "You goin' a long way in life, boy."

Stone and Field muttered a somewhat more subdued gratitude and followed Malcolm toward the perspective of the lenses. The Adjutant surveyed them all with an expression of pain and began again.

Brockhurst did not follow the details of the citation. His first perceptive glance between Jenks and that little box in the Adjutant's hand had filled in the last piece of the puzzle. He knew now how Dennis had done it. Briefly there stirred in him a hope that Dennis had extracted a promise of personal protection for himself as part of this diabolical bargain. His second thought rejected the idea.

A man who had been thinking of himself would not have driven the bargain. Dennis had been safe before, safe behind military secrecy, safe in the bland, self-protecting unity of the services that would have explained away disaster by jets as calmly as they had explained away Pearl Harbor.

Brockhurst watched him now, standing with silent composure through the enormity of this citation. Twice during the reading he saw Dennis glance briefly at his watch before returning his inscrutable, fixed stare toward the map. Not a flicker of feeling showed on his face as the Adjutant came to the end of his fulsome rounded periods.

"—thereby reflecting great credit upon Captain Jenks and the Army Air Forces, in consideration of which and for his example, achievements, and contributions to the advancement of American Aerial Bombardment, Captain Jenks is hereby awarded —"

Kane lifted that famous jaw a trifle, glanced once more toward the cameras, and then, accepting the medal from the Adjutant, pinned it upon Jenks. An explosion of flashlight bulbs dazzled the room. Malcolm burst from the formation of Congressmen, threw his arms around his nephew, and accosted Kane eagerly. "By God, Gennel, this the proudest moment of ouah lives. Do you reckon —"

"Of course," said Kane. "You have plenty of film, boys?"

"Plenty. You better get a little closer, General."

The trio arranged themselves, Kane centered between the other two, and clasped their hands for a new barrage.

"You gettin' this, Elme, boy?" asked Malcolm.

"I'm beginning to get it," said Brockhurst.

They posed twice more before Kane's roving, rest-

less eyes noticed the other two Congressmen standing quietly together away from the cameras. He hurried over to them.

"Gentlemen, no one of our great states has a monopoly on bravery. This Command has personnel drawn from every state in the Union. It is my hope, and intention, that before you leave here each one of you may participate in one of these ceremonies."

The Congressmen kept their faces straight.

"Well, General," said Stone, "if one of our boys should happen —"

"These things mean a lot to morale on the home front," said Field.

"You may rest assured, gentlemen —"

Malcolm had led Jenks to the bar. He broke in loudly now holding up a tumbler half full of whiskey.

"Gentlemen, a toast to the boy who led his Squadron —"

He stopped, as the whole room stopped in every motion, frozen by the sibylline clatter of the teleprinter. There was the rasp of tearing paper, and again Haley was at the door handing an inch-wide strip of paper to Dennis. The Brigadier looked at it intently for several seconds before reading aloud:—

"No mistake this time. Scratch Schweinhafen for me. Ted."

For a second more Dennis stared at it silently and then, before their eyes, seemed to explode with exultation.

"Jesus, Haley, he got it — *he got it* — HE GOT IT!"

"Yes, sir," said Haley, "Colonel Martin is a very determined man."

47

THROUGHOUT the whole room now the tension broke into a tumult of happy chatter. The others crowded forward for a look at the paper itself.

"Signal him about his kid, Haley."

"It's going out, sir."

Garnett raised a glass, his face jubilant and glowing with pride. "Gentlemen, the greatest combat leader in the Army Air Forces. Fill 'em up."

Only Malcolm seemed unaffected by the general elation. He was standing by Jenks at the bar, still holding the glass he had raised in abortive toast to his nephew, and his voice was petulant.

"Gennel, was this heah Schweinhafen any fatheth than my nephew's mission to Posenleben?"

Kane hesitated. "Well, perhaps a little further in miles —"

But Prescott had seen the General's embarrassment. "Sir, I don't like to delay the toasts but Colonel Martin has asked us to scratch Schweinhafen for him. It occurs to me that while the photographers are here —"

He proffered a piece of red crayon. Kane seized it and strode happily toward the map while the photographers took up new positions. Then, as he was raising his arm, Kane caught himself.

"Gentlemen, it would be a great thing for public confidence —"

The last of his invitation was drowned in the stampede as the Congressmen swarmed to him now, straightening ties and putting down glasses. Prescott was maneuvering them into position, when through the half-open door they heard a muffled "Christ!" in Haley's heavy voice. His face was streaming tears as he walked in and handed another inch of paper to Dennis.

Dennis took one look; then the paper fell from his hand and he stepped away from the others, turning his back on them. It was Garnett who picked it up and made himself read aloud: —

"Good luck, Casey. We're on fire and going —"

He stopped, staring at it strickenly. Only Malcolm could not stand the silence; his heavy panting burst into a scream.

"Goin'? Goin' wheah? Finish it, cain't you?"

"That's all there is."

"Awll? Awll?"

They saw hysteria possess him but no one could stir as he walked over and whirled Dennis angrily around by the shoulder. "You mean to tell me he's —"

"Shut up!"

"Shut up? You standin' theah an' tellin' me to shut up afteh you've done kilt —"

Evans had started for him but not fast enough. They scarcely saw Dennis move but the impact of his fist thudded. Malcolm lifted as if in slow motion and collapsed over backward with a resounding crash. As he hit the floor the whiskey in his hand spilled over him, darkening the lavender shirt with a widening ring of stain. He did not stir. Slowly the glass rolled off him and came to rest gently on the floor beside his unconscious body.

The others stared dazedly but Evans snatched a camera. Training it on the prostrate Malcolm he addressed Dennis quietly. "You want a picture of the battle damage, sir?"

His voice broke the tension. Kane stepped over to Evans, grabbed the camera, and smashed it on the floor. He had opened his mouth to speak when the clatter of the teleprinter began to echo through the room again. Kane waited, his mouth hanging open. Dennis was staring down at the Congressman, face impassive as ever, his figure relaxed and steady. Brockhurst noticed a little trickle of blood coming out of the Brigadier's hand. Looking more closely he saw with surprise the end of a pair of regulation pilot's wings protruding from the clenched fist.

The teleprinter stopped and all eyes turned with conscious dread toward the sound of the tearing paper and approaching feet. This time Haley walked the message straight to General Kane. "Top Secret relay from Washington for you, sir."

Kane read it, gulped, and gathered himself slowly. "I'm sorry about this, Casey."

Dennis did not answer. He had lifted his eyes from Malcolm to the map and was staring at it oblivious of

everything else. Kane walked over to him, and commanding his attention, read aloud: "'With immediate effect you will replace Brigadier General K. C. Dennis, Commanding Fifth Bombardment Division, Heavy, with Brigadier General Clifton C. Garnett, returning General Dennis Washington most expeditious means of transportation.'"

Dennis still showed no sign of having heard it. His eyes were fixed on the map. A drop of blood fell from the cut in his palm. Kane took another long look at him and placed an arm around his shoulder. "Casey, I'm going to recommend you for the Legion of Merit."

48

ELMER BROCKHURST drove out the gate of the Fifth Division early that afternoon with a deeper emotion than he had brought there. He had come the day before with his eye on a story; his heart had been high with hope that he might help the boys, the Army, by protecting them from the ruthlessness of General Dennis.

He had remained to learn a new humility, to end his visit with an effort to protect General Dennis from the Army. His new humility knew that he had been only partially successful. With the support of Field and Stone, he had made Malcolm apologize to Dennis. Beyond that he had warned Malcolm against further persecution of Dennis. He had spoken with the power of the press and he knew that Malcolm understood, as Kane had understood and heeded Brockhurst's blunt insistence that the party should leave the station at once.

Against such men the power of the press was effective; for Dennis it was only a trifling, mechanical assistance — the most that Brockhurst or any civilian could now give. For armies and soldiers, as he had known in his heart, could not be helped, even against their own blindness, the blindness that could waste a man like Dennis. Never before had Brockhurst so entirely comprehended that war is waste, that armies are beyond help.

They are conceived in the failure of human beings to help each other. He was one of those human beings. Like the rest, he could not help now. He could only wait until, in their own way, the armies had produced a peace in which men might try again.

Evans entered the office that evening smoldering with a rage that fed on its own futility. Until that moment there had been work, more than enough work in which to hide his thoughts and feelings. For the Army is an exorable continuity in which the death or transfer of one man is the beginning for another in a structure designed to survive mortality. In the processes which exist to preclude thought, there had been for all of them, throughout the afternoon, a refuge from thought. Now Evans was face to face with it.

Walking to the desk, he removed General Dennis's name plate and replaced it with the new one. Its

surfaces were still damp with oiling. The charry smell of the burning iron still emanated from the letters that spelled Garnett's name.

Evans put the coffee to boil and then, by habit, looked at his watch. There probably wasn't time but he did not care whether he got caught tonight or not. The mechanics of lighting a cigar would prolong his respite from reality a few seconds. He took out the cigar box and then burst into blasphemy at the last barren evidence of the Congressional visit. The box was empty. He threw it into the stove and sat down, cornered by the emotions he had been dodging.

Only once before in uniform had he known anything like the sickening finality of this ending. That had been the night his crew broke up after its last mission. Then, however, there had been the incredible realization of survival, the realization that he could now look upon the future as a man with a stake in it, with certain relation to everything in the world which he would continue to inhabit.

This time he wanted to get away from the future, but it had him fast. It had him because he was alive again and he was learning that to live is to suffer. He realized now that throughout his entire tour of duty and for some time afterward he had not truly been alive. He had merely functioned mechanically through an existence in which there was no hope, no despair, no feeling whatever. He had understood the odds and had not expected to survive. His existence had been a long blur, punctuated by clearheaded attention to duty and appetites, with all other feeling narcotized by the assumption of a cynical indifference toward a world in which he no longer had a stake.

This numbness had persisted into the early stages of his duty with General Dennis. Indeed the first evidence of its thawing had been the sense of concern he had felt over Brockhurst's prophecy that the General would be fired. From that reawakening Evans had passed, in the last twenty-four hours, through the rebirth in himself of an intense, affectionate allegiance. The evidence of Dennis's guts, his selflessness, his inflexible determination in sane purpose had restored Evans again to emotion. By degrees he had come from amusement to a passionate sympathy and partisanship. Through Dennis he had touched again a high aspiration. With him he had known once more hope and fear, doubt, indignation, triumph, suspense, strife. For him he now felt the bottomless despair of the frustrate fury with which he regarded everything around him. He had regained the world but it was the world of the Army.

Only later, much later, would it occur to a reawakened Evans that it was not the world of the Army. It was the world the Army had taken in involuntary receivership from the moral and spiritual bankruptcy of its people. It was the world of men like himself who had dodged the draft until danger was on them, of Malcolm and Jenks plotting political profit in the ruins, of Stone and Field dimly perceiving the trouble but impotent to cope with it, of Brock-

hurst selling the Army's secrecy for news copy as all men everywhere now sold it supplies for a living.

49

EVANS would ponder these things later; his reawakening was deep but, like all birth, shrouded in pain. For the present he knew only that he was still in the Army. He would have to deal with this trouble in the Army's way. His immediate desire was to get as far from here as he could. He intended to put his new Commander in his place at once and keep him there until the inevitable day when he could tell him to kiss a civilian's ass for a change.

The opening of the door brought him to his feet. He thought Garnett looked better in a woolen shirt. He had either shed some of his pomposity with that well-tailored blouse or the weight of the job was already squeezing it out of him. He was manifestly still nervous but Evans had learned to tolerate this in green Commanders. "Coffee's almost ready, sir," he said.

"I didn't order coffee," said Garnett.

"You will, sir."

Garnett visibly checked a retort and sniffed the air before replying. The familiar smell relaxed him a little. "Oh, very well, Sergeant."

He went over to his desk now and Evans could see him taking on confidence from the sight of the new name plate. "Everything in order here, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. Benzedrine in top right drawer."

"Oh, Sergeant, can you get sleeping tablets here?"

"I'll see, sir. And you need cigars and whiskey."

"I almost never use them."

"It's expected of you, sir."

"By whom?"

"People who do. They're standard equipment for Brigadiers in this theater, sir."

Evans did not care what his successor had to smoke or drink but he intended to have no nonsense from Garnett and it was well to begin firmly. Garnett hesitated, manifestly considering the same problem of a firm beginning, but Evans won as he had known he would.

"Oh. Thank you, Sergeant. I guess you and I are going to be together for some time, Evans. Can you suggest anything else that I need?"

"You need a new Sergeant, sir," said Evans.

"Oh. Oh, of course. You're going with General Dennis?"

"No, sir, he won't take me." Evans knew he was saying too much but the anger inside him forced the words out. "He says they use Colonels for errand boys in Washington. I'm going to China."

Garnett digested this slowly before his face darkened. "So *you're* going to China? You sound as if this war's a Cook's tour. What do you think this Army is, anyway, Sergeant?"

"I'd rather not answer that question, sir. But I've done my twenty-five here. I'm entitled to rotation

and War Department Circular six nine five three eight dash seven one says applications for the Fortieth Air Army from graduate gunners of this theater will be accepted. The circular and my papers are on your desk, sir."

"Oh," Garnett realized that he was whipped. He began to perceive that the loss of Evans would save him many such whippings.

"Well, of course, if the circular authorizes it — can you get me a good man for duty in here?"

"I've been training one, sir; an excellent man."

"Good. I'll talk to him later. I hope he's as capable as you are, Evans."

"So do I, sir. Does the General need anything else?"

"Ask Colonel Haley to step in."

Like Evans, Garnett did not want to be alone. He, too, knew that sooner or later he would have to think of the things that had happened. He would even have to think of how and why they had happened. He jumped from the desk now and circled the room angrily, averting his eyes from the Swastika-shaped fighter cross as he went. It was folly, madness to try to think such things through. Poor Casey himself was an example of a man who had thought too much.

There were times and places for it but this was not either. On a Staff a man could afford to think; he was expected to. Around him there was always the balance of other men, the weighing of opinion, the checking over every detail before thought went upward for the pen stroke that made it command.

Here he was Command. The Army had provided him with a Staff to think for him on every foreseeable category of human affairs. The obvious problems of life had been precalculated, their conduct codified into Regulations that existed to forestall thought and to obviate the human differences in it. Even the unforeseeable dilemmas of the war itself had been divided and parceled out into directives. His own were tidily packaged in the thick folder Casey had turned over to him this afternoon. He was not here to think. He was here to execute those directives. He walked over and touched the folder itself for reassurance.

50

"You sent for me, sir?" asked Haley from the door.

"Good evening, Haley. Any messages?"

"General Endicott and General Salmond have sent their compliments and will await your decision before planning tomorrow's mission, sir."

It was there, in his face, before he even had time to consider it thoughtfully. He clutched the directive folder and wondered if Haley's imperturbable stare could see the uncertainty inside him.

"Is there anything from General Kane?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose, on a tricky reading, he might wait for 2000 weather developments?"

"He might, sir."

The man's impassivity was maddening. "Well, we haven't got *our* 2000 weather yet."

"Davis is marking the map, sir. If you'd like to speak to him immediately —"

"No, no. Have you final figures from today yet?"

"Posted, sir," said Haley and led the way to the board. In this, too, there was respite. Garnett tried to follow closely but Haley went rapidly, too rapidly, through the details; he found himself missing the significance of it in his dread of the end.

"Thirty-nine lost and four in the Channel and — what's this?"

"Category E, sir. Fourteen damaged beyond economical repair."

"So we really lost fifty-seven today?"

"We salvage the crews from those Category E's, sir."

Garnett had a sudden vision of the landing he had seen that afternoon. There had been no crashes today but he was remembering the way the ambulances backed up to the waist gates and the way the men had climbed out afterward, lowering their feet slowly as if they did not expect them to reach the ground.

"Do we fly those Category E crews tomorrow?"

"All but the wounded, sir. We need them."

Haley turned from the board with finality and waited, his face expectant. Time was passing.

"I don't see how they take it," said Garnett.

"What about morale, Haley?"

"There's been no report of trouble, sir."

Garnett remembered without joy that he would be eating three meals a day with this man through an indefinite future. But the prospect of having Haley leave the room now seemed worse. He smiled. "Haley, we're going to be together a long time, I hope. It would make life simpler if you'd call me Cliff."

"Very well, sir — Cliff."

"What do these crews really think about?"

"Their twenty-fifth mission, sir."

"Of course, but what else?"

Haley cogitated. "The normal things, sir, and promotion and decoration, too."

"By the normal things you mean —" He risked a wider smile and this time it was rewarded by a decorous counterpart from his Chief of Staff.

"Yes, sir. Fortunately the villages are full of it."

"I should think it would lead to trouble."

But the smile was gone now. Haley considered his answer for Accuracy and Completeness. "Just the normal kinds, sir. These women have been at war a long time. They know the men have to be back for missions."

"Is this — immorality very widespread?"

"Very, sir," said Haley. "If it wasn't for the accent you couldn't tell 'em from Americans."

Garnett knew that they were coming to the end of this and he could feel the pressure of the questions that lay beyond; again he fought them off.

"So that kind of morale takes care of itself?"

"Yes, sir. Keeps down perversion, too," said Haley briskly. He waited a respectful interval before letting Garnett feel the compulsion of his slight movement toward the status board again.

"If you're ready to go through tomorrow's status —"

"Haley, will the change of command in the Division affect morale?"

"It will cheer them up for a while, sir."

"They won't necessarily be hostile to a new face?"

"All generals look alike to them — Cliff."

"Then how will it cheer them up?"

"They figure a new general's always good for a couple of soft missions, sir."

Garnett searched that round face for the telltale smirk of an insinuation but it was not there. Haley had been stating a fact. Then, with a surge of relief, he saw Evans with a paper.

"Is that from General Kane?" he snapped.

"No, sir. The last Group reports all crews now provided with freshly packed parachutes in compliance with this morning's order, sir."

51

DISAPPOINTMENT and the shock of this reminder seemed to paralyze Garnett's tongue. By long habit he nodded curtly and watched Evans disappear. Then, for the first time since he had been in the Island, a blessed inner prompting reminded him that the other Generals Garnett must have been in tough places, too.

"We'll go through tomorrow's status, Haley."

There was refuge, even in that arithmetic, and Garnett found himself following with concentration almost to the end before the revelation struck him. He had to clear his throat to be sure eagerness did not lighten his crisp, official tone.

"One thirty and one thirty-two crews. That's not really four full Groups, is it?"

"This is the third day of intensive Ops, sir. I bet the Germans would be glad to show ninety per cent serviceability for tomorrow."

"I wasn't criticizing, Haley. But we just haven't the strength General Dennis had, have we?"

"One thirty's enough for any target in the book if they hit it, sir," replied Haley evenly.

"How many crews would be on their last mission?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Is there any way we could give them a break?"

Haley shook his head slowly; it was an old question but all Commanders asked it. "They're your Element, Squadron, Group, and Wing leaders now, sir. Of course if it's a short mission tomorrow that is a break for them, to finish on an easy one."

He waited again but General Garnett said nothing. After a minute he looked at his watch pointedly. But Garnett had gone back to the desk, from which he now brought the directive folder.

"Haley, when General Dennis handed over to me this afternoon I missed some of the details. Now, it says here: 'In the absence of explicit target designation or other order from Higher Headquarters, Division Commanders will exercise their own discretion —'" He tossed the folder back onto the desk. "When should this designation come down?"

"From General Kane's 1800 weather conference, sir."

"In *practice* does he ever wait for later readings?"

"Very rarely, sir."

"If we hear nothing this applies automatically?"

"Automatically, sir."

Haley looked at his watch and permitted himself to shuffle one foot ever so slightly. Patience with new Commanders was part of his job, but the other parts were piling up in the back room.

"Haley, if General Kane should order us to give these crews a break, in view of the last three days, the target itself would still be my discretion?"

"Yes, sir. That's in the directive."

"What kind of target would be right for that?"

"That's a matter for Intelligence, sir. If you'd like to speak to Major Lansing —"

"I want a general idea from you first."

It was improper, but a lifetime in the service had shown Haley no way around the ordered improprieties of commanding generals. He led Garnett to the map.

"The Germans probably wouldn't fight for anything in France tomorrow, sir. They'd like a rest, too."

"And there are sound Naval objectives in France, aren't there?" Garnett encouraged him. "What about flak?"

"Brest is rough, sir. As for the others, I haven't the exact data in my head —"

"Just give me a general idea." It was a command.

"Well, sir. Havre is about three point nine, Cherbourg about three point four, Calais about two point two, Dunkerque one point six, Dieppe one point four —"

"These are percentages of loss?" breathed Garnett.

"Expectancy, sir, based on previous experience."

"And we have attacked such objectives before?"

Haley shrugged. "For training new crews, sir. If you'd like to speak to Major Lansing —"

He turned from the map deliberately now to disclaim further responsibility for the proper spheres of the Staff sections. It was not his business.

"I'll see him later," said Garnett. "What about those pictures of today's strikes?"

It was one of the things Haley had wished to accelerate downstairs instead of wasting his time here, but he kept the indignation out of his voice.

"They're rushing them, sir; should be up soon. I doubt if they'll show anything but smoke after that lead Group anyway. And you're aware, sir, that both reconnaissance planes are unreported again today."

He was aware; whichever way he turned, the whole question was waiting for him.

"Yes, but they're great pictures. It was a wonderful strike, wasn't it?"

"Best of the war, to date, sir."

"None of the later pictures showed parachutes?"

"None, sir."

"And nothing further from crew interrogations?"

"One more sighting that agreed exactly with the others, sir. As the fire worked toward his gas tanks Colonel Martin's plane swung away from the formation and then exploded. Four parachutes were seen to open but there were no individual identifications."

It was impossible to get away from it. Garnett ordered Haley to bring the weather when it was ready and watched the door close with the most acute feeling of loneliness he had ever known. He tried an unhappy circuit of the room but from every angle the Swastika on the wall seemed to draw his eyes. The other Generals Garnett were very far away now. He threw himself into the chair and sat frowning savagely at the directive folder.

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HE WAS staring intently without seeing a letter of the type when Dennis walked in on him. Garnett sprang up with relief only to feel it congealing inside him as he saw that Dennis had on his trench coat and was carrying his cap under his arm. He spoke in quick protest against their purport. "Come in, Casey. Come in and sit down."

"Isn't my plane reported yet?"

He explained that the special plane which Kane had ordered for Dennis was not due until 2000, noting from his watch, as he spoke, that there would be at least five minutes until he was finally alone. "You'd better sit down, Casey. You can't go without those pictures anyway. They're rushing them."

"Yeah. I'd forgotten how to be a courier."

It was the first direct comment on his dismissal Dennis had offered and the bitterness of it burned. All afternoon they had worked together on the mechanics of handing over the Command with the impersonal efficiency of their training. But it was done; the soldiers were face to face with the men inside them.

"General Kane's right about your taking the strike photos back, Casey. They'll help Washington understand what you've been through."

Dennis said nothing. The silence, haunted for Garnett now with the questions that lay beyond it, was worse than any subject.

"It's different back there, Casey. Those jobs are tough, but it's not like being face to face with it."

"I never was," said Dennis. "Ted did that for me."

"You took the responsibility, though. Those pictures will help you explain."

"All discredited Commanders explain. Maybe I'll write a book about it in some quiet back room."

"There can be two points of view about this, Casey."

"So I've learned."

Garnett had a feeling that those eyes were dissecting him, cutting away layer after layer of the pretenses over the turmoil inside him. But before his dry tongue could protest, Dennis seemed to relax; his voice was suddenly apologetic under its gruffness. "I'm sorry, Cliff. I'm taking Ted's personal stuff to Helen."

"Good. You found everything?"

"Everything but his toothbrush."

Garnett shot an uneasy glance at him, but Dennis's eyes were on the map. Turning, Garnett found his own vision confronted again with the red crayon cross through Schweinhafen. He averted his eyes. "You'll go to see Helen at once?"

"Of course." Abruptly Dennis was back in the room with him and his voice was almost friendly. "Nothing since the Group report, I suppose?"

"One more sighting that agreed exactly with the others. Four parachutes seen. That's something."

"Four chances out of ten."

The statement was flat with the finality that has dismissed hope. They both knew the odds against Martin's position in the plane were smaller than even this tantalizing fragment of chance. Garnett could feel Dennis congealing again. He blurted quickly, "Will you say the proper things for me, Casey?"

"What are they?"

"Well, he was doing what he thought was right — and so were you."

"And he gets killed and I get canned and Göring gets his jets."

"Casey, we're not *sure* he's killed. How do the Germans really treat their prisoners?"

"All right — usually."

Entering the office, Haley informed them that the plane for General Dennis had landed and would be gassed in ten minutes. The pictures would be ready by then and General Dennis's effects were being loaded as instructed.

Dennis nodded absently but Garnett broke in with that same evident anxiety. "You're sure there are no messages, Haley?"

"Relay on a cable for General Dennis, sir. Mrs. Dennis and the children will be at the airport at his Estimated Time of Arrival."

"Oh." Haley always forgot how that fleeting smile could take a decade off Dennis's face, for a minute. "Thanks, Ernie."

Colonel Haley had seen too many Commanders replaced in his time to be disturbed by the process. An order was an order. What was more, Haley had strong feelings about criticism of Higher Command. Tonight, however, he regretted that this transition had not been accomplished more briskly. Changes did produce personal tension, and while General Dennis would never let his rank down, General Garnett's agitation was so apparent that it would be unsuitable for any of the others to see it.

Haley withdrew, but before the door was fully closed Garnett saw Dennis's smile sharpen into that piercing scrutiny he dreaded. He spoke quickly. "You may not believe this but I envy you, Casey."

"You should." Dennis seemed to relax again. "I'm afraid I've been talking like a heel, Cliff. Don't worry about me. I'll duck Washington."

"What will you do?"

Dennis had not allowed himself to think of it consciously yet, but it was waiting, formulated in the background of his mind. Full consideration of it now touched him with pity for Garnett. He tried not to let his voice convey his overwhelming relief. "I guess I still rate a training command. I'll get one where I can have Cathy and the kids with me, where I can get a day off now and then to take the boy fishing. And at night, by God, I'll sleep."

"Casey, will you ask Natalie to send me a bottle of sleeping tablets, large?"

Before Dennis had to answer that, Haley and Davis hurried in with the weather map. It was like relapse into a bad dream after too brief consciousness. Even as he told himself it was no longer his worry he could feel his stomach muscles tensing, could hear Garnett ask the question that was on his own lips.

"Well, what is it?"

Davis spread the map on the table, and before he could stop himself Dennis was hanging over it with the rest of them in taut scrutiny of the symbols.

"That front is still slowing down, sir," Davis said. "The entire Continent will be open for bombing all day and you'll have until 1700 over the bases."

Dennis did not realize that he was already looking at the other map; he did not even hear the words that came clearly from his own lips. "My God! I wouldn't have needed parachutes."

Then, he was aware of the silence, of Garnett's start and the stiffening and looks of the others.

"Haley," said Garnett, "you're sure there's no word from General Kane?"

"Messages are brought as received, sir."

Dennis controlled himself until Davis and Haley had left the room, whispering savagely under his breath that it was not his business. But with the closing of the door, the flooding bitterness inside him opened his mouth involuntarily. "Well, is it Dieppe or Dunkerque?"

"It's easy for you to talk," retorted Garnett. "You're out of it."

"Left you a horrid example, too, didn't I?"

He knew this was wanton cruelty, but he knew too that like all cruelty it proceeded only from the inner pain that drove it out of him. He should be done with that pain now; he had borne it long enough along with the rest of the burden. But he could not be done with it until Garnett assumed it.

"I didn't mean it that way, Casey. I'm trying to think of the crews."

"What crews?"

"My — the combat crews. They've just been

through the worst three days of the war. Sixteen of them would finish tomorrow and go home, to their families, free."

"You'd better think of the others."

"What others?"

"The ones who'll have to replace those sixteen and all others who'll have to come after them if these don't do their job."

"Casey, that's in the future, it's abstract —"

"It's what you're paid to think about. After you've done it, try thinking about the Infantry going up those beaches on D Day against jet fighter bombers that have already whipped us."

He could see Garnett recoiling and part of him could pity the man, but it was the part he had whipped too often and too mercilessly in himself. There was no place for pity in this; there would be no escape for himself until he had driven Garnett beyond it.

"I did think of it that way in Washington," said Garnett. "But after yesterday and today, watching those ambulances, and the stretchers coming out of the planes, hearing the boys ask about tomorrow's weather before they hit the ground —"

He paused, but there was no comfort in the bleak face before him and he went on with rising vehemence. "I've had to think of Ted over there, dead or maybe wounded and hiding — or captured — and my own sister not knowing —"

"He's damned lucky," said Dennis, "and so are you. You wanted a B-29 command. You wanted to take him where the Japs torture captured crews for fun. Out there you wouldn't have any Kane to save your sanity for you with orders to take it easy."

"Casey, he hasn't sent me any orders."

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DENNIS had felt this. It had been waiting for him as he entered the room, leering from Garnett's manifest agitation, taunting him through their guarded silences, shrieking at him from the questions Garnett had asked Haley. Even more than Garnett himself, Dennis had been dreading it. He had denied it to himself. He wanted only to escape, to get into that plane and go.

He had earned his freedom; he should be free. He had forced this test to the breaking point and been broken. He had failed and been fired. It was over. He should have nothing to face but the future now; there was more than enough in that.

He had to learn to live with the vacuum that had been Ted. He had to get himself together to disassemble agreement, to feign comfort from Cathy's consolations and reassurances. He had to find work, to rededicate himself, to get a training command where his skills and experience could re-enter the inexorable continuity of the Army's purposes.

All of this was before him. He had set his face and steps and thought toward it but now he saw that it

was another step away, that he could not yet put down the burden of the present. He stared at Garnett and said slowly, "Kane *hasn't* ordered a milk run?"

"No, he hasn't ordered anything. Of course I know what he expects of me —"

"What do you expect of yourself?"

He saw Garnett squirm, and then, as the remark bit more deeply into him, it found a tougher substructure. His reply was angry, combative. "It's easy for you to talk. When you had to decide this last night Kane was here, supporting you."

"Was he in that lead plane this morning, supporting Ted?"

Haley, returning just then with the message from General Kane, thought Garnett looked better. His face was red with anger but there was a new tone in his curt command for Haley to read the signal aloud.

"General Kane and party," he read, "'compelled proceed Hemisphere Commander's dinner for guests London consequently unable attend weather conference, General Kane desires express especial confidence in General Garnett's discretion based on weather. Other Divisions notified. Signed Saybold for Kane.'"

Haley raised his head expectantly. But neither Garnett nor Dennis spoke.

"The Group Commanders need briefing poop and bomb loads for tomorrow, sir," said Haley.

Garnett appeared not to have heard him. His face and forehead were heavily furrowed now. He stirred and quoted, half aloud.

"'Especial confidence General Garnett's discretion —' Casey, this isn't permission —"

"It's just what Ted had this morning," said Dennis. "He could be here right now, sitting in that chair, on his discretion."

"That was different," said Garnett slowly. "By the time he got it he was already committed. He probably didn't have any real choice."

"What do you think he took that toothbrush for?" demanded Dennis. "When he left here this morning he knew Kane would pass the buck to him."

For a second more Garnett hesitated, whispering to himself that he must think. But in the echoing silence of his mind he knew it was evasion. Thought itself would only be evasion. He shook his head hard to clear it.

"Haley, notify the other Divisions and all Groups that the Fifth Division will attack Fendelhorst."

Dennis scarcely saw Haley's departure. There had come over him a sense of soaring, giddy lightness; he seemed to be floating in detachment. He knew it for what it was, the lifted disequilibrium of final release from a crushing load. When his senses readjusted themselves to it, this time he would be free. He would walk to the plane lightly and get into it and go. None of this could follow him now.

He found that he was shaking hands with Garnett,

who was grinning at him a little wryly. "Save me a job in that training command, will you?"

"You'll be wanting it," said Dennis, and he knew that Garnett could understand him.

"And don't forget those sleeping tablets."

He nodded casually before remembering that he and Garnett were past that now. "Cliff, they're no good. I didn't think you'd need to know this but — you know Major Dayhuff — I introduced him to you this afternoon."

"Dayhuff? Dayhuff? Oh, sure. My Ordnance man. Nice fellow."

"No. Your Medical Officer. Pretty nice fellow. He'll help you, but not enough."

He saw Garnett nod slow acceptance and began to fasten the little catches on his coat collar. His hands were not altogether sure and his feet felt light, but every minute was with him now. The entrance of Evans quickened his reawakening with a flicker of the familiar pain he had known in other partings.

"The plane's ready, sir, and — good luck."

He shook hands more rapidly than he meant to but he could see, in Evans's face, that it was all right. Garnett had put on a cap to go out with him and Evans was standing back to let them pass when Haley came in.

"Sir," he said reluctantly, "there's an order for General Dennis from Washington."

A look at Haley's troubled face told him. He could feel the whole burden again now, crushing down on him through the Colonel's silent hesitancy; he could see a reflection of it in the shocked comprehension in Garnett's eyes.

"No! I've got my orders, Haley. I've gone home."

"We're instructed to relay this to your plane, sir."

He wanted to refuse it, to run for the plane, but his feet would not move. He watched Haley walk over, a little uncertainly, and hand the paper to Garnett. It gave him a few seconds to brace himself, to set his feet, though he still could not feel them. Garnett wet his lips and read slowly: "'With immediate effect General Dennis will proceed via Gibraltar, Cairo, Karachi, and Calcutta to Chungking to await imminent arrival his B-29 Command.'"

Against the first full shock of it he heard himself shout, "No, by God!"

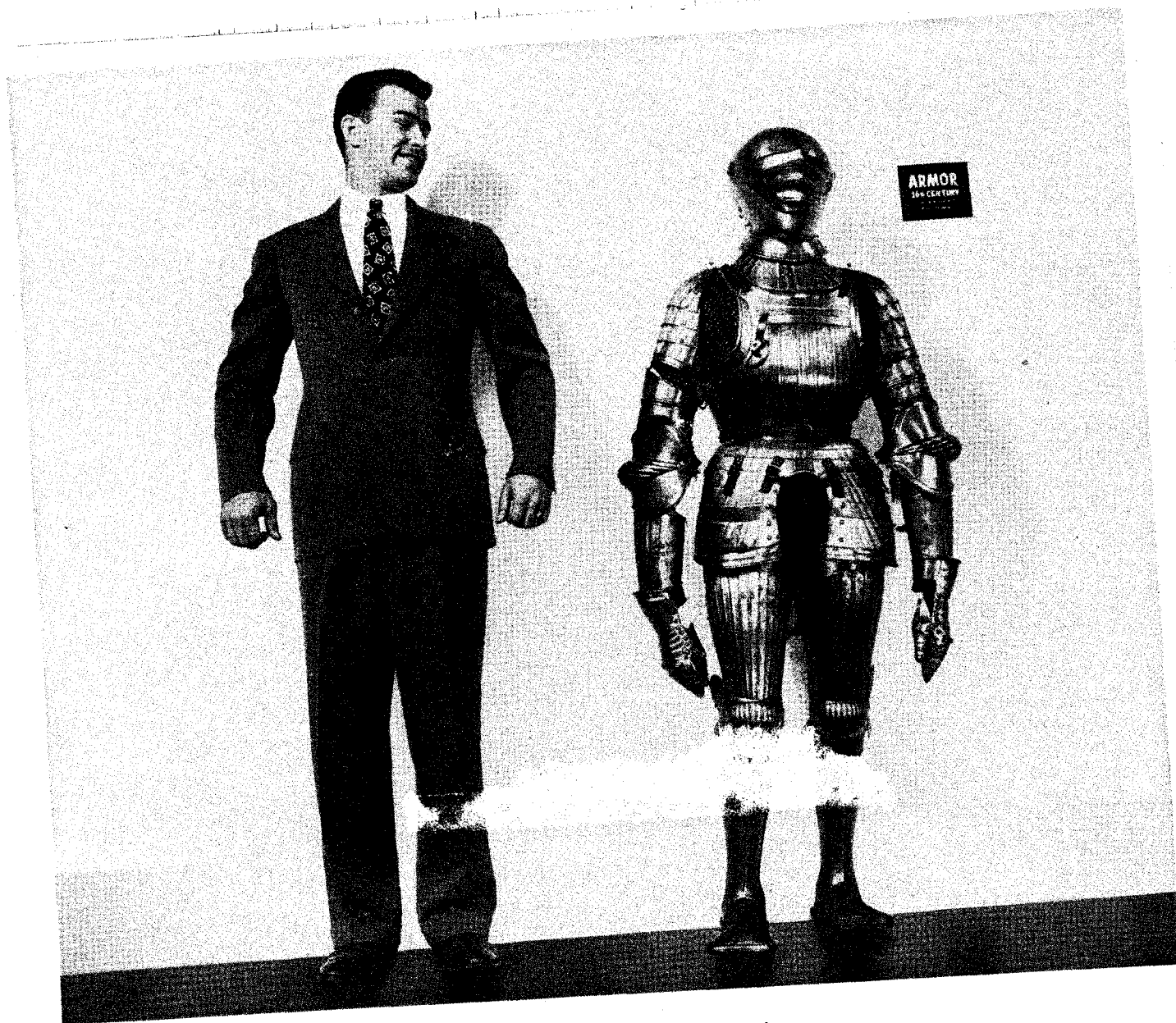
Then instinctive, immediate shame choked his outburst and followed it into the silence. He found that his hands were steady on the catches of his coat collar now. He could feel his legs, all the way to the floor, and they were not buckling. The quick, upsurging roar of a warming motor outside seemed to transmit some of its own power into him. As the sound faded he could feel his new burden fully, but this time his strength was under it; the equilibrium was restored.

"Cliff, does that say 'with immediate effect'?"

"I'm afraid it does, Casey."

"Evans," he said sharply, "get your things."

(The End)



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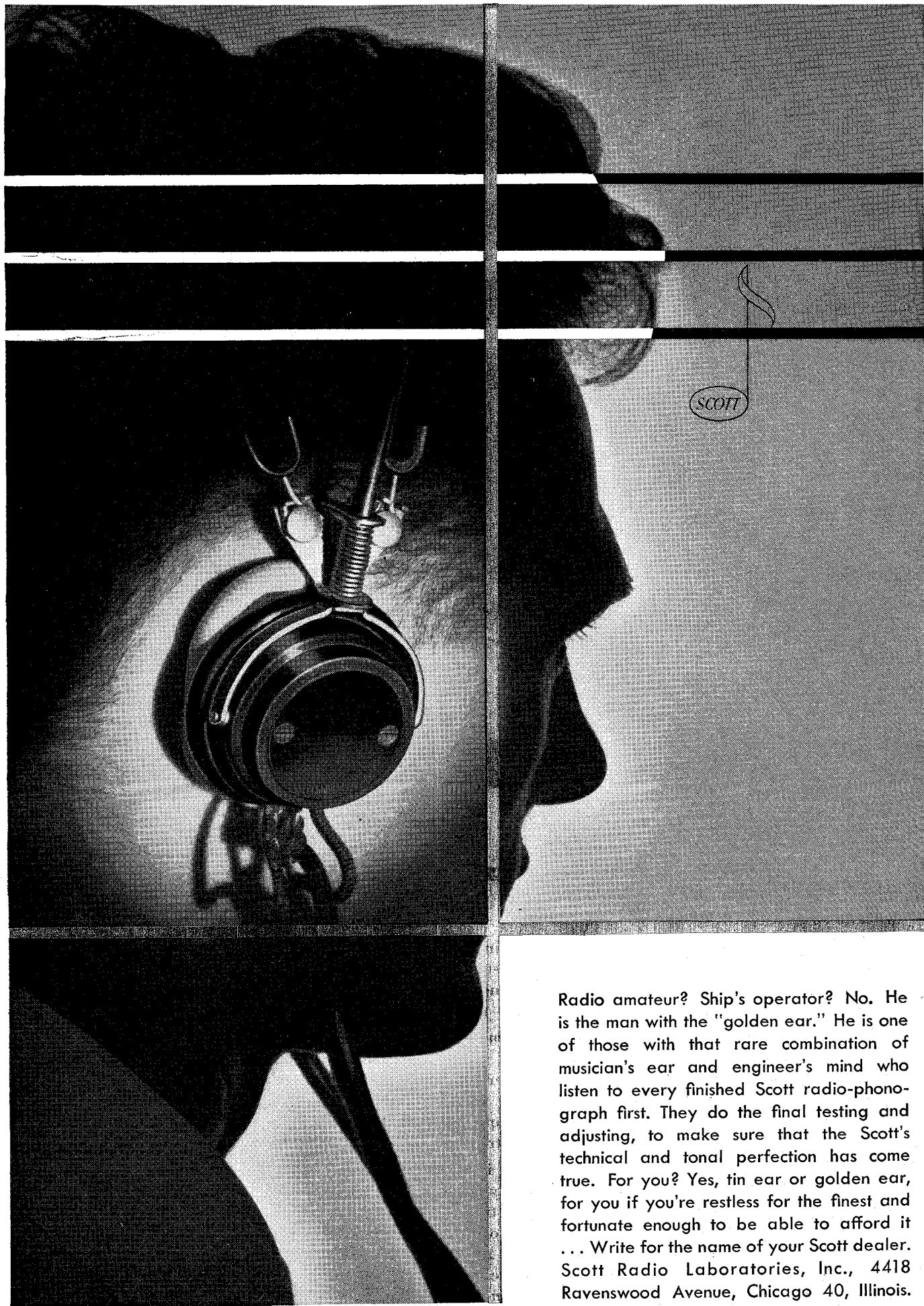
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